



to much George Noel Hall
drawn by his hand



Alfred A. Mulvany.

ALICIA'S DIARY

WITH

SHAKESPEARE CRITICISMS

'The time is worth the use on't.'
Winter's Tale, III. 1.



LONDON

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1907

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DEDICATED

TO

ALL WHO WERE KIND TO THE INVALID WRITER,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE, BY THE

SURVIVING SISTER

NANNIE

PREFACE

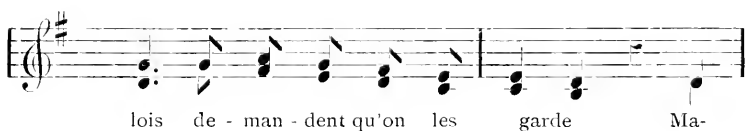
THE writer of the following Diary had no idea her words would ever be published : therefore they can only be looked upon as the artless pastime of one who was paralyzed for eighteen years. The Diary is printed for the friends of the writer ; it may, however, interest a wider circle, who will appreciate her sympathy and intellectual activity under adverse circumstances. The illustrations were drawn by her sister.

A. C. M.

December 1, 1906.

LE CHANT DU GUET.

AN OLD WALDENSIAN NIGHT-WATCHMAN'S CALL.



Paix vous soit dans vos demeures !
Il a sonné onze heures !
Des onze apôtres pleins d'amour,
Des onze apôtres seuls fidèles
Suivons les traces immortelles !
Leur foi sera leur gloire un jour (*bis*).

Paix vous soit dans vos demeures !
Il a sonné douze heures !
Des douze mois formants nos ans,
Des douze mois qui les varient,
Douze heures en fuyant nous crient
De bien remplir tous les instants (*bis*).

Paix vous soit et vous demeures !
Il a sonné une heure !
Un Dieu seul Père et tout Puissant,
Un Dieu de tous sera le juge
Heureux qui l'a pour son Refuge
Et peut se dire Son enfant (*bis*).

Paix vous soit dans vos demeures !
Il a sonné deux heures !
Des deux chemins frappant nos yeux,
Des deux chemins que tout sépare
Fuyons celui qui nous égare
Suivons celui qui mène aux Cieux (*bis*).

Paix vous soit dans vos demeures !
Il a sonné trois heures !
Trois ans fit un figuier sans fruits,
Trois ans lui pardonna son Maître,
Nos fruits un jour feront connaître
La foi qui les aura produits (*bis*)

1891.

CANNES : HOTEL PRINCE OF WALES.

NOVEMBER 19TH.

Coriolanus : My friends
of noble touch, when I
am forth,
Bid me farewell and smile.
I pray you come.
While I remain above the
ground, you shall
Hear from me still ; and
never of me aught
But what is like me
formerly.

Menentius :
That's worthily
As any ear can hear . . .
If I could shake off but
one seven years . . .
I'd with thee every foot.

Coriolanus, iv. 1.

Why, therefore, fire : for
I have caught extreme
cold. Where's the cook ?
Is supper ready, the
house trimmed, rushes
strewed, cobwebs swept,
the serving-men in their
new fustian, their white
stockings . . . the car-
pets laid, and every-
thing in order ?

*Taming of the
Shrew*, iv. 1.

Bolingbroke : What shall
befall the Duke of
Somerset ?

Spitit : Let him shun
castles ;
Safer shall he be upon the
sandy plains,
Than where castles
mounted stand.

2 Henry VI., i. 4.

WE enter a park of exotics in blow,
Where orange, lemon, and palm-trees grow.
Our rooms, on ground floor, look out on the
park—

We could not see well, as it was dark ;
But next day we could the foliage admire,
Then, if 'twas chilly, draw near the wood fire.
Our bedsteads so sweet, all curtained with net,
White as the snow with blue rosettes.
Everything perfect as a princely castle :

Carpets so soft, we heard not a rustle,
Much less a foot : a lift was near,
The aged to raise, as the feeble to cheer.
A study with books, piano, and charts,
The latter for students, the piano for hearts.
There young men and maidens sang songs and
played,

Or up and down the long passages strayed.
The 'dogs' in our grate were not 'dogs' at
all,

But Egyptian Sphinxes on a scale very small.
Our housemaid so gentle, in pretty white cap,
Came in and vanished without noise or clap ;
Our *Badenser* waiter would in and out glide,
As quiet and pale, whatever betide.

Oiled were the hinges in every way,
For which we guests must, I fear, give high
pay.

20TH.

Spirits are not finely
touch'd
But to find issue,
Measure for Measure,
i. i.

It's a park of lemon trees, orange, and palms,
A palatial country house :

In fancy we're 'mid lady friends

While their men are shooting grouse.

Such being, however, not the case, one trends

To see the men at the tennis court play

With one or two of the pretty girls fair,

Who join them in the course of the day.

The English in Cannes are so strangely kind,

Walk softly,—don't on toes tread,

We feel soothed, peaceful, nay, almost sur-
prised,

At the sunshine they over us shed.

Uncles of Gloster and of
Winchester,
The special watchmen of
our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers
might prevail,
To join your hearts in
love and amity,
Henry I. l., iii. 1.

At the Prince of Wales, too, all seemed to
join

In wishing to make us at home ;

Madame Montifiori, through her kind *bonne*,

Sends medicine, of which I've tried some.

We dined to-day in the *salle Restaurant* ;

Two parties joined us before very long.

One was a widow, a young man, and maid,

The others were young with parents so staid.

The former were Irish, we found out later,

Gentle and well-bred, cousins *peut-être*.

The widow was young, bright, and *facile* ;

Were many like them, there'd be no Bastille.

The Restaurant was not very small,

A curtain dividing us from the Hall

Where collected the cheery and young.

At *table d'hôte* the noise was not strong—

Wahrlich zwei Deutsche more row would have
made

Here is a silly stately
style indeed !
The Turk, that two and
fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a
style as this.
Henry I. l., iv. 7.

Than this young England's large cavalcade.
 Great noise with English is never known
 To betoken, as with Germans, 'good tone.'
 Then, *après-midi*, we went to the shore,
 Finding the way a long mile or more.
 We hardly had time to take a good view ;
 We saw Mr. Tennet drive five in hand, true.
 That being Russian, the Grand Duke, we saw—
 Michael was he, who angered the Czar
 By wedding the child of the Duke of Nassau.
 But now we must to the Prince of Wales
 turn—

Say, 'Oh ! what a mount,' ere we reach our
 bourne !

Louisa and Annie with pushing were tired ;
 My chair being broken, a *voiture* was hired ;
 Then, driving in gala to our Hotel,
 We supped in our room. I was not well
 During the night, in an oppressed state,
 Which is not seldom my unpleasant fate.

Come, Kate, sit down ;
 I know you have a
 stomach.
 Will you give thanks,
 sweet Kate, or else
 shall I ?

*Taming of the
 Shrew*, iv. 1.

21ST.

On 21st our trunks came from Lugano here—
 Fifty francs luggage we thought rather dear.

22ND.

Sunday to Holy Trinity drive,
 Mr. Bonham Carter helps us as we arrive.
 We liked the church and Mr. Brookes too,
 His sermon so clever, with doctrine true.
 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity'—
 Solomon knew the world's wisdom and sanity,
 Yet his conclusion was our text.
 Good was the sermon and well annexed ;
 We agreed with what he drew therefrom,
 But we were somewhat amused at the close
 At one of his similes (sane, I suppose),

Heyday ! what a sweep
 of vanity comes this
 way !

I should fear those that
 dance before me now
 Would one day stamp
 upon me : 't has been
 done.

Men shut their doors
 against a setting sun.

Timon of Athens,
 i. 2.

Fam'd (as he was) for
mildness, peace, and
prayer.

3 *Henry VI.*, ii. 1.

Of people who spend both time and money
A London season to gain, and—funny !—
Then to some quiet village retire !
This also is vanity most entire—
A way to escape their heavy debts' swoop.
General Chamberlain handed the plate—
A good Christian, too, of Protestant date.
He's tall and he's handsome, with dignified
mien,
Hair turning grey ; from India, 'twould seem.
Later, as we the artistic church leave,
Mr. Bonham Carter inquires if he could
relieve
Us of trouble, or help in any way ;
Thanking for kindness, we bid him good day,
And homeward drive to our princely Hotel.
Afternoon, Nannie walked to St. Andrew,
Our old friend Patrick Minto to hear ;
She was not disappointed, the verdict was
true,
That the Mintos gave : he's a soldier of
Christ without fear.
He's married again—we do not know
Who succeeded Mary Bella Minto.
He looks very well and contented too ;
Both wives have been devotedly true.
A routine for some few days now ensues
Where we are staying with Christians and
Jews.
So kind are both with gentleness rare,
They try to remove both pain and care.
As, long years ago, the Jews were the first
Who pioneered, and the ice burst,
So here. Through waiting-maids on either
side,
Madame Montifiori sent pepsine. I tried
It, and found it a marvellous aid,

O Thou! whose captain
I account myself,
Look on my forces with
a gracious eye ;
Put in their hands Thy
bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush
down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of
our adversaries !
Make us Thy ministers of
chastisement,
That we may praise Thee
in Thy victory !
To Thee I do commend
my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows
of mine eyes ;
Sleeping, and waking, O !
defend me still !

Richard III., v. 3.

Many dream not to find,
neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in
favours.

Cymbeline, v. 4.

And thanked, through Louisa, the lady's maid,
Which she should convey to Miss Taylor,
who is

Since my dear soul was
mistress of her choice,
And could of men dis-
tinguish her election,
She hath sealed thee for
herself.

Hamlet, iii. 2.

Doctor-in-waiting on Mrs. Montifiori.

Mr. and Mrs. East, Americans, were kind too,
And deeply interested in our Coco.

Mr. East said such a perfect bird he had never
seen,

To say nothing of his singing 'God save the
Queen'

And his various other accomplishments; his
dignity

And friendliness to all; the stately rigidity

With which he sits free, on my bath chair,

Through crowds and noise; we may not dare

To hold his foot, or insulted is our pet.

The young widow, too, was kind when we met

With the two under her care; in fact,

All friendly, mingling in the garden about,

Were as one family; and they no doubt

Felt they were safe in a house of such fame

As that Hotel, bearing the Prince of Wales'
name.

One felt as on a visit in a large country place,

But alas! the money flew at double-quick
pace;

The prices so high and the roads so steep,

We scarcely arrive at the sea,

Running the gauntlet of waggons with chair,

When it's time to return to our tea.

The church which we wish to attend is not
near.

Madame Blanchetaise offers to pay (regretting
our decree)

A man for the chair, at our disposal free!

But thither and hither leaves no time to spare,

And we must take a carriage and drive,

Speed.: She is proud.

Launce.: Out with that,
too: it was Eve's
legacy, and cannot be
taken from her.

*Two Gentlemen of
Verona*, iii. 1.

If the enemy is an ass
and a fool and a prating
coxcomb, is it meet,
think you, that we
should also, look you,
be an ass and a fool
and a prating coxcomb:
in your own conscience,
now?

Henry V., iv. 1.

And, as the soldiers bore
dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught
knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, un-
handsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his
nobility . . .

I then, all smarting, with
my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a
popinjay,
Out of my grief and my
impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I
know not what,
He should, or he should
not; for he made me
mad,
To see him shine so brisk,
and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-
gentlewoman . . .

And telling me, the
sovereign'st thing on
earth

Was *parmaceti* for an
inward bruise.

Henry IV., i. 3.

Would it not grieve a
woman to be over-
master'd with a piece
of valiant dust? To
make an account of her
life to a clod of way-
ward marl?

*Much Ado About
Nothing*, i. 2.

Thoughts speculative
their unsure hopes re-
late;

But certain issue strokes
must arbitrate.

Macbeth, v. 4.

If we'd be in time, and then pay high fare
The church, Holy Trinity, solemn and grave,

Of 'Popinjays' none to be seen;
General Chamberlain hands the plate,

A nobleman he might have been.

Dignified, gentle, is his whole mien,

An earnest Christian he would seem;

Few of such men one meets in these days,

He but recalls some old dream—

Of what men were in old Christian *régime*,

When in faith they bent the knee.

The Chaplain too was original, a gifted D.D.

Only dashed over his pages too loud and too
briskly.

27TH.

Twenty-seventh, at 2, we go to the shore,
To see the waves splash and hear billows roar.

Cannes being so full, we endanger our lives,

Trying to cross the numerous drives

Where the Britons ride as in Rotten Row,

Only the pace is swifter, not slow.

The carriages seem all to make the same tour,

While the wild driving is rather a bore.

Annabel searches for new dwelling—

The expense of the 'Wales,' crowded streets
still more,

Upon us and the chair is telling.

The very same day we heard from Milly:

They had played such a trick on J. Perry;

It may have been wise, or it may have been
silly,

The result had at least made them merry.

Milly and Effie received him in state;

He, not knowing Tom had settled his fate,

Took the two girls for cousins in tow,

Staying on a visit in our *château*,

He may my proffer take
for an offence,
Since men take women's
gifts for impudence.
Pericles, ii. 3.

Taking care of the house for 'Cousin Tom'
While we were absent that winter from home.
Jemmy, at Hotel, tells his dear wife—
'Tom, 'tis certain, is a bachelor for life,
When he has cousins to stay with him,
While his two sisters, for health or a whim,
Are travelling down south, far away,
And may not return for a long time, they say.'
At dinner the joke, so smart and so funny,
Was solved—' Let me introduce Mrs. Mulvany !'

28TH.

Let's take the instant by
the forward top;
For we are old, and on
our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noise-
less foot of time
Steals ere we can effect
them.
*All's Well that Ends
Well*, v. 3.

Twenty-eighth, we went down to the sea ;
The water here is famed as salty,
Which we found a fact, indeed,
And not enough of the tonic sea-weed ;
And worst of all, scarcely ebb or flow—
A tideless sea's a paradoxical show.
We then looked at rooms in *Gonnet de la Reine*,
A French Hotel, lower in price, so it's sane.
As we cannot remain where we are, 'tis sage
To select these charming rooms on the *plage*.

DECEMBER 4TH.

We have now no thought
in us but France,
Save those to God, that
run before our business.
Henry VI., i. 2.
But first, an't please the
gods,
I'll hide my master from
the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes
can dig : and when
With wild wood-leaves
and weeds I have
strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century
of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er,
I'll weep, and sigh ;
And, leaving so his
service, follow you :
So please you entertain
me.
Cymbeline, iv. 2.

Left Prince of Wales the 3rd of December,
Came to the *Gonnet* at five, we remember.
Our room is so large, looks down on the sea,
A door on the terrace just suits poor me—
Where flowers in abundance the parapets trellis,
Roses and heliotrope ! how terribly jealous
Would gardeners of the north be of such a
December !
Our maids found it hard to depart
From the Wales Hotel, their *semblables* had
won their heart ;
More like professional nurses were they,
Inspiring our girls to follow their way.

And what's in prayer, but
this twofold force --
To be forestall'd, ere we
come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being
down?

Hamlet, iii. 3.

You that hear me,
This from a dying man
receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of
your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose,
for those you make
friends.

And give your hearts to,
when they once per-
ceive

The least rub in your
fortunes fall away

Like water from ye, never
found again,

But where they mean to
sink ye.

Henry VIII., ii. 1.

Now, my co-mates and
brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom
made this life more
sweet

Than that of painted
pomp? Are not these
woods

More free from peril than
the envious court?

Here feel we but the
penalty of Adam,

The season's difference.

Much Ado About

Nothing, ii. 1.

So taken up were all with their high aims
That no time was lost in talking of 'Jeames.'
We regretted, too, they should lose such good
friends,

As oft on such our improvement depends;
But it could not be helped, we dared not stay,
In a very short time we'd be ruins grey.

Now here in the *Gonnet*, close by the shore,
We can watch the sea ripple and hear the waves
roar.

They, however, don't roar oft—

So genial the air, quite clear and soft—

Except when we have the much-feared *mistral*,
Which really comes with the northern gale,

A wind which all poor invalids dread

Who rarely go out *sans* hoods on their head.

5TH.

The 5th of December, a man could be seen,
Swimming away in the Mediterranean.

Same day, followed the *Croisette* to the *Cap*,

Turned down a cross avenue and were *passé*,

To see a new bay, called Golf de Juan;

And the proud French fleet manœuvring therein

In an amphitheatre of every hue,

(The Maritime Alps) from snow to deep blue.

In time of peace, theirs is no hard fate—

They're serving their health while serving the
State.

Coco was delighted with his outing,

And the branch of eucalyptus that, after cutting,

A man gave to adorn my chair,

Which gave the look of returning from the fair.

7TH.

December 7th, our girls gave a tea

To their Prince of Wales friends at the
Gonnet.

Nannie and I sat and heard the band play
 At the *Cirque Nautique*, where one fatal day,
 At the beautiful battle of flowers,
 Our Duke had a fall, causing death in some
 hours.
 'Tis some years since, but where'er we look,
 We see well remembered is Albany's Duke.

But thou art fair ; and at
 thy birth, dear boy,
 Nature and fortune join'd
 to make thee great :
 Of Nature's gifts, thou
 may'st with lilies boast,
 And with the half-blown
 rose.

King John, iii. 1.

13TH.

A stranger preached in Trinity Church from Jude 14 : ' Behold, the Lord cometh with all His saints.' Amongst other things he said : ' A friend of mine dreamt once an angel told him that Christ would come to-morrow, and then took him to a city man who was counting his money, who said : " So soon ? If I had had another day I might have made my fortune." Then he went up some marble steps, where there was a ball-room and people dancing. There was a sudden hush when the angel told his message. Then he took him upstairs, where a girl lay dying. When she heard the summons she was so enthusiastic with joy that she cried out : " Come, Lord Jesus ; Now I shall see Him, and all my pains and sufferings will be over." Then the angel took him to the Holy Table, where were a crowd of ministers of all denominations, and when they heard that Christ was coming they gave up their little strifes, and all joined hands, looking and hastening unto the coming of the Lord.' The hymn sung at the end was ' Ten thousand times ten thousand.'

17TH.

Had breakfast at half-past seven—
 Light from six o'clock in the heaven ;

O! 'tis the sun that
maketh all things shine!
*Love's Labour's
Lost*, iv. 3.

Wilt thou aspire to guide
the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly
burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars,
because they shine on
thee?

*Two Gentlemen of
Verona*, iii. 1.

Therefore, love moderately; long doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy
as too slow.

*Romeo and
Juliet*, ii. 6.

Who's here? speak, ho!
No answer?—What is
this?

Timon is dead, who hath
outstretch'd his span . . .
Dead, sure; and this his
grave.

What's on this tomb I cannot
read; the character

I'll take with wax.
Our captain hath in every
figure skill;

An aged interpreter,
though young in days.
Timon of Athens, v. 4.

My master is of churlish
disposition,
And little reckes to find
the way to heaven,
By doing deeds of hospitali-
ty.

*As You Like
It*, ii. 4.

What joy! sunshine in the room without fail,
For till five in the evening doth light prevail,
With its glorious colouring of lilac and gold,
Shining on the sea with beauty untold.
O'er its glittering surface, of constant change,
One can dream and gaze at the Esterel range,
While the little skiffs skim past the shore,
For the wild waste of waters is stormy no more.
So calm is the scene, as we sit at the *Gonnet*,
With Coco, the beautiful bird, so bonnie,
Perched on the back of my bath-chair,
Which amuses the *Cannoises*, and makes them
stare.

But all are so pleased with the gentle bird,
We hear nought but praise in every word.
A pair had a monkey in the next balcony;
Coco glanced up, and called out: 'O Minnie!'
Thinking it was Maler Webb's, with whom
And the dog, the parrot caused many a boom,
When taken to amuse the artistic *confères*
In the *Malkasten Garten* at convivial lairs.
A letter from Milly, in lonely despair
That her well-loved husband is not with her;
A cheery and pleasant one from Tom,
From Old Palace Yard, at the Royal Commis-
sion

On Mining Royalties (Earl Northbrook in the
chair),

Where he and Herr Hubert examination bear.

Next day a letter from Tom to Nan,
Saying Willie Perry had ended the span
Of his days, not long outliving his wife,
Who had so encouraged and cheered his life.

We met a man sitting on a little car,
Drawn by two big dogs, and not very far
A third holding his master's cap in his mouth,
Collecting money—such things we see in the
south.

20TH.

We went to Holy Trinity. Mr. Brookes preached from Isaiah : 'And a man shall be a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as the shadow of a rock in a weary land.' A man, Christ is called. There are only two mentioned in the Bible with the title of man. The first man, Adam, and the second man, Christ. The title 'man' is put before us as the shadow of a rock. We must remember that the East is a hot country, and the shade was a great comfort. Christ is that rock. Some say a rock does not move, yet it is not well to move far from it.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

So holy, and so perfect is
my love,
And I in such a poverty
of grace,
That I shall think it a
most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears
after the man
That the main harvest
reaps.

*As You Like
It, iii. 5.*

Went to church, heard of the death of Dr. Mess,
The kindly founder of the celebrated Scheven-
ingen.

This popular man, with his colossal figure, many
will miss,

He was very kind to us when we were young
and later in suffering.

To his widow I have sent a letter of con-
dolence.

The French Hotel, *Gonnel*, gave us (was it by
chance ?)

Quite a Christmas harvest innning,
Turkey, bread-sauce, and plum-pudding.

LINES À PROPOS OF CHRISTMAS DAY.

'The Apparent and the Real. Our Saviour's birth was humble, like many another babe's, in a manger. Few talked about it, while Cæsar's household was that day of the greatest importance. Now, who knows anything about Cæsar ?

—while that babe born then is known all over the world. So, in life, many a person is exalted and makes a great noise, while the real work is going on quietly without any fuss.'

Let us be backed with
Heaven, and with the
seas,
Which God hath given
for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only
defend ourselves :
In them and in ourselves
our safety lies.
Henry VIII. iv. 1

A lovely book of Pempelfort photos,
Made by Poppie Robertson ; it shows
Them all, and the place to the best advantage,
And is to us an agreeable gage
That we are still kindly remembered.

27TH.

We went to church at half-past three. It was raining slightly. General Chamberlain helped the sexton to put my chair under shelter in the church porch. Mr. Brookes preached from Matt. i. 23. 'I am only,' he said, 'on the threshold of my subject, and I have not much time, but I have two remarks to make. Christ was of the substance of His mother as man, and Emmanuel, "God with us," the incarnate Son of God. Many who were here last Christmas are gone to their last rest, and we may be pretty certain that many who are here now will before next Christmas pass away ; but if we hold this belief in sincerity, whether in life or death, we shall be with Emmanuel, "God with us."'

29TH.

So hold your vow :
Nor God nor I, delight
in perjur'd men.
*Love's Labour's
Lost*, v. 2.

Two Italian bands played and sang before the
Hotel,
Which helped to pass the time for a spell.
This afternoon I nearly played a painful rôle,
Two horses ran away from the Grand Hotel
with the pole.
The maids screamed for Nannie,

And with her help, my chair and the lace-
makers' cranny,
Were dragged into the bath-house,
Just in time to see the horses
Pass over our vacated ground.
A brave man caught them when swinging round,
So 'All's Well that Ends Well.'

And time it is, when rag-
ing war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and
perils overblown.

*Faming of the
Shrew, v. 2.*

CANNES.

1892.

HIGHER than the Highest Heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy Love at last hath conquered,
Grant me now my soul's desire,
'None of self, and all of Thee.'—TH. MONOD.

As thus, 'Come, little
ones'; and then again,
'It is as hard to come, as
for a camel
To thread the postern of
a needle's eye.'
Richard II., v.

JANUARY 2ND.

Mr. Brookes preached in Holy Trinity ;
The text, 'The Word of the Lord endureth for
ever.'

MONDAY, STUDYING FRENCH.

Le courier est-il arrivé ?	Has the post come ?
Pouvez-vous faire la chambre ?	Can you settle the room ?
Quelle heure est-il ?	What o'clock is it ?
J'ai soif, J'ai faim.	I am thirsty, I am hungry.
J'ai sommeil.	I am sleepy.
Je suis fatigué.	I am tired.
Je vais me coucher.	I am going to bed.

JANUARY 4TH.

Nor can thy shame give
physic to my grief ;
Though thou repent, yet
I have still the loss :
The offender's sorrow
lends but weak relief
To him that bears the
strong offence's cross.
Sonnet.

We drove to the Concert in Hotel Californie,
It was an unpleasantly steep ascent ;
Mrs. Burton sang 'The cry of the little ones
nicely ;

The attendance was large and magnificent.
 The Bishop Sandford of Gibraltar was present,
 A very small man and a High Anglican,
 The Concert was to support the Mission to
 Seamen.

12TH.

Nannie went to the church History Lecture,
 Held in the Bible Repository Hall,
 'The Roman Empire extended (first feature),
 Up to the Elbe, beyond Dresden, to the upper
 Nile,
 To the Euphrates and to the Irish Channel,
 In the zenith of their power our Saviour was
 born,
 With Christianity's spread, Roman Empire de-
 clined and fell.'

A beggar's book out-
 weighs a noble's blood.
Henry VIII., i.

A concert was given by Ahmedée Begum,
 Under patronage of the Duke of Cambridge.
 He could not appear because of the fiat doom,
 Gone forth for our Duke of Clarence.

The death of Antony
 Is not a single doom: in
 the name lay
 A moiety of the world.
Antony and Cleopatra,
 v. i.

13TH.

Epitaph from some collected poems by Ludwig
 von Hamaan of Innsbruck.

'Death, why dost thou come to-day?
 I am not old and grey.'
 'No mercy may be won,
 Thou diest—to-day, my son.'
 'Oh! do not come so near,
 With all that ghastly gear.'
 'Beware! both young and old,
 Are often over bold.'

I had most need of blessing,
 and 'Amen'
 Stuck in my throat.

Macbeth.

And teach me how
 To name the bigger light,
 and how the less.

Tempest, i. 2.

'Who, then, on yonder Alps will feed
 My precious cattle in their need?'
 'Dear Andrew, Thou must let them be,
 The scythe is sharpened now for thee.'
 'Then let me hasten to the priest,
 And so confess my sins at least.'
 'No! Doth the Lord not say,
 Be ready night and day?'

14TH.

Duke of Clarence, our Future King,
 Died at a quarter-past nine a.m.
 Father, mother, bereaved, and fiancée returned
 ring.

Compare dead happiness
 with living woe.
Richard III., iv. 3.

'Oh, give me food for my poor soul!
 Upon this journey full of dole.'
 'Oft hast thou had this food so blest!
 When thou hast all thy sins confessed.'

Had it pleased Heaven to
 try me with affliction,
 I should have found, in
 some place of my soul,
 A drop of patience.
Othello.

'I will submit without vain strife,
 And offer Thee, O Lord, my life,
 To-day in health, to-morrow still?
 That is our dear Lord's holy will.
 Youth, ponder at this grave;
 Maiden, a prayer I crave;
 My Jesus, Thy compassion,
 And Thy sweet intercession.'

SUNDAY, 17TH.

When leaving the church this morn,
 General Salisbury came down to Mr. Bonham
 Carter,
 Him of the Duke's funeral to inform,
 On Wednesday, it's to take place, by wish of
 his father.

A sermon was preached by a Roman Catholic priest at St. Joseph's, on Sunday, January 17th, three days after the Duke of Clarence's death. After referring to the sad contrast between the present mourning and the rejoicings of but a few short days ago, and the shattered hopes which had been built upon the future heir to the throne, the preacher expressed the sympathy felt by all for the bereaved parents and for the unfortunate Princess, whose dream of joy had been so suddenly dispelled. 'Let us pray,' continued Father Ambrose, 'that if it be God's will, the heavy clouds of woe may be lifted from the heart and life-path of the young Princess, and that we yet may see her seated on England's Throne, wielding the sceptre of the English Nation (! ! !).'

FAREWELL.

What! we have many
 goodly days to see ;
 The liquid drops of tears
 that you have shed,
 Shall come again trans-
 form'd to orient pearl,
 Advantaging their loan
 with interest
 Of ten-times-double gain
 of happiness.
Richard III., iv. 4.

For marriage promise changed to Death, for
 one
 Young soldier dead,
 For bride, for mother, for dear hopes undone,
 Our tears are shed ;
 Half-mast the myriad British standards float ;
 All seas repeat our England's funeral note.

Sorrow divine, that makes one bond for all,
 Has done this thing ;
 No majesty of conquest can make fall
 Tears for a King ;
 Yet are all proud who speak the English tongue
 To mourn a comrade in this Prince so young.

Comrades in memories that can never sleep,
 Of great deeds past !

Of Her whose reign to-day, grey Windsor's
steep

Sees not the last !

Her grandson's death has typed our union's
cause,

The people's heart enthroned in England's
laws !

True type of England's gentleness, Farewell !

Our love must yield

To Love Immortal, and this funeral knell,

In God's great field,

Heaven hath a hand in
these events,
To whose high will we
bound our calm con-
tents.

Enrolled thee in His hosts and called thy
name,

Richard II., v.

Thy soul for Him a Priest and King became—L.

It is interesting to know that the message to Her Majesty's subjects from Sir Francis Knollys published yesterday, was a personal message, in their own words, from their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.

20TH.

We went out, I in the chair,

With Coco perched up behind,

Through Rue d'Oustinoff ; on there

To parrot shop where Coco should find

Friends congenial, and Nan bought seed ;

But it was cold for him, so we returned with
speed.

FEBRUARY 3RD.

Roses have thorns, and
silver fountains, mud.
Sonnet.

A battle of flowers and gaiety,

Two hundred and fifty carriages of all variety.

6TH.

Out on the Plage, with Coco as footman.

A nice lady, husband, and child came

The paragon of animals!
Hamlet, ii. 2.

Apologetically to express admiration,
 For the bird. 'Was he tied? Such fame
 For a parrot, they had never witnessed,
 Though many they had had. Did he bite?'
 And begged to forgive the liberty, and passed.

9TH.

Mr. and Mrs. Hogan staying in Hotel.
 He turns out to have been well
 Acquainted with Uncle John.
 On this our friendship has begun;
 They want Nan to make an excursion,
 And have advised us to pay attention
 To Coco, who is ill since the man
 Brought the *perruche* and can
 Die if the bird is not put out of sight.
 Nan gave him Scrofoloso Giappone to fight
 His *malaise*, and result is excellent.

Self-harming jealousy!
Comedy of Errors,
 ii. 1.

10TH.

And hold their level with
 thy princely heart.
Henry IV., iii.

Walking this afternoon on the Plage
 We met the Duke of —
 With his son. Soon, with much surprise,
 By himself, we see he overtakes us and dives
 His head almost under my hat—
 Possibly supposed he had cut a friend flat,
 And returned to make sure of the fact.
 M. de C. *paraît d'avoir vue au loin* the scene,
 For in Spanish style passing, said the words, to
 mean
 'So etwas.' I quite re-echoed his remark,
 It was indeed *ein bischen stark*!
 Nan walked to the Cemetery, and declares
 It is most beautiful; the Queen's seat rears
 Its highly-cut marble beauty in memory
 Of her son, Prince Leopold of Albany,
 And faces a landscape of ideal loveliness.

12TH.

Nan went to singing practice,
 The Hogans took her to fraternize
 With Mrs. Jourdain, English wife of a French
 doctor,
 And Mrs. Sylenker, Irish wife of a Polish
politiker

And world's exile is
 death.

*Romeo and
 Juliet*, iii.

Who had been banished to Siberia ; they
 Went down to the shore after *recherché* tea
 At their Villa Mignonette, *près de* Golf Juan.
 Nan brought me sea shells and violets 'grand.'

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF SYLENKER THE POLE AND HIS WIFE.

I heard myself pro-
 claim'd ;
 And by the happy hollow
 of a tree
 Escap'd the hunt.
King Lear, ii. 3.

He had been taken prisoner with his father
 and sent to Siberia for political reasons at
 seventeen; his father escaped, and he and many
 others were thrown into a dungeon where they
 had no light and only the coarsest bread to eat
 for two months. Out of this bread and the
 plaster on the walls he made a most beautiful
 model Cathedral ; he was sent later to work in
 the mines ; he escaped twice, but was retaken.
 One of these times he met his future wife,
 an Irish girl, Miss Barnes, daughter of a captain
 in the Navy, a relative of the O'Neils.

13TH.

Went to Holy Trinity Church, in the Rue
 d'Oustinoff.

Mr. Brookes preached from James i. 21.

It was a sermon for the Bible Society, whose
 Meeting takes place next Wednesday, by
 choice,

In the Mission House, at the market-place,

Where the Bishop of Gibraltar rules with
grace.

Coming out, a lady, with nice look,
Handed each person a little book,
Ours was 'Disappointed Prayers; or, why
So many are not answered,' by
E. C. Newberry, Evangelist, San Remo.

For I must let you under-
stand, I think myself
in better plight for a
lender than you are;
the which hath some-
thing embolden'd me to
this unseasoned intru-
sion.

*Merry Wives of
Windsor*, ii. 2.

Met the Hogans, de Ponlevoys,
And friends having a walk to enjoy
The sea breezes on *la belle Croisette*,
Mademoiselle Troyon, of Mrs. Hogan a pet,
Was introduced as *masseuse* for me.
I have read Canon Fleming's book to see
What he preached, before our Prince and
Princess,

Cn recognition in heavenly brightness.
After *déjeuner* Mr. Hogan fetched our Coco
To show some friends at table, but, oh no!
He would not speak a word, nor eat—
Only looked proudly at them from head to
feet.

Quand j'ay la possession
de France, et quand
vous avez la possession
de moi (let me see, what
then? Saint Dennis be
my speed!)

Henry V., v. 2.

Reading sermons on the death of Spurgeon,
The great well-known preacher gone.

20TH.

Mademoiselle Troyon is a walking Encyclopædia
Of Cannes; not ill-natured either, but *insidieux*.
We found out the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne
Is eighty-three, and the last scion of his line,
And at present very ill; and *Le Blond*,
De Casembrodt's wife, was a de Bruyn;
He was chamberlain to Holland's last Queen—
Is a sufferer, as all at Cannes are, or have
been,

This week he could not appear at his own
dinner-party.

Louisa and Annie have been *artig*
In taking lessons for which Nan paid
Fourteen francs to-day (this aside) ; for the
maid,

This is not generous, not
gentle, not humble.

A light for monsieur
Judas ! it grows dark,
he may stumble.

*Love's Labour's
Lost*, v. 2.

Who is too proud to push the chair, though my
sister

Pushes it more—she, though we cannot well
miss her,

Yet, as she has given notice to quit—released
shall she be !

We made a promenade by the *Place de la
Liberty*,

O Lord, that lends me
life,

Lend me a heart replete
with thankfulness !

Henry VI., i.

Coco, the admired of all beholders, sitting
high

And free on the back of my chair. To fly
Never enters his wonderful, wise head.

Mrs. Hogan for a long rest had fled
To our room, but Mademoiselle Troyon came
To massage me, so she had little of the same.
We heard lots more to-day about d'Auvergne ;
The Prince remembers very well about
Count Stephan Folvil de la Tour d'Auvergne ;
he was brought

Up carefully, and got his share of the
Property, when his father died ; he
Also then had the right to bear the title.
He was in the English Navy, under which
mantle

He was Post Captain in Donegal, and welcome
guest

And thou, lord Bourbon,
our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with
our royal fleet.

3 Henry VI., iii. 3.

At Woodhill, where he met and married
Mamma's first

Cousin. She says he had the most beautiful face
She had ever seen, exactly like the Bourbon
race,

He is the half-part of a
blessed man,
Left to be finished by
such as she;
And she a fair divided
excellence,
Whose fulness of perfec-
tion lies in him.
King John, ii.

Think ye see
The very persons of our
noble story,
As they were living.
*Henry VIII.,
Prologue.*

She was only twelve then, and the lovers
Were an object of interest to her dreams
Of romance in her lonely mountain home.
In later years her sister spent much time,
With the Count and Countess and children
In Jersey, and that was all when
The century was young, for dear Mamma
Was born in 1797—a wonderful drama
And the Count's grandchild
Married our first cousin and died.

25TH.

The Ponlevoys and Hogans gone to Nice
And Monte Carlo, and we out to witness
The Manœuvres of the French fleet,
Easily to be seen from *la belle Croisette*.
Dr. Jourdain had ordered strychnine
To be mixed for the massage in the vaseline.
The ships have been firing away all day,
On a grey day and in battle array.

26TH.

Taught thee to make vast
Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on
faults forgiven.
*Timon of Athens,
v. 5.*

This is the anniversary of mother's death,
We drove up to the Cemetery where 'neath
Its noble monuments so many English lie;
I sat on the Queen's marble seat, high
Above all the rest. The ground slopes in
terraces,
Returning, Nan pointed Minto's manse out, but,
alas!
I felt too tired to descend from the carriage,
To visit them; in my weak state it scarcely would
be sage.

Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I
of this town;
Something I must do to
procure me grace.
The prince's espials have
informed me.
Henry VI., i. 4.

29TH.

Our 'Encyclopædia' says Captain Percival
Is very ill,—he was principal

Of the villa, lent to our Duke when here.
Mr. and Mrs. Hogan brought in cards for whist
cheer.

The games are done, and
Caesar is returning.
Julius Caesar, i. 2.

They'll find us very ignorant of the game.
Just heard that Captain Percival is dead, on
same

Date as the Duke died eight years ago,
He was his Aide-de-Camp as our Prince Leo.

MARCH 3RD.

No, 'faith, is't not, Kate ;
but thy speaking of my
tongue, and I thine,
most truly falsely, must
needs be granted to be
much at one.

Henry IV., v. 2.

Went to the meeting at Hotel Alsace Lorraine
About 'the Asile Evangelique,' joint concern
Of French and English. The Bishop presided.
They had first to announce that M. Baudin died
(Ancien Ambassadeur of France at The Hague).
He had been the life and soul of the Asile.

They were to stand up in recognition of sensible
Regret for the perhaps irreparable loss.

Then Pasteur Maurot read the last
Year's report, whereupon Sir Walter Riddell
Got up, got up very much indeed, to addle
Anything but strong heads. 'The English
gave

'Two-thirds of the money, but if English have
'Need of nursing, they are kept shorter than
'Others ; if an English nurse is won
'She's packed home politely but very soon.
'The English wished for English doctor and
nurse at times.

'But, oh no, it is not granted. He combines
'With Lady Riddell to subscribe to reduce
'The debt ; had he known he would have
found excuse
'To spend his money otherwise. As the reserve
fund,
'Is so large the public need not be so dunned,

With the vantage of mine
own excuse.
*Two Gentlemen of
Verona*, i. 3.

‘While so much is in the pockets of the Committee.’

Maurot defended, saying : ‘Most were English maids

‘In service, who were obliged to hasten back :

‘And as to the reserve fund, the attack

‘Was unmerited ; it was Mr. Charles Murray

‘Advised them to add Mrs. Evan’s legacy

‘Of £15,000 to that very fund.’

General Crawford Chamberlain summed

The time inappropriate for complaint.

The Bishop thought not, open speech maintained.

Sir Sydney Waterlow said : ‘When he went

To St. Bartholomew’s Hospital’ (as patient,

I suppose) ‘forty years ago, the attendants

‘Were kind, but not nurses trained

‘To their work, nor the matron tried.

‘Now he recommended the very best, and practical zeal.’

Rev. Percy Smith said : ‘He was in the Asile

‘One day, and saw the invalids’ room

‘Flooded with pailfuls of water—the doom,

‘He thought it, of sick people, unless in a swoon.’

4TH.

I read ; then we all drove up to St. George’s.

We had more than an hour to wait, so gauge

With our eyes the splendours around in the

Pretty cathedral church. To the right we see

At the top a marble sarcophagus, with

The recumbent figure, after death,

Of Prince Leopold ; the centre, next,

Is railed off with gorgeous gates ; betwixt

It and the so-called ‘altar’ (there’s none

On earth any more) sits the choir ; some

O ! momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
Who builds his hope in air, of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down.

King Richard
III., iii.

No care, no stop ; so senseless of expanse,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot ; takes no account

How things go from him ; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue. Never mind

Was to be so unwise, to be so kind,
What shall be done ? He will not hear, till feel.

Timon of Athens,
ii. 2.

They have in England
A coin, that bears the
figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, that’s
insculp’d upon.

Merchant of
Venice, ii. 7.

And these same thoughts
 people this little world;
 In humours like the
 people of this world.

Richard II., v.

Having brought the
 Queen
 To a prepar'd place in the
 choir, fell off
 A distance from her.

Henry VIII.

Stained-glass windows presented by
 Friends—one of St. Patrick, with high
 Upon his head three mitres ! (They
 Had never heard of three mitres in his day !)
 At his side St. Margaret—an airy conclusion.
 At twelve Captain Percival's funeral procession
 Came into the building ; first the coffin,
 Then his aunt, leaning on her nephew's
 Arm, the Vice-Consul (to represent
 The Duchess of Albany), the Dukes *genannt*
 Mecklenburg and Michael with their wives,
 With many others. It all with splendour
 thrives.
 The ' Encyclopædia ' gives the darker picture
 Of the other side, sad and gloomy to a fixture.

6TH.

Mr. Brookes preached from 1 John iii. 8 : ' He
 that committeth sin is of the devil. . . . For
 this purpose the Son of God was manifested,
 that He might destroy the works of the devil.'

The new contralto singer and the lady
 With grey hair were in the choir pew to-day
 With Nan. When outside, the latter said :
 ' She knew a Mrs. Mulvany in Tunbridge Wells.
 Did

Titus, to advance
 Thy name and honour-
 able family,
 Lavinia will I make my
 empress,
 Tell me, Andronicus,
 doth this motion please
 thee ?

Titus Andronicus,
 i. 2.

' We belong to that branch ? Also Miss
 Mulvany,
 ' Of Alexandra College.' We replied, of con-
 nection we knew not any.

7TH.

We went to Baron von Türkheim's meeting,
 For cabmen's and soldiers' interest, speaking.

Flam. Faith, nothing
but an empty box, sir,
which, in my lord's
behalf, I come to en-
treat your honour to
supply.

Timon of Athens,
iii. 1.

Firstly, he said he could do nothing, but for the
rich

And generous help from English, Scotch,
Americans, and Irish.

He spoke of the well-attended evening meet-
ings ; of the

Ready acceptance from his hand amongst all
classes with

Which he came in contact ; and of the per-
mission given

To chain Bibles in dentists' rooms ; he had
striven

To send packets of books, amongst them
' Prince Noir,'

The story of a horse, which delighted them, and
the ' Commandeur '

Gave him consent, though against rule.

He closed his eyes, because, whatever the
school,

The men were much improved, and when

A new Commandeur came, the out-going one

Passed on the silent approval to the incoming
man.

On politics or controversy he always asked
them,

Were they Protestant or Roman Catholic men ?

And, according to their religion, he gave them

A Protestant or R. C. translation. On account

Of illness he could not go at Christmas Eve ;

But on January 24th he asked them to cut
down a tree,

And sent candles to adorn it, and lots of
presents,

Taking them to the island, where sergeants
were sent

To meet him, and save him trouble. It was a
delightful festival.

Great floods have flown
From simple sources ; and
great seas have dry'd,
When miracles have by
the greatest been
deny'd.

*All's Well that
Ends Well.*

His English was broken, but so earnest through-
out all.

That he carried his hearers with him. He
spoke

Of 'walking to the island,' 'wearing' a stick,
Instead of 'carrying.' He is eighty-one,
Plays the piano, as interlude, with great execu-
tion.

A great many helped to make the large collec-
tion.

Why this
Is the world's soul; and
just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's sport.
Who can call him
His friend, that dips in
the same dish?
Timon of Athens,
iii. 2.

The Bishop gave a vote of thanks, spoke of his
age

As being more like forty-nine, which is said to
be the prime of a sage.

IITH.

What stronger breast-
plate than a heart un-
tainted!
Henry IV., iii.

Papa's birthday. Nannie went to church.

After lunch, though it blew very much,

We ventured out, but had to come in.

Mrs. Hogan brought us wild-flowers from

Mr. Hogan, and Nan is to hear the recital

This evening, in the salon, for requital.

Je reciterai une autre fois
ma leçon ensemble.
Henry IV., iii. 4.

The banker's daughter, Mdle. de Mercidée—

Young, elegant, *geistreich*—recites 'Les poupées.'

Nan put the money in Coco's claw

To pay the newspaper boy; he took it in his
beak or jaw,

And stretched out his neck to give it to him,

And then laughed merrily when

He saw the boy was afraid to take it.

The Hogans are simply hard hit

With love for our grand Coco.

'If you ever miss him,' Mr. H. says, 'you'll
know

' Where to look for him. Hungarians
Were singing in our hotel. Nan was called
again.

15TH.

Methinks, I see these
things with parted eye,
When everything seems
double.

*Midsummer Night's
Dream, iv. 1.*

Nan sold Biocker's lovely little landscapes
At the exhibition for four hundred francs.
We are mourning over the perhaps lost
Money through G—— giving us useless cost
Through wrong tickets—instead of Strassburg,
Heidelberg's long route to Basel.
More than six months have passed,
Still not very black the threatening blast.

17TH.

Let your reason with your
choler question

What 'tis you go about.
To climb steep hills

Requires slow pace at
first. Anger is like a
horse, who, being
allowed his way,

Self-mettle tires him.

Henry VIII., i. 1.

We went to the Mont-Fleury Hotel,
To a meeting for Seamen's Homes.
The Bishop of Gibraltar had to tell
Much of their temptations, when booms
Of the waves are distant, and they on shore.
Sir Walter Riddell spoke of the dangers of
the deep,
And of the sailors' heroism still more,
When 'they occupy themselves in deep
waters' on the ship.
Another spoke of sailors as big babies,
So simple and shy—avoid even church from
shyness.
They listen very earnestly, and, even if on their
knees,
Will poke their fellow-sailors if the words
give clearness
And sweetness to their childlike hearts.
Like babies, they require to be coaxed and
dandled,
And my friend, Rev. Percy Smith, knows the
arts,

To win their sympathies, and how they're
handled.

You are now sailed into
the north of my lady's
opinion ; where you
will hang like an icicle
on a Dutchman's beard,
unless you do redeem
it by some laudable at-
tempt, either of valour
or policy.

Twelfth Night,
iii. 2.

Going to America, once, a poor woman's child
died,

I shall never forget how tenderly those rough
sailors

Took that coffin up, and in the great deep,
quite

Gently let it sink ; how they asked authors,
And lords and commoners, on board, to give
Into their cap, for the poor little brother and
sister
And desolate mother to help them on to live.

Out on the Plage in the afternoon
With Coco, who was a frantic boon
Of delight to the Duke of Mecklenburg's
Pretty eldest daughter, who, in a gig,
Passed by with the sick Duke, her father.
En passant, let me add, G. gave back 118
francs.

I thank your grace ;
I now beseech you, for
your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I
shall ask of you.
With our discourse to
make your grace to
smile.

*Two Gentlemen of
Verona*, v. 4.

About three Mrs. Hogan came. She fetched
Mrs. De Ponlevoy ; we quite a party reached.
Madame Jourdain played ; Mr. Hogan sang ;
Madame de P. played also, and our walls rang
With 'Widow Malone,' 'John Anderson, my
Jo,'
And 'When a Lady elopes,' and others equally
beau.

Love sought is good, but
given unsought is
better.

Twelfth Night,
iii.

23RD.

Watching the regatta ; Coco with us, making
knots.

It was pretty to see the graceful yachts
Running neck to neck. After tea
Louisa set fire to the chimney ; we

Called for help, and people in the street
 Warned the hotel-keeper, but with neat
 Treatment, putting a carpet before
 The fireplace, to stop any more
 Draught. Louisa's pounds of paper
 Drenched ; all went safer,
 And we escaped with nothing but a fright.

This is the fruit of rash-
 ness!

Richard III., ii.

24TH.

Great preparations for the battle of flowers.
 Guests came at 1.30 (friends of ours).
 Madame de Giraud had invited us to her
 Balcony *au premier*, but we were bound before.
 The battle was very gay, and we had the best
 places.
 One beautiful carriage was white lilac, with
 bunches
 Of violets ; many all yellow, with violets.
 A Japanese pagoda ; ladies dressed up with
 baskets
 Of sunflowers. We then had tea and talk.

O Proserpina !
 For the flowers now, that,
 frightened, thou lett'st
 fall
 From Dis's waggon !—
 daffodils,
 That come before the
 swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with
 beauty ; violets, dim,
 But sweeter than the lids
 of Juno's eyes.

*A Winter's
 Tale*, iv. 3.

28TH.

Nannie went to the memorial service
 At St. George's. The Tecks, with Princess
 May (our Queen that was to have been),
 Were there, in deep mourning.
 The Hogans left to-day for England.
 Nannie bought four cups, saucers, and
 Cream-jug of royal blue, edged with gold
 For eight francs, and a sugar-bowl.
 The De Villiers and the De Vallois
 Left for Paris. The latter is without alloy—
 She so gentle-mannered, he *un suave*
Seigneur. They must belong to the brave
Ancien Vallois. Walking to the Reserve,
 Duke Michael and his wife passed, with verve—

There shall he practise
 tilts and tournaments,
 Hear sweet discourse,
 converse with noble-
 men,
 And be in eye of every
 exercise,
 Worthy his youth, and
 nobleness of birth.

*Two Gentlemen of
 Verona*, i. 3.

Preferment goes by letter
and affection,
Not by the old gradation,
where each second
Stood heir to the first.
Othello, i.

Young, full of life and happy spirits.
They had a man with them besides.
She is tall, slight, blonde, and pretty,
Dressed in a light dress, half tight-fitting
Jacket. He, also tall—beautiful figure—
Wore a white straw hat with black and écru
Band, dark shooting-jacket, and
Knickerbockers. While we sat at the fisheries,
at hand.
They were on a bench near, got up at the same
time,
And walked before us along the promenade.

APRIL 2ND.

The Prince of Wales and Prince George
Are at the Hotel de Provence, also Graf
Festices and his wife, Lady Mary Douglas.
Madame de Ponlevoy called; she hopes to
embrace
The kind Deputy to-morrow. She is better,
And so happy he is coming; later
She recounted all their troubles:
In '70 her husband was an officer, *blessé*
In the war: she never could get news
Of him, her father and mother, with all they
Possessed, enclosed in Metz: *son cœur brisé*,
He lived but a short time; her mother still
alive.

It is not so with Him that
all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square
our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption
in us, when
The help of Heaven we
count the act of men.
*Alls Well that
Ends Well, ii.*

3RD.

Mr. Brookes preached from Luke x. 21: 'In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank Thee, O Father . . . that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.' This is the single instance in which our Lord is mentioned as rejoicing. It would seem strange to us that He

should rejoice that these things were hidden from the wise and prudent, but He adds : ' For so it seemed good in Thy sight.'

Tom and Nannie telegraphing about coupons.
Mr. and Mrs. de Ponlevoy and Madame Jourdain
Had a musical tea with us—the Deputy
Brilliant and pleasant as reputed.
They were to walk with us, but Mr. Brookes
Called, and we could not. He speaks
Of an old Mrs. Malcolmson as mother
Of Mary Ussher, so they are together.
Mary has no children. Their villa
Is most beautifully situated, *au delà*
De Casino des Fleurs. Nannie went to St. Paul's
To hear Mr. ——— preach ; she did not like it at
all.

The Duchess of Teck and Princess Mary also
came

In to hear the sermon ; they will say the same
As Nan, that he's better to make a funny speech
Than to preach about our Lord. The picture
Of Daisy Anstruther, by Nan, won a diploma.
Monsieur Bexchert brought it, and a medal of
bronze.

We went out and sat with the de Ponlevoy
And Countess Tilliancourt, to enjoy
The latest news from Paris and Dijon.
The de Ponlevoy showed us the gold medal,
won

By Mrs. Hogan from the ' Society Against
Cruelty to Animals,' and they returned us Nan's
And diploma. Later, Madame played Beet-
hoven and Chopin.

We went to the harbour to see the *Ancheron*
cannon

When the moon shone we
did not see the candle,
So doth the greater glory
dim the less ;

A substitute shines
brightly as a king,
Until a king be by.

*Merchant of
Venice*, v. i.

... Those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred
years ago, were nailed
For our advantage on the
bitter cross.

Henry II., i. 1.

Boat and two torpedoes, and an English steam yacht,
Paradox. Mademoiselle Troyon is preparing for her *noce*.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Nan went out to Colonel Wroughton's meeting For the 'Deep-sea Fishermen.' After greeting The assembled guests, he said these men would Be away eight weeks, and only at home one week.

To show his sorrow he'd correct himself,
 So puts himself into the shipman's toil,
 With whom each minute threatens life or death.
Pericles, i. 3.

A ship with a canteen, supplying drink, tracks close

To the fleet of boats ; now the Mission chose To send out a steamer with spiritual comfort, Where service was held ; and this steamboat Is also a hospital ; formerly they got rough treatment—

Mas ! what need you be so boisterous-rough ?
 I will not struggle : I will stand stone-still.
 For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be lound,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb :
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.
King John, iv. 1.

A man with a sore throat was nearly demented By a tallow candle being pushed down his gorge,

It nearly killed him, but he was cured. The scourge

Of drink is also avoided, and in its place, tea and coffee.

Subscriptions to be sent to Mr. Barclay, of Villa 'Urie.'

16TH.—EASTER EVE.

Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter?

Roméo and Juliet, iii.

I heard to-day from Blanche Mardenbrough.

We went to Trinity Church, where I saw

A large quantity of gold on the plate—

Collection to-day for the Chaplain, therefore great.

Miss Cotton-Walker bade us good-bye, and Mr. Cullum

Gave Nannie a copy of his chaunt—'Some
 'Token,' he said, 'of gratitude for her help.'
 Mrs. Jourdain mildly murmured: 'A forced
 yelp!'
N'importe: Shakespeare would have had an
 answer for her.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

I'll sweeten thy sad grave.
 Thou shalt not lack
 The flower . . . pale prim-
 rose.

Cymbeline, iv. 2.

19TH.—PRIMROSE DAY.

I paid Mademoiselle Troyon 260 francs; and
 forty

To buy a wedding present. Madame Bloch
 And her maid, Madame Bonenfant, took
 Farewell of us to-day. Louisa took our twenty
 francs

To Mr. Barclay, no one knew 'Urie'; thanks
 To one woman who went with her, she found it.
 Mrs. Barclay gave her five francs to get
 A carriage to go home! Louisa was happy!

The day was cloudless, perfect air,
 At lunch we drank to the wedded pair;
 Then on the Plage the Princes sought
 A carriage soon drives quickly past
 With England's heir and George of Wales.

At Rumpelmeyer's they draw rein fast,
 Enter quickly; there no tales

To disturb their peace; they come and go.
 Upon the Esplanade we wait;

Proudly on my chair sits sweet Coco.
 We saw George nudge his father, and state
 Something that brought his eyes so sad
 Upon us and our bird to gaze.
 Woe is written in those blue eyes—

Grave, deep-rooted woe—
 Changed, as from the cloudless skies,
 His were, long years ago.

And every one with
 claps 'gan sound,
 'Our heir apparent is a
 king!
 Who dream'd, who
 thought of such a
 thing?

Pericles, iii.

Nay, if thou be that
 princely eagle's bird,
 Show thy descent by gaz-
 ing 'gainst the sun:
 For chair and dukedom,
 throne and kingdom
 say,
 Either that is thine, or
 else thou wert not his.
Henry VI., ii. 1.

This is quite another phase,
 A hard and trying rôle.
 The iron has entered into his soul.
 They drove along the seabound way,
 The lovely waters rippling blue.
 May God grant him His grace, and save
 Him for the faith so true.

21ST.

The flat transgression of
 a schoolboy; who,
 being overjoy'd with
 finding a bird's nest,
 shows it his compan-
 ion, and he steals it.
*Much Ado about
 Nothing, ii. 1.*

When the Prince drove from Rumpelmeyer
 It was to meet the Princess at Golf Juan,
 where
 At the village she could alight unnoticed
 From the train. Enjoying his incognito,
 While waiting he offered a newspaper to a boy.
 'Oh, he cannot read,' said another, less coy.
 This made the Prince laugh, who bade
 Him promise he'd not 'mitch' school, or he'd
 upbraid
 Him again. Nannie went for flowers to
 market;
 Then I walked to the bath, my chair not being
 back.
 It took me twenty minutes, and then my weary
 way
 I wound back to the Hôtel Gonnet, anything
 but gay.

26TH.

We took a drive up to the observatory —
 A beautiful one, breezy and undulatory.
 The coachman showed us the Villa Nevada,
 Where the Duke of Albany died. On the
 Estrada
 Below a pretty monument of St. George and
 the Dragon

Was erected by his friends in memory of him
who was gone.

We returned by Cannet. Coco was with us all
along.

The Countess Tilliancourt came in to bid adieu.
She looked very happy, and Nan told her so,
too.

We went to the orange-grove on the Croisette,
And invested largely in the golden fruit ;
Hanging over the grass-grown paths it looked
so pretty.

It was not easy to push the chair, and, greatly
To my comfort, the owner, seeing the difficulty,
Opened the large gate on to Cap Croisette.
There we watched the boats, with sails full set,
Crossing to the Island of Marguerite.

Mr. Brookes called to say good-bye.
He is so droll, he made us laugh—and why ?
'A boy of twenty-two, young —, grandson
'Of Mr. —, has married someone
'Of sixty-four, who has settled her fortune
on him,
'Though she has grown-up daughters.' This
whim

They had not informed Mr. Brookes of, or he
Would have told them 'twas a wicked folly.

From 12, Avenue de Versailles, received
The announcement of the *mariage* of my recent
Masseuse, Mademoiselle Troyon, to M. Gustav
Devaux.

A *porte bonheur* I was for her, as before,
Though old, she had no 'beau.'
We met M. Lienard, on his new velocimane ;

Each day still better
other's happiness ;
Until the heavens, envy-
ing earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to
your crown !
Richard II., i.

Go we to council. Let
Achilles sleep ;
Light boats sail swift,
though greater hulks
draw deep.
*Troilus and
Cressida*, ii. 3.

The fashion of the world
is to avoid cost, and
you encounter it,
*Much Ado about
Nothing*, i.

Nannie went up to thank him for the address
At Amboise. He told her to write and express
His ideas and her own, and inquire price.

Then, in June, when home, he could give more
precise

Details ; for the design was really quite his
own.

We drove to the Croix des Gardes ; the maid
and Nan

Got out and took a short cut to the top,
While I was driven over branch and by log,
But obtained a fine view. The coachman

Proud-pied April, dressed
in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth
in everything.

Sonnet.

Plucked a bunch of wild myrtle for Nan,
And of orange blossoms, a bunch for me.

We passed a castle, overgrown with ' Gloire
De Dijon ' roses, hugging like wild fire

The grey, cold, barren walls,
Making a beauty that enthrals.

We drove then as far as the Eremitage,
Made by the Romans, eight hundred years ago,
as high stage

Against the coming enemy (so the Legend !)

It is a romantic, beautiful spot to defend
Oneself on. Our coachman has charge of some

Villa—he showed it to us. His daughter, Jenny,
came ;

She speaks a little English, learned from the
widow

Of General Lawrence ; I would like to know
Was it mother's cousin, from Woodhill, Done-
gal ?

'Tis conceiv'd to scope,
This throne, this fortune,
and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd
from the rest below,
Bowing his head against
the steepy mount
To climb his happiness,
would be well express'd
In our condition.

Timon of Athens,
i. i.

MAY 6TH.

Nannie drawing me, sitting in my chair,
On the Terrace. Louisa holding up for shade
A parasol. Coco—well, of course. She began

Hope is a lover's staff:
walk hence with that,
And manage it against
despairing thoughts.

*Two Gentlemen of
Verona, iii.*

To paint it after lunch, when I was tired ; she
ran

Her brushes over sky and trees while we
watched.

Mr. Brookes bids again 'Good-bye,' he says
Lady Winchelsea

Love is a spirit all com-
pact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but
light, and will aspire.

*Venus and
Adonis.*

Offered her son, the Earl, to play the organ,
And invited Mr. B. to tea to talk over the plan.

The grandson, Lord Maidstone, died here
A short while ago. He gossiped a lot more.

10TH.

Nan painting me in the garden again ;
Then to old observatory, where over blue sea
and plain,

We saw Nice with its background of snow
mountains.

Our coachman told us he was born in St
Martin

I would thou grew'st unto
the shores o' the haven
And question'dst every
sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere
a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is.

Cymbeline, i. 4.

De l'Intosck, and lived there till grown up.
After dinner I wrote to Blanche. A beautiful
Moonlight night ; eclipse going on. The
guests,

Out on the terrace watching it. Newspapers
From Tom, with account of Primrose League,
And our so soon lost guide, Lord Beaconsfield.

12TH.

Nannie painting on the terrace ;
M. Trabaud came about price
Of drive to Aix-les-Bains, 250 francs,
Including *pourboire* for the driver's rank.

13TH.

Nannie painting in the garden,
Till M. Trabaud came with grand,
Immense bouquet of yellow roses,

And asked her, would she not propose
 Driving with him to see his landau ?
 She complied, so probably with him we'll go.
 Saw the strange little old gentleman dandy,
 Who rides the white Arab, ambling
 Out of Villa Marie Thérèse—better
 Said, the Bourbon's Villa Caserta.
 So he is the ex-King of Naples.

Who's the next heir of
 Naples?

Tempest, ii.

How simple the others, why dapples
 This little fop so ? and seem so vain ?
 The sun was very hot, when we returned again.
 Coco called out to us : ' Is the dinner ready ?'
 Nannie went to the Huguenot service, *après-*
midi,
 Pasteur Bonnefon preached ; one sentence she
 recalled
 ' La rue demain conduit à jamais.'

' A servant with this clause
 Makes drudgery Divine !
 Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
 Makes that and the action fine.'

' As true old Chaucer sang to us, so many years
 ago,

Titus Andronicus, for thy
 favours done
 To us in our election this
 day,

I give thee thanks in part
 of thy deserts,
 And will with deeds re-
 quite thy gentleness.

Titus Andronicus,
 i. 2.

He is the gentlest man who dares the gentlest
 deeds to do.

However mean his birth, however low his
 place,

He is the gentleman, whose life right gentle
 thoughts do grace.'

17TH.

Seventeenth of May
 A beautiful day.
 Shortly *après notre déjeuner*

Historical pastoral scene
indivisible, or poem
unlimited.

Hamlet ii. 2.

We had another beautiful jaunt,
Through lanes and past trees
Where the nightingale glees
With his warbling song and *schnsüchtig* chaunt,
And the sweet joyous lark,
Soaring up from the park
Of roses all growing in line,
In alternate rows with the sweet-scented vine.
Then as we the summit ascend
Near Castelaras (where some great friend
Of Nature's beauty has bought him a Château),
In gazing across and a little below,
There nestles Grasse on the side of a hill—
Villas and châteaux, but, larger still,
The barracks, which in grand array
Place in the shade the Royal *palais*.
We stand on a plateau, large and grand,
Sinking into valleys all around,
And beyond, encircled by pearly blue moun-
tains,
A landscape too ethereally *schön* for pen to con-
tain.

There's no art
To find the mind's con-
struction in the face.

Macbeth i.

Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king :
are we high ?

High be our thought. I
know my uncle York
Hath power enough to
serve our turn. But
who comes here ?

Richard II., iii. 2.

Our charioteer was sad to hear
That Nannie had misunderstood
The price he had thought of, that he would
Have taken us for to Aix-les-Bains-chauds—
(Not half so pleasant to go with Trabaud !)
He has asked, but, alas ! we are dearly bound,
And it would not to our honour redound
To draw back from what we agreed to pay,
And it has been sadly decreed, we say.
As we on our homeward route descend,
Behold '*les plus beaux hommes et femmes les plus
belles*,
' *Les plus grands qui dans la belle France dwell.*'
So we drive up to Mougins to see
This mighty wonder of antiquity,

And on the way pass two men with their
carts—

Figures so lithe and straight as the darts,
Which flew from their bows in those ancient
days,

When before this grand fortress the Saracen
lay.

Their beauty is uncommon, they have so much
Colour, deep red, as 'twere a lamp behind, and
such

The benediction of these
covering heavens
Fall on their heads like
dew.

Cymbeline.

Melting shining brown eyes ; otherwise
The Southern is pale with black hair and eyes.

20TH.

Nan went to visit M. et Mme. Lienard,
Sending my chair some time ahead.

Monsieur made a sketch of it there.

Flowers distill'd though
they with winter meet,
Lose but their show ;
their substance still
lives sweet.

Sonnet.

He turns out to be the sculptor rare,
Who made the charming St. George and
the Dragon,

Below, on Estrade of the Villa Nevada.

He became paralyzed from hardships in the
war

Of '70, ' And finds the forced exercise in this
chair,

' Better than all the doctors and baths, here or
elsewhere.'

23RD.

I copied the verses under Lord Brougham's
statue,

Raised in grateful recognition, which was his
due.

' Entre le jour et l'ombre, il veut un peu
d'espace ;

Il veut l'oublié flottant sur la vague qui passe ;

Il veut l'or du soliel, dans son ciel obscures.

Voilà pourquoi debout le doit montrant la terre,
 Il enlace au Palmier la rose à Angleterre,
 Et semble dire, "C'est ici !
 C'est le repos, le vrai bonheur, la vie,
 Adieu, Fortune, Espoir ; qu'un autre vous
 envie !"'

Des reflets inconnus baignant ses yeux charmes,
 La fleur naît sous ses pas, sur le flot l'azur
 brille,

Tandis que, s'éveillant, Cannes son autre fille
 Lui tend ses deux bras enbaumés.'—STEPHAN
 LIEGEND.

Very well met, and wel-
 come . . .
 To you, fair and gracious
 daughter.

*Measure for
 Measure*, iv. 3.

This was written on one side of the pedestal ;
 under the figure of Lord Brougham, by P. Lie-
 nard (sculpt. 1879) were the words : 'Died
 7 May, 1868 ; aged eighty-nine ; erected by the
 Mayor of Cannes.'

*Inveno Portum spes et Fortuno Valette,
 Sat me luscilio Ludite ;
 Numme Alior.*

24TH.

We lunched and drove to Au Ribeau
 Through Pergamos ; a delightful drive with
 Dennis.

26TH.—ASCENSION DAY.

We drove to Christ Church, met the Rev.
 Percy
 Smith. He said there would be Sacrament
 service,

And offered to bring it to me. I said, 'Not
 to-day.'

The Dowager Countess of Winchelsea there,
 and to play

The organ, her son, the Earl, undertook.

I thank you for your
 music.
 Who is that that spake ?
 One, lady, if you knew
 his pure heart's truth,
 You would quickly learn
 to know him by his
 voice.

*Two Gentlemen of
 Verona*, iii. 2

This is the king's ring,
I told ye all, when we first
put this dangerous stone
a-rolling,
'T would fail upon our-
selves.

Henry VIII., v. 2.

What happy, unconventional times to look
Forward to !—Have aristocrats down here.
The King of Sweden (it does seem queer) !
Bathed with all his suite in the common
Strand Bath, 'though not in the roll of common
men.'

29TH.

Went to the Huguenot Temple. Pasteur
Bonnefon preached from Matt. vii. 14 : 'Enter
ye in by the narrow gate : for wide is the gate
and broad is the way that leadeth to destruc-
tion, and many there be that enter in thereby ;
for narrow is the gate and strait is the way
that leadeth unto life, and few there be that
find it. Christ is the strait gate ; to go in
thereat, we must put self aside. Why few
chosen ? because few accept the call, and few
seek to be accepted !' The pastor's sermons
are passionate appeals, reiterating the old
words of Moses, Joshua, and the Apostles : 'I
call heaven and earth to witness against you
this day, that I have set before thee life and
death, the blessing and the curse ; therefore
choose life, thou and thy seed, to love the Lord
thy God, to obey His voice, and to cleave unto
Him.'

O ! when the last account
'twixt heaven and earth
is to be made, then shall
this hand and seal
Witness against us to
damnation.

King John, iv. 1.

FROM CANNES TO AIX-LES-BAINS.

JUNE 6TH.

Our favourite coachman, Dennis, came to say
farewell ;
Wished 'bon voyage' wherever we may dwell.
Leaving, Madame Jacques came to say 'good-
bye,'
Nannie told her for a place she would try,

For Madame Emma ; perhaps Lady Kemp
 Would like to have her. Coco took hemp
 And other food in his cage, strange it may
 seem,

Both Moses and he delightedly beam,
 Their travelling cages to see.

Madame Daumas brought a lovely bouquet.
 Then we to all bade a friendly *Adé !*

And start in the curricule of Trabaud's boast.

We drive to Grasse and stop at the Post
 For breakfast, but saw no host ;

A hostess was there and two waiters kind.

And since Lord Helicane
 enjoineth us,
 We with our travels will
 endeavour it.
 Then, you love us, we
 you, and we'll clasp
 hands :
 When peers thus knit, a
 kingdom ever stands.
Pericles, ii. 4.

We started from Grasse at half-past three.
 Beautiful, lovely, words can't express,
 The charming scene, as we mount without
 stress,

Will he travel higher
 or return again into
 France?
*All's Well that Ends
 Well*, iv. 3.

Higher and higher, till once more we view
 The Mediterranean with its sapphire blue.

Having ascended over the brow,

We begin the descent gently now ;

We reach St. Vallier, where we alight

At an hotel ; though not very bright,

It has kindly faces, and all goes right.

East, west, north, south ;
 or, like a school broke
 up,
 Each hurries towards his
 home, and sporting-
 place.
2 Henry IV., iv. 2.

N. sends a postcard to Tom in a hurry,

Hôtel du Nord (excuse Lindley Murray),

At nine o'clock leave Saint Vallier,

Then we mount higher and still more high

(Of the Dublin 'Three Rocks' it has the air) ;

Till far away Cannes, grew high and nigh,

Even though distant, effecting a happier

Nearness, while close beneath the small stone
 way

I am a stranger here in
 these high wild hills,
 And yet your fair dis-
 course hath been as
 sugar,
 Making the hard way
 sweet and delectable.
Richard II., ii. 3.

And *Mintéry* recall Ireland's dauntless day.

The drive is rather lengthy, true,

Ere we the Hôtel des Pins have in view,

Far too grand is the name, the price far more,
When one thinks of the paltry entrance door.

Edgar: Ten masts at
each make not the alti-
tude which thou hast
perpendicularly fell:

Thy life's a miracle.
Speak yet again.

Gloucester: But have I fallen,
or no?

Edgar: From the dread
summit of this chalky
bourn.

Look up a-height; the
shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard.

Do but look up.

King Lear, iv. 6.

Joy absent, grief is pre-
sent for that time.
What is six winters? they
are quickly gone.

To men in joy; but grief
makes one hour ten.

Call it a travel, that thou
tak'st for pleasure?

My heart will sigh when
I miscall it so.

Which finds it an en-
forced pilgrimage.

Richard II., i. 3.

Brutus: Another general
shout!

I do believe that these
applauses are

For some new honours
that are heap'd on
Cæsar.

Cassius: Why, man, he
doth bestride the narrow
world,

Like a Colossus; and we
petty men

Walk under his huge legs,
and peep about

To find ourselves dis-
honourable graves.

Men at some time are
masters of their fates;

The fault, dear Brutus, is
not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we
are underlings.

Julius Cæsar, i. 2.

We start again, some time after three,
Through wild and beautiful scenery.

Then appears before our charmed eyes,

The 'Rock Castelara,' of gigantic size,

Perpendicular, a church right on its crown,

With awful dignity looking down

Upon the quaint and curious town.

We put up at the Hôtel de Levant,

Where a funny young girl was the servant.

Nannie soon after retires to bed;

She hears a queer noise close to her head;

So she brings bed and bedding and camps on
the floor.

We are waked from our rest by the cries of a
child,

All soothing of parents seems to make it more
wild.

We left Castelara at eight o'clock,

Hôtel des Pins; without further shock,

Drove up the winding, splendid *chaussée*,

Watching the great Rock most of the way.

Napoleon the First, a genius thou wert,

Keeping the soldiers on the alert,

Wonderful, practical in all thy ways—

In nothing grander than thy *chaussées*,

Of which we enjoy the great comfort now,

In circular roads, driving up to the brows—

(Far below we trace Julius Cæsar's warpath,

All-conquering once, and now hath nought

But ruined Roman bridges, silent wrath.)—

Of mountains, twelve hundred *mètres haut*,

Then gradually descending to valley below,

To a queer little inn, called 'Hôtel Bertrand,'

Flies troubled us much in that dirty sand ;
 Happy were we to leave that strange inn.
 In order some pure fresh air to win
 We drove by the railway, first in, then out ;
 Rail, river, and road ; road, river, and rail,
 Then mountain torrents and vale,
 Till we come to the narrow gorge
 Where six stones were marked very large
 In the high o'erhanging rock.
 They tell of the tremendous shock
 Destined for the foe,
 Should they be rash enough not to see
 Their danger, and in time be wise and flee.

Arriving in Digne, a nice Hotel ;
 Everything comfortable ; liked people well.
 Most were advanced of age, but not old,
 Which gave them their wisdom better than
 gold.

9TH.

From Barême, we had come to Digne,
 A cheerful town, as sentinel seen,
 Before a rocky road, that leads on to Turin.
 When we were leaving, in early morn,
 The *maître d'hôtel* us all did inform
 That it was not a boy that whistled so gay,
 But a blackbird who piped the wondrous lay.
 As we drive along we see
 Men and women picking leaves
 From the dark green mulberry-trees,
 For the silkworm's food.
 They sell the leaves to the factory,
 Where silk is made and cloth ; good
 For those who grow, and those who reap.
 Further on we pass a Schloss
 Like Goldschmieding, ere it had cause to weep

Thou didst well ; for wisdom
 cries out in the streets,
 and no man regards it.

Henry IV., i. 2.

From camp to camp,
 The hum of either army
 stilly sounds,
 That the fix'd sentinels
 almost receive
 The secret whispers of
 each other's watch.

Henry V., iv

'Tis true : there's magic
 in the web of it . . .
 The worms were hallow'd
 that did breed the silk.

Othello, iii. 4.

Three of its grand towers' loss.
 Onward, then, we further drive
 Through the lovely scenery.
 At 'Chateau,' age of ours we see—
 The arched ceilings plainly show
 Of the eleventh century,
 And must from that date grow.
 There we partook of *déjeuner* dear,
 Of cheese and bread and beer.

Go to the rudèrils of that
 ancient castle:
 Through brazen trumpet
 send the breath of parle
 Into his ruin'd ears, and
 thus deliver:
 Harry Bolingbroke
 On both his knees doth
 kiss King Richard's
 hand.
Richard II., iii. 3.

Our driver, to our great surprise,
 Had been through the last great war.
 Age had not told on hair or eyes,
 He showed on hand a little scar.
 'A Prussian shot me through the hand,
 Whereon I shot him dead,
 He never more as *foe* of the land
 Should raise his sunken head.'

'The French might have
 a good prey of us, if he
 knew of it, for there is
 none to guard it.'
Henry V., iv. 4.

10TH.—L'ARAGNE.

The bill was very, very high,
 Considering the tea no tea-leaves had.
 As our 'till' was low, it made us sigh,
 In fact, it made us very sad.
 Then through a pretty winding vale,
 With mulberry-trees bright green;
 But some were bare; leaves plucked for sale
 To feed the worms for the silky sheen
 St. Julien *un beau chêne* (fine oak) can boast,
 And a cottage Inn with balcony graced,
 A young attendant our spirit cheers,
 With her ways so frank, so free of fears.

Be kind and courteous to
 this gentleman:
 Feed him with apricots
 and mulberries.
*Midsummer Night's
 Dream*, iii. 1.

11TH.

We parted from Hôtel Alpine,
 By the clock it was about eight;

'Tis a pretty cottage, *finc*,
We slept well, but not late.

Error in the bill, sir;
error in the bill.

*Taming of the
Shrew*, iv. 3.

The bill, however, was not small
For us three—frances, twenty-four,
London prices have villagers all.

But landlords would be punished sore,
If, for such simple state and fare,
They sent in such a bill.

We pass grand mountains high in air,
Two thousand and sixty-seven metres, till
The white snow covers the highest peak.
At the *Pont de la Rosée* the drivers speak
Of times when the storm-fiends hunt,

But, as we often see,
against some storm,
A silence in the heavens,
the rack stand still,
The bold wind speechless,
and the orb below
As hush as death: anon,
the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region; so,
after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets
him new a work.

Hamlet, ii. 2.

Like a hurricane the train—
Must all the windows *fermer*,
Otherwise, the hard strain
Would blow the whole away.
We drove over the 'Croix Haut' Pass;
Saw mountains peaked and long in form,
Some sterile, others green with grass,
The long descent had a wondrous charm.
Tall fir-trees growing on steep incline;
A corner turned, lo! *magnifique*,
Mount Aigle rising high, *enfin*

No!—Know the gallant
monarch is in arms;
And, like an eagle o'er his
aery towers,
To souse annoyance.

King John, v. 2.

Formed like an eagle *sans son* beak,
With wings widespread, and claws
Ready to pounce upon its prey,
Without respect to laws
Of the long past or present day.

The snake lies rolled in
the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver
with the cooling wind,
Under their sweet shade.

Titus Andronicus
ii. 3.

Hôtel de la Gare, a pretty spot;
Nannie sketched Mount Aigle nigh,
The *Gewitter* came, no longer hot,
We longed once more to see the sky,
Our 'Jehu' us a legend told.

(And its truth he'd verify.)

How, one day, an Eagle bold,
On a small lamb caught hold,
Carried it up to the Mount aloft.

The eagle suffers little
birds to sing,
And is not careful what
they mean thereby;
Knowing that, with the
shadow of his wing,
He can at pleasure stint
their melody.

Titus Andronicus,
iv. 4.

The Eagle by some mishap, dropt
On Mount Aigle his precious prey.
There upon the mountain dew
The sheep lived thirty years, they say.

A *gendarme*, with a telescope
Saw something moving, up on high ;
He climbed the steep rock, without a rope ;
He feared at last that he must die,
Not being able to descend ;

There he saw the monstrous sheep.
After two long days a friend,

I have in this rough work
shap'd out a man . . .
But flies an eagle flight,
bold.

Timon of Athens,
i. 1.

Fearing the man had slept Death's sleep,
Thought some ropes aloft to send,
These were caught by the *gendarme*,
Who fastened them into the rock,
And round the sheep, and without harm
Both came down with little shock.

12TH.—HÔTEL LION D'OR MONASTIÈRE DE CLEREIN.

Sunday, a day of rest indeed,
Well spent at Monastière ;
A rest of which we all had need,
And took a goodly share.

Louisa went to her church in forenoon,
We had our service in our room,
'Jehu' took Louisa to see the Spa,

While we, to be precise,
Watched Madame supply food for the crop
Of her favourite fowl, and the men wise
Played ball, while Madame talked.
She told how an English family walked ;
Every haunt unearthed, like a scout,

Our court, you know, is
haunted
With a refined traveller
of Spain ;
A man in all the world's
new fashion planted.
Love's Labour's
Lost, i. 1.

Canst thou, O partial
sleep ! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an
hour so rude ;
And in the calmest and
most stillest night,
With all appliances and
means to boot,
Deny it to a king? — Then,
happy low, lie down !
Uneasy lies the head that
wears a crown.

2 Henry IV., iii. 1.

And remained two months about
Here, to rest from London social functions.
One child was left them, death's junction
Had taken home two, and for their treasured
solace
They sought for health, and school's release.
Upon this world-forgotten mountain side,
Such loneliness, as the Basse Alps can well pro-
vide,
One feels regret that such transcendent beauty
few enjoy.
We supped below, the landlady and her boy
Being kind ; I said, to save her trouble, 'we'd
dine in her own *Saal*.'

13TH.

Monday we left quiet Monastière,
At eight o'clock in the morn,
Then on to Grenoble, where
Eight leagues of trees adorn
An avenue long and straight
Entering into the town.
This time it was our fair fate
To be lodged with great renown.
(If only had suited my travelling gown !)
Our room had paper of cloth of red,
And furniture to match,
Black ebony was the bed,
With a shining floor to tread.

Let's step into the shadow
of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a
row of pins,
They'll talk of state ; for
every one doth so
Against a change. Woe
is forerun with woe.

Richard II., iii. 4.

And name thee in election
for the empire,
With these our late-de-
ceased emperor's sons.
Be candidatus then, and
put it on,
And help to set a head on
headless Rome.

Titus Andronicus,
i. 3.

Not such was great Napoleon's lot—
His escape—his landing at Gulf Juan—
His hurried march past Roman ruin
At Grenoble's gate—brought not
His wish ; his vaunted star was on the wane,
Placards around declare the game in vain !

A losing one for his great name.

Cæsar and he both prove that the sword

Once more recalls the Saviour's Word !

Imperial Cæsar, dead,
and turn'd to clay.

Hamlet, v. 1.

'The world passeth, and its aims so clever,
'Only he that doeth the will of God, abideth
ever.'

At two we leave Grenoble rare,

It soon began to rain, to Coco's scare ;

Hearing us muffling, calls : 'Coco's wet.'

Just to remind us of him, gentle pet !

We're nearing here 'Le Grand Chartreuse,'

But in the torrents—Farewell, views !

Laurent au Pont lies at the foot.

How now, spirit ! whither
wander you ?

Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through
brier,

I serve the fairy queen.

*Midsommer Night's
Dream*, ii. 1.

We hoped the morrow to mount the fairy
wood

That leads to the monks' abode.

At present we sup with content,

A sweet young girl brought viands cold

(In face and ways, like Emmeleen ;

In debating, not quite so keen).

We spent the night at Laurent au Pont.

'Oberammergau ! commercial !' we thought
again.

Folks were crowding to ascend from the plain,

Others returning home in the rain—

Merry monks and jolly priests, who choose

To pay their *devoirs* to the famous 'Chartreuse.'

14TH.

Left St. Laurent about noon,

Bidding sweet girl farewell.

We passed through a long tunnel,

The rain still softly fell.

Before we to Chambéry come

We see a grand cascade ;

'Jehu' says, when it rains some,

I was taken with Jaque-
netta, and Jaquenetta
is a true girl.

*Love's Labour's
Lost*, i. 1.

We of it would be afraid.
 At Chambéry, a fountain fine,
 With four black elephants,
 Water flowing from their trunks, a sign,
 They could be *bien méchantes*.
 Then appeared the 'Chat,' well known,
 Strange-formed mountain long,
 As if ready to pounce down
 With crouching mien, and strong.
 An avenue of many leagues
 Entering Aix-les-Bains,
 Straight as an arrow, *sans intrigue*,
 To a 'Metropole' again,
 Reminding us of Milan,
 Without the electric-lighted Square ;
 Or the bright *étan*
 Of the Italian city fair.

Lay couching, head on
 ground, with catlike
 watch.

*As You Like
 It*, iv. 3.

To thee, King John, my
 holy errand is,
 I Pandulph, of fair Milan
 Cathedral.
King John, iii. 1.

15TH.

I was too tired to go out
 Or venture down the stairs ;
 Nannie went to look about
 Aix-les-Bains, and our affairs.
 Thursday we went below to dine
 At a table small.
 A *table d'hôte*, with silver fine,
 Was laid out for all.
 But many like us seemed to prefer
 Their own company with self to share.
 A mother with daughter, tall and fair,
 At another table see,
 And some more were grouped around
 In small parties, four or three.
 While at the long *table d'hôte* were found
 Only six guests near the door.
 After a space, then two or three,
 And at the upper end

Hermia: O cross ! too
 high to be enthralld to
 low !

Lysander: Or else mis-
 graffed, in respect of
 years ;

Hermia: O spite ! too
 old to be engag'd to
 young !

Lysander: Or else it stood
 upon the choice of
 friends.

*Midsummer Night's
 Dream*, i. 1.

Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner,
and will make
No wars without doors.
Antony and Cleopatra,
ii. 1.

Having left most of the table free,
Their position there defend.
Afternoon, our 'Jehu' came to call,
We thought he must have died
Of the fatigue, and care for all—
Which his looks forthwith denied.

17TH.—AIX-LES-BAINS.

Afternoon, we went to the Lake—
A long half-hour too ;
But we pushed on, all for the sake
Of seeing that pretty view.
Louisa got oil for squeaking chair,
While Nannie asked the *garçon*
If he knew a man of character
Who'd push my *voiture* alone.
The 'Professor' we had—a rare character, true !
We thought at first he was mad.
'La Reine d'Angleterre m'aime beaucoup,'
Said he ; 'and the Duchess of Angleterre,
"aussi,
" "Elle m'estime." ' La Reine ?
We think, he may have been a little fussy,
For royalty, not being quite sane.'
On leaving he presented us his card,
'Batelier de premier ordre.' 'Professeur
Emanuel Besson, dit Mano,' it is hard
With such high friends you're not clothed
better.'

Maria: He's coming,
madam ; but in strange
manner. He is sure
possess'd, madam.

Olivia: Why, what's the
matter ? does he rave ?

Maria: No, madam ; he
does nothing but smile

Olivia: Go call him
hither. I am as mad
as he,

If sad and merry madness
equal be.

Twelfth Night,
iii. 4.

Gloster: Methinks thy
voice is alter'd and thou
speak'st

In better phrase, and
matter, than thou didst.

Edgar: Y' are much de-
ceived: in nothing am
I chang'd,

But in my garments.

Gloster: Methinks, y' are
better spoken.

King Lear, iv. 6.

Coco seemed sad and fretful.
Said Nan : 'See all those carriages there !
Would Coco go out ? I could very well.'
So, petting him on her knee, and smiling fair,

She added : ' Are you going out ? Will you tell ?'

Let not discontent daunt
all your hopes.

Coriolanus.

Pathetically he answers : ' I don't know.'

So from that day no ' Aix ' rush or fuss
Prevented us taking him out to the show.

Afternoon, to the Park ; saw the ' bus,
And strolled away from the winding throng :
Then watched the tennis, heard the lark

Yes ; nightingales answer
daws.

Fifteenth Night,
iii. 4.

And nightingales' sweet song,

As, hopping on from shrub to bush,
They carol all day long,

Nor in the night-time hush.

The American Pritchards, so tall and well
grown,

Would any drawing-room grace,
The sister and brother, whose beauty is known
In Aix-les-Bains, all over the town.

The majesty of the crea-
ture, in resemblance of
the mother ; the affec-
tion of nobleness, which
Nature shows above
her breeding, and many
other evidences, pro-
claim her with all cer-
tainty to be the King's
daughter.

Winter's Tale, v. 1.

Nobly and lithely they pass us by,

As a grand type of their race,

Accompanied by their fair mother's grace,

Who must feel a sensation of joy

And of pride in her splendid children.

19TH.

Went to St. Swithin's Church, C.C.C.S.

A young man, the clergyman, met us.

20TH.

Monday, the 20th, at about ten,

Arrives my queer sedan chair,

Brought to my room by two strong men,

Who me to the *Ettablissement* bear.

Striped curtains all around me, to fall,

With a net grating in centre,

Through which I can look down or call

To my bearers or gentle Mentor.

Up the many stone steps they bear me,

Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow,
in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, ' No more.'

Timon of Athens,
v. 5.

Then in the bath-room set me down
Where *une grand femme* and Louisa care me.

Nannie a letter to Milly indites,
While I wrote a short one to Tom.
The former N. to Geneva invites,
In September, or where else our home.

21ST.

A very droll, though awkward, affair
Took place as Nannie and Louisa tried
To take my chair backward from hotel.
A gentleman, who with interest espied
Their efforts, came and with kind and gentle
Courtesy, helped them.

Our content is our best
having.

Henry VIII.

I felt a sudden painful jerk,
Spoke like an uncut diamond gem :
'Louisa, how oft must I remark
You must not move the wheels that way ?

Where joy most revels,
grief doth most lament ;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on
slender accident.

Hamlet, iii. 2.

I tell you, Louisa, you must not do it.'
Nannie and Louisa had nought to say
But 'Thank you' to the helper, who, I thought,
Looked so amused, but, with solemn face,

And something spoke in
choler, ill and hasty :
But he fell to himself
again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a
most noble patience.

Henry VIII., ii. 1.

Pitied Louisa in his heart of hearts
In having a mistress with so little grace.
Raising his hat he quickly departs.

Nannie laughs heartily at the good joke
As the scene is recalled before her eyes.

'You'll not speak so quickly as you have
spoke.'

A lesson for future times this scene supplies.
We went to Marlioz and drank water there—
A pretty park and *établissement*.
Of sulphur the waters had their own share ;
Then returned the plane-tree *allée* along.

22ND.

Wednesday, two men fetched me away
 In a sedan with curtains so gay ;
 They carried me off so firm and fast,
 That, ere Louisa could speak, they had passed
 Up to the *Douche*, and there set me down.
 Inspector inquired, 'Was I Madame Pierre
 Stone ?'

I gave the euphonius name of Mulvany.
 Men acknowledged mistake, then took me to
 Nannie.

Mr. 'Demure,' who ne'er laughed before,
 Came to the dinner with a beaming roar,
 And he was the 'helper,' I see to my horror.
 'I was so afraid,' he screamed to his friends.
 Next day four ladies he recommends
 To ascend the 'Chat' in a *porte à chaise*.
 Oh, German 'Sticheln' again, in a haze.

The American beauties once more I praise ;
 They had been to Chartreuse, and had no frays.
 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :'
 It would seem a pity those two to sever.
 Nannie had a talk with a kind lady,
 Who was interested in my malady ;
 She is a cousin of the Trevellyans,
 And goes sometimes as sick nurse to Cannes.
 In the evening we sat in the park,
 Leaving poor Coco at home in the dark.

To guard a title that was
 rich before.
 To gild refined gold, to
 paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on
 the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add
 another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or
 with taper-light
 To seek the beauteous eye
 of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful and ridiculous
 excess.

King John, iv. 2.
 Till then I'll keep him
 dark, and safely lock'd.
*All's Well that Ends
 Well*, iv. 1.

25TH.

Constance Hawdon kindly offered to Nan
 To tell Dr. Brachat, a far-famed man,
 Of my strange case, and ask him to call.
 We drove after lunch with our Marius all
 Along the sweet green-hedged way

And back by the bright-coloured lake, called
Bourgin,
Surrounded by mountains, among them the
'Chat'—

The origin lately of witty *éclat*.

At dinner Miss Hawdon said 'twas her fate

Two hours long for the doctor to wait,

And that he promised to come the next morn

At half-past seven. This night we were worn

With want of sleep—a man drunken next door

Pushing and calling as if he were mad.

We'd just drop asleep, when, oh, what a bore !

We'd wake up again with a blatant roar.

Saturday, we wait from dawn of light,

But the good doctor was up all night

With a bad case, and could not come.

He asked Miss Hawdon if I should be at home

On Sunday morning? I said, 'Oh no !'

For on Sunday morning to church I go.

Nannie with Constance after lunch had a talk ;

Then we, with Coco, went for a walk.

As we sat in the park, met a lady and child,

Who said : 'They had a parrot. An eagle
wild

Swooped down and flew away with the bird,

Who bit the eagle so fierce and hard

That he let him drop with never a word.'

The lady was Swedish, her daughter pretty,

With very bright, long, hanging, fair hair.

Helena : What more com-
mands he ?

Parolles : That having
this obtain'd, you pre-
sently

Attend his further plea-
sure.

Helena : In everything I
wait upon his will.

Parolles : I shall report
it so.

*All's Well that Ends
Well*, ii. 4.

The holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us : his
ascension is
More sweet than our
bless'd fields. His royal
bird

Prunes the immortal wing,
and cloy's his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

... He is enter'd
His radiant roof. - Away !
and, to be blest,
let us with care perform
his great behest.

Cymbeline, v. 4.

26TH.

Nan and I went to church, Louisa too,

Though with toothache she had much to do.

Mr. Dobson preached from 8th of John ;

He overtook us on our way home,

And told us he had called at noon

Yesterday ; we did not of it learn.

Virtuous, and holy;
 chosen from above,
 By inspiration of celestial
 grace.

Henry VII., v. 4.

He has lost one eye, and is glad
 When someone reads the chapters.
 As to his sermon, God gives him words.

27TH.

Dr. Brachet came at half past-seven,
 And ordered me *massage* and *douche*.
 I was brought back before eleven,
 Then, *Il faut que je me couche*.
 With morning work I was so tired
 That I scarce did aught all day,
 But rest, eat, and sleep, as required.
 Afternoon, tried to be gay ;
 We went to Casino and *Circle Élite*,
 But there, there was too much to pay,
 So we retired to a nice shady seat,
 In the park, where we heard the band play.
 After dark Miss Hawdon came in to call,
 And the mystery explained ;
 She had the pastor's, two cards, in all,
 Which she forgot or detained.

O sleep ! O gentle sleep !
 Nature's soft nurse.

2 Henry IV., iii. 1.

Is't possible, the spells of
 France should juggle
 men into such strange
 mysteries?

Henry VIII., i. 3.

28TH.

The morning early same scene again ;
 Taken at nine in my sedan chair,
Douched and *massaged* in the Prince's bath—
 ' Albertine ' is the name it hath ;
 But it is not princely, I must declare ;
 Plainest and simplest they have things there.
 To-day, however, all went lighter and better,
 As there was not much greatly to fetter.
 When in my sedan, Doctor came to inquire,
 He could see for himself I was a melting fire.
 We sat in the house, the day was so hot,
 Strolled out after dinner, when sun there was
 not.
 Nannie, fetching her purse, when it was late,

No princely commendations to my king.

Henry VII., v. 3.

Left me in charge of a kind flower girl,
 Binding sweet bouquets with clever twirl ;
 When Nannie returned, proceeded to bind
 One for her, refused payment for both,
 At last, took for Nannie's—even then she was
 loth.

Nannie paid entrance fee, we went into the
 garden ;

Here we could see—I beg your pardon,
 I mean, I could *hear*—the band play,
 On a beautiful island, lit up with stars bright as
 day ;

While in the sky, the grand silent sign—
 The Crescent Moon, sails, brilliant and fine,
 Looking down on the fireworks of man,
 Grand in their way ; and shed light on the
 swan

Let me twine
 Mine arms about that
 body, where against
 My grained ash an
 hundred times hath
 broke,
 And scarr'd the moon
 with splinters !
 . . . But that I see thee
 here,
 Thou noble thing ! more
 dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my
 wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold.

Coriolanus, iv. 3.

Sailing on the pond ; while rockets, like forks,
 Pierce the calm sky, sending showers of sparks,
 Blue, yellow, red.

Some falling quietly, some slowly sped.
 Music and all surpassed all we had seen of, or
 read.

Through a mistake Louisa did not come
 So Nannie alone had to push me home.

29TH.

Bathing experience still much the same,
 Very weakening, too, for one who is lame ;
 Heat was so great we could do naught,
 All seemed to melt, yea, even thought.

Should we essay a book to take,
 It was quite impossible to keep awake.
 In course of conversation at dinner, N. said
 She knew a lady with gold hair, not red,
 And dark eyes and eyelashes too,
 Which, she maintained, were not dyed but true.

The good in conversation
 (To whom I give my
 benison)
 Is still at Tharsus, where
 each man
 Thinks all is writ he
 spoken can :
 And to remember what
 he does,
 Gild his statue glorious :
 But tidings to the con-
 trary
 Are brought your eyes ;
 what need speak I ?

Pericles, ii. 1.

And that Constance Hawdon must own.
 For Mrs. A. she also had known,
 But she was not so very sure
 That her lovely locks were golden hair pure ;
 N. said she saw white mixed with the gold,
 Which, undeniably, its true history told.

30TH.

Peace to this meeting,
 wherefore we are met,
 Unto our brother France,
 and to our sister,
 Health and fair time of
 day: joy and good
 wishes
 To our most fair and
 princely cousin Kath-
 arine.

Henry I., v. 2.

Thursday, from baths a day of rest left ;
 We regain some thoughts of which we'd been
 bereft.
 I walk so bravely to the inner court gallery
Un Français dit, Ça va mieux, aujourd'hui,
 With such a pleased and kindly air,
 That we were touched with sympathy rare.

JULY 1ST.

No porter at his gate ;
 But rather one that smiles,
 and still invites
 All that pass by.

Timon of Athens,
 ii. 1.

Nannie wrote to invite the Pastor
 To drive with us, we numbered four.
 Miss Hawden, Mr. Dobson, Nannie and I
 Drove a lovely road o'er mountains high ;
 Returned by Gressy, where we could see
 Lady Donneraile's, Lady Sommer's, and Dr.
 Brachat's villas three.
 All clustered together in a fair group.
 To be seen peeping through, on the hill's
 droop.

E'en to the hall, to hear
 what shall become
 Of the great Duke of
 Buckingham.

Henry VIII., ii. 1.

On return, had tea in the vestibule,
 Which we found so refreshing and cool ;
 Constance Hawdon and Pastor bade us adieu !
 Must keep singing appointment, being so few.

His is a faithful light,
 Though blindness blights one eye ;
 And there the dimming sight
 Foretells calamity.
 Calm 'neath misfortune's cup,
 Filled to o'erflow the brim ;

Stay, Humphrey, Duke
of Gloster; ere thou
go;
Give up thy staff. Henry
will to himself
Protector be: and God
shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and
lantern to my feet.
Henry VI., ii. 3.

A golden mind stoops not
to shows of dross!
I'll then nor give, nor
hazard, aught for lead.
*Merchant of
Venice, ii. 7.*

I was not born under a
rhyming planet.
*Much Ado about
Nothing, v. 2.*

I will preach to thee;
mark me!
King Lear.

With failing eyes turned up,
Trusting alone in Him.
He in the pulpit stands,
No studies can he make,
Receiving from God's own Hands
Wisdom for his Son's sake.
Such faith is ne'er denied,
Who put full trust in God;
Trust in the Crucified
God, guides with the rod.
Till he, being purified,
From sin's great dross and pain,
At last shall be glorified,
And brightest Heaven gain.
The Spirit gives him light,
And feeds him with the Word.
Threatening loss of sight,
To him, is a gift from the Lord.

2ND.

Did not venture to take
A sulphur bath; fear I must forsake
Such a weakening process; it will not do.
It may be for the strong, but not for the hue
Of weak ones like me, who find walking so
hard;
Brain-melting, too—a loss to a rhyming bard.

Went again through the trying strain,
A melting process of *douche* bath again.
On such a day one has little to write,
Except that in vestibule we had a sight,
Of Pastor Dobson waiting for Constance;
We spoke a few words, but a remonstrance
He might have made: though at three at the
door,

She kept him waiting till it was four.
 We to the shade of the park retire
 To seek some shelter from the sun's hot fire.

3RD.

Went to church. Mr. Dobson preached from
 Acts xii. 6-7.

A clergyman whom we had seen at Innsbruck,
 With a long beard, on seeing us, suddenly turned
 back,

Then I by letters shall
 direct your course.
 When time is ripe, which
 will be suddenly
 . . . And our powers at
 once,
 As I will fashion it, shall
 happily meet,
 To bear our fortunes in
 our own strong arms,
 Which now we hold at
 much uncertainty.
Henry IV., i. 3.

And helped me into the church,
 Next day, the ' Encyclopædia ' birch
 (Constance Hawdon) could state
 That the man who read the chapter
 Was Reverend Jephson ; so, though late,
 The news came, quite unknown, from the
 adapter.

4TH.

A letter from Tom to Nannie
 From Haus Goldschmieding written.

I rested sweet and bonnie,

Last night, ears were not smitten

With loud noise *au contraire*,

All was quiet, the night fair,

Constance Hawdon's young friend

Arrived, a nice girl, you may depend.

This morning ' Mr. Demure's ' friends left :

Of Mrs. Meadows and Mrs. Story bereft

He must feel very much alone ;

But as ten arrived to-day, he'll surely be thrown

Amongst some congenial spirits free.

Wait till to-morrow, we shall see.

We awhile in garden stayed,

Then strolled on with our maid

Towards Marlioz. A woman warned us back,

Before the racing crowd, with whip and clack,

Presently the Duke
 Said, 't was the fear, in-
 deed ; and that he
 doubted,
 'Twould prove the verity
 of certain words
 To me, he should utter.
 With demure confi-
 dence
 This pausingly ensu'd.
Henry VIII., i. 2.

Promising is the very
air o' the time ;
It opens the eyes of ex-
pectation.

Timon of Athens,
v. 1.

Should dash along. Coming in, met Dr.
Brachat.

Constance said he had been *bien fâché*.

5TH.

I tried to work, and then to write,
Had all the time with faintness to fight.
Louisa told us the head waiter said
He'd been in London, where he had stayed
With an English family, so true and kind,
That his eyes oft with tears were blind
When he left them, to the army to go.
Then, many years later, in London, I trow,
The Salvation Army had him in their ranks,
For which he, till now, gives our Lord thanks ;
He has always astonished us true !

As if he master'd there a
double spirit.

Henry II., v. 2.

Calm, patient, but masterful too,
Ne'er out of sorts, though to some dolts a
prey ;
He's a good witness, for Salvation *Armée*.

6TH.

Cure agreed with me better this morn,
Not feeling so weary or worn.
Had coffee when I returned at ten,
And once more to bed again.
At lunch, an old lady, ' Mr. Demure ' had to
console.

This grief is crowned with
consolation.

*Antony and Cleo-
patra*, i. 2.

A part he seems to like, on the whole.
Took a long walk after tea to the lake ;
From the scorching sun must shelter take
'Neath foliage of trees. Chair was pushed on
the grass,
No fear there of catching cold *en masse*.
Passed by the château of our gracious Queen,
Not renovated, however, for through the village
green

Help, master ! here's a fish
hangs in the net,
Like a poor man's right
in the law. It will
hardly come out.

Ha ! 't is come at last,
part of mine heritage,
Which my dead father
did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge,
'Keep it, my Pericles.'
Pericles, ii. 1.

I cannot choose : some-
time he angers me
With telling me of the
moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin
and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a
finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and
a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a
ramping cat,
And such a deal of
skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith.
I tell you what ;
He held me last night
at least nine hours
In reckoning up . . . his
lackeys.

Henry IV., iii. 1

She craved a private road, which was refused
By the town, an old 'right of way,' so good
Victoria used

The villa to lend to Lady Whalley, who kindly
tends

The English church, and with receptions be-
friends.

Surrounded it is by the wood which Lamartine
Felt in days gone by inspire his theme.

I'm writing this—you'll hardly dream—

In a bedlam of jangling sounds,

In which this noisy Hotel abounds.

My words are sly, and sleek, and subtle,
My policy skimp, scamp and scuttle.'—G. O. M.
En passant, extract of the time.

8TH.

Eighth douche to-day ;

I am melting away,

The heat is so great in this seething pot,

That we can do nought but groan, 'Hot !'

And lie down on the sofa, or drive in my chair

Seeking for some fresh *courant d'air*.

At last they sit on the grass in the shade,

And Coco walked on the same, not afraid

Of children, or beetles, or dogs, great or small ;

He would be ready to play with them all.

Nan saw Adalberta through the trees peep,

But fail in the courage to take the leap

Of coming closer to recognise.

Perhaps too weak beneath Aix's burning skies.

Oh ! Aix-les-Bains, Oh ! Aix-les-Bains,

'Twere truer to call you 'Aches and Pains.'

Miss Hawdon offered N. a ticket to go

To Collom's concert, but Nannie said 'No.'

Your greatness hath not
been us'd to fear.

Winter's Tale,
iv. 3.

True nobility is exempt
from fear.

Henry IV., iv. 1.

Yea, this solidity and
compound mass.
With tristful visage, as
against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Hamlet, iii. 4.

One hundred and twenty at least.

As we think of the ladies we feel very *triste*

Lest something has happened them both—

Mrs. Meadows and Mrs. Story—we're loth

To believe that they should be taken.

Two sweet English matrons ! 'Twould awaken

Sympathy true, deep, strong and still,

For all who knew them at this Hotel.

A long letter I had from Tom this morn

Which cheered me, from the long night worn.

13TH.

The usual curing course to-day,

And also the usual amount of delay ;

But bath's not so trying, now weather is cool,

Or I am growing accustomed to school.

This Hotel is filling at last—

Fifty-five at *table d'hôte* broke their fast.

Mr. Volters (alias 'Demure') started this morn-
ing at eight

For St. Gervais to hear of the dear ladies' fate.

He promised to telegraph ; no news has ar-
rived ;

We can but hope the wire was deprived

Of its power, or broken down,

Thus stopping all news from there to this
town.

Miss Hawdon to us for a few minutes came,

She told us that Tyrwhitt was the young girl's
name,

Who used to play tennis and is now so lame ;

She is grandchild of Colonel Tyrwhitt, the
same

We met at Scheveningen, many years past,

Who had been Aide-de-Camp to the last

Duke of Cambridge, and was at his marriage,

The raging rocks,
And shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates :
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates.

*Midsummer Night's
Dream, i. 2.*

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and
tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and
hear poor rogues
Talk of court news ; and
we'll talk with them
too,—

Who loses, and who wins;
who's in, who's out;
And take upon 's the
mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies :
and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs
and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the
moon.

King Lear, v. 3.

Our fertile France.

Henry IV., v. 2.

So when we knew him (though old, of good
carriage),

He spoke to me always in a mysterious tone,
That frightened one sometimes when with him
alone.

14TH.

Fourteenth of July ; flags hanging out ;

I am not sure what the *fête* is about.

'Fête Nationale,' all people say ;

I fear they are fated to have a wet day.

The rain has fallen steadily all this drear
morn,

So the poor tricolors hang down forlorn.

We feel much happier as to the ladies' fate

From all that the *Standard* and French papers
state.

We trust in God their Hotel was not lost

Through the glacier, which the *Établissement* cost

Its existence ; while many eyes weep

For their dear friends, taken off in their sleep.

We went down to *déjeuner* ; Constance was
there,

And, just as usual, the quizzing rare.

Afternoon, went to see preparation in the park

For illuminations and fireworks *starke*,

But alas ! At dinner a *Gewitter*, with rain,

Threatened to spoil all their work and pain.

These tidings nip me ;
As flowers with frost, or
grass beat down with
storms.

Titus Andronicus,
iv. 4.

15TH.

A letter from Milly, in printing type,

To know if Lucerne would be ripe

In the autumnal month of September.

We, as invalids, bid her remember,

We could not go further than Genfer See,

Especially in the then shortening day.

We should prefer going South that time.

The waiter told us before *déjeuner*,
A telegram had come for Miss Hawdon, to
say

That the two ladies were safe on their way
To happy England without delay,
And that kind 'Mr. Demure' is their escort
true ;

That those dear women whom we all knew
Have escaped from such danger and strife,
With the water and rocks, which destroyed so
much life,

At St. Gervais-les-Bains. It would be vain
To think of the horrors of that dread night
When they woke to death, or for life to fight

. . . O ! prove true,
That I, dear brother, be
now ta'en for you !

Twelfth Night,
iii. 4.

Of all the wonders that I
yet have heard.

It seems to me most
strange that men should
fear ;

Seeing that death, a ne-
cessary end,
Will come when it will
come.

Julius Cæsar, ii.

16TH.

Oh ! Aix-les-Bains, Oh ! Aix-les-Bains,
I am stiff with aches and pains !
Nannie to lunch must go alone ;
I felt too weak to venture down,
And face the hot and crowded room,
So waited for *voiture* to come.
It came punctually, at half-past one,
When the *table d'hôte* was done.
Constance, Amy, and Harrison
Came to Champot, and had some fun.
The glorious road to Champot we drove,
To climb with aid of Nannie and Constance ;
When forward steps, as in romance,
Our tennis hero, French, and black as raven's
wing his hair,

And, bowing with a knightly air,
Offers, with our young friends' aid,
To carry me up. 'I am too heavy,' I said.
Telling him so, I thank him much ;
Going up the steps, a lady such
As one sometimes meets, gave me her hand

O, flattering glass !
Was this the face, that
fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd
by Bolingbroke ?

A brittle glory shineth in
this face :

As brittle as the glory is
the face ;

For there it is, crack'd in
a hundred shivers.

Mark, silent king, the
moral of this sport :

How soon my sorrow hath
destroy'd my face.

Richard II., iv. 1.

Let's carry with us ears
and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Coriolanus, ii.

And helped me safely up to land.
 She was no saint, but well inclined,
 And in this case was wondrous kind :
 May God accept her repentant tears
 When she as a Magdalene appears.
 The view from the terrace, of the lake,
 Intensely blue ; and for its sake,
 Our young friend took the view,
 We have not seen it yet, 'tis true.
 We had for tea the far-famed scones,
 At which, be sure, we were no drones.
 We returned at five o'clock.

He that will have a cake
 out of the wheat must
 tarry the grinding.

*Troilus and
 Cressida, i. 1.*

17TH.

It rained all night ; I tossed about—
 Feverish I am, without a doubt.
 Louisa went early to prayers ;
 Nannie remained till she came upstairs.
 Then to St. Swithin's Church she went,
 While I in bed a long time spent.
 I read till nearly eleven, then rose.
 Nannie went to church at four o'clock ;
 Returning, she received a shock.
 The ' knightly ' Frenchman coming her way,
 She, remembering Miss Hawdon's remark, feels
 at bay,
 And regretfully turns a short cut, down a lane.
 Scarcely done, she repents, as stamping, as on
 a bane,
 He calls out, ' *Sacré*, alas ! ' our warm thanks of
 the eve
 Wiped out forever, and all through Constance ;
 we grieve.

I am amazed, methinks,
 and lose my way
 Among the thorns and
 dangers of this world.

King John, iv.

18TH.

Trabaud here to know what we'd do ?
 If to Geneva we would drive ?

Duchess: Where, then,
alas! may I complain
myself?

Gaunt: To God, the
widow's champion and
defence.

Duchess: Why, then, I
will. — Farewell, old
Gaunt.

Richard II., i. 2.

No, on such prices we could not thrive ;
'One hundred and fifty francs !' we sigh.
In self-defence we dismiss him with 'Too
high.'

Louisa took five francs for each *massense*,
As also, I hope, my grateful *adieux*—
I, reading 'Phillipa Fairfax,' in bed,
To be out of the way, as we all said.
Margarite Petraz, Perronne Guichar,
Felice Massannet, at least so far
As I can make out each name—
The two first are *massenses*, at least, of fame,
The latter Directress of *Établissement*,
I'm not sure if the title's not wrong—
We promise them books, which we hope they'll
receive,
Which may strengthen their hearts and make
them believe,
Thus giving them in their hard life some peace,
Which in Eternity, we trust, may not cease.
I wrote to Miss Angelo, on a card, an affair,
Whereon to be seen were invalid, porters and
chair.

Ignorance is the curse of
God;

Knowledge the wing
wherewith we fly to
heaven.

Henry VI., iv.

But, I bethink me, what
a weary way
From Ravenspurgh to
Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby,
wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath
very much beguiled
The tediousness and pro-
cess of my travel.

Richard II., ii. 3.

Our large luggage is gone by *grande vitesse*,
That we may travel without much distress.
We went to *table d'hôte*, as I felt able ;
N. gave fifteen francs to waiter at table.
The name of head-waiter is Albert—
The name is good, and *er ist es werth*.

19TH.

Once more adieu. My
father at the road
Expects my coming.

*Two Gentlemen of
Verona*, i. 1.

We left about twelve, bidding Constance fare
well,
Miss Goddard too ; Antoinette we tell,
We will send her husband some nice books ;
Take leave of Leders with friendly looks.

Powers divine behold our
human actions.
Winter's Tale, iii. 2.

Two *rosen* bouquets from them we receive,
And then, with good wishes, we Aix-les-Bains
leave,

In the good train for Geneva away,
Skirting round part of the Lake of Bourget,
Where the Kings of Savoy rest in *Ruh*.
Arrived in Geneva about three,
Rain pouring down, nought can we see.
Drive in a cab to Hôtel Angleterre ;
No room to be had till next day there.
Then at Beau Rivage, a beautiful room
On a terrace facing the lake, though gloom
Hangs o'er it to-day, 'twould be lovely in sun-
shine and gay,

But alas ! (there is always a ' but,'
Whether one seek an hotel or a hut),
Steps are too many, so we drove on
And take our abode in Hotel Richmond.
Here we've a room on the ground floor ;
Beds curtained off please us more.
We rest content, though sheets feel damp ;
We rejoice again in electric lamp ;
And the peaceful quiet at night,
Gives one an idea of a holier light.

When a man's verses can-
not be understood, nor
a man's good wit
seconded with the for-
ward child understand-
ing, it strikes a man
more dead than a great
reckoning in a little
room.

*As You Like
It*, iii. 3.

20TH.

Clouds o'er the mountains ; rain falling fast ;
We think to ourselves, ' How long will it last ?'
Nannie and I write to our dear brother
Congratulating him on, now, another
Approaching birthday. Only work done :
Read ' My Official Wife '—there being no sun—
The author, Colonel Savage, a very good one.

Torches were made to
burn ; jewels to wear ;
Things growing to them-
selves are growth's
abuse.

Sonnet.

21ST.

This morning cold, and raining still ;
Cannes in December is not so chill.

It seems our good host turned out of his room
 For our accommodation, this weather of gloom.
 It was nice and suited us well.
 But his private room ! we could not foretell !
 Now we must forfeit electric light,
 And to the *premier* is a good height.
 I ascended in ' lift ' *après déjeuner*,
 Then we, Nannie and Louisa, walked a short way
 To our new room ; it is nearer the lake,
 Has a balcony—this advantage we partake—
 Otherwise the balance weighs the other side ;
 Our present *salon* is not half so wide ;
 Beds not curtained off, few comforts about.
 As we on our narrow limits look round,
Andere Länder, andere Sitten here :
 At *table d'hôte* 'tis queer
 To see the salmon carried in to make his bow,
 And then the goose the same, I vow,
 To the assembled guests all collected now.

Thus far, with rough and
 all unable pen,
 Our bending author hath
 pursu'd the story ;
 In little room confining
 mighty men.

Henry IV., v. 2.

22ND.

I awoke in the night sobbing for breath,
 The goose and the salmon nearly bowed me to
 death.

Nannie was kept awake most of the night,
 Application of camphor at last set me right.
 ' Papperlapap ' just appeared from Cannes ;
 Coco quite excited on seeing his man.
 He sang under our windows, attracting a
 crowd,

His voice, though still sweet, is no longer loud,
 ' Figaro here ! Figaro there ! Figaro ! Figaro !
 Figaro !'

Till Coco and all are in gayest of *tempo*.
 Large money is thrown to him, for he attracts,
 By his theatre robes, acting, and voice-tricks,

Here the street is narrow ;
 The throng that follows
 Cæsar at the heels
 Of senators, of prætors,
 common suitors,
 Will crowd a feeble man
 almost to death ;
 I'll get me a place more
 void, and there
 Speak to great Cæsar as
 he comes along.

Julius Cæsar, ii. 4.

A showing of a heavenly
effect in an earthly
actor.

*All's Well that Ends
Well*, ii. 3.

A sympathy far above the average singer.
Afternoon fine ; I went out at last.
In my bath chair we over the bridge passed,
To the other side, where we lodged in sixty-
four,
Near the English garden and the Isle of
Rousseau,
We sat once more, as with darling mother of
yore,
Watching life on the bridge from shore to
shore.

23RD.

We saw ' Le Beau,' servant and dog,
As we sauntered along the quay ;
There sat and rested, but, owing to fog,
Saw that clouds on the ' White Monarch ' lay.

24TH.

To the sessions of sweet
silent thought
Summon up remembrance
of things past.

Sonnet.

Ah, my poor princes ! ah,
my tender babes !
My unborn flowers, new-
appearing sweets !
If yet your gentle souls
fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom
perpetual,
Hover about me with
your airy wings,
And hear your mother's
lamentation.
Hover about her ; say,
that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant
morn to aged night.

Richard III., iv. 4.

We went to church to the ten o'clock service,
And sat near the place where, with our dear
love,
We worshipped and heard sermons better than
this schism,
Which is only High Ritualism *versus* Criticism.
The personal Christ, the All in All, they ignore.
The sexton to wheel me through the church
offered.

' Another Sunday,' I said, as he hovered
Round, and then he closed the door.

25TH.

Nannie went shopping, when reading was o'er.
Glorious the view on Lake Leman's shore.
To Tom I would write, as if inspired ;
But my poor genius only grows tired.
The postman brought money from bank ;

Could not sign Christian name, I told him
frank.

He left the letter with me, however,
Presuming honour and I could not sever.

The despondent Prussian grows worse and
worse,

As if he had lost his heart or his purse ;

His friend tries to cheer him, but hopeless the
task.

Was he refused ? Or did he venture to ask ?

The pretty Dutch girls and their nice mother

Leave him to a grief he cannot smother.

A beautiful eve ; Mont Blanc to be seen.

We sat out and watched the *Alpen Glühen*

Spread over the glorious, hoary old king

From the shore of the lake in the queenly city.

We mourning say, ' Oh, what a pity

That Tom comes not here, with his wife bright
and dear !

A lovely night ; a scene so bright ; a fair lady

On balcony ; an Italian knight, dressed in white,

Sombrero light, begins his song ; attracts along

A crowd, in current strong, to listen to his
Italian song.

Money flies down from balconies, which, when
our hero sees,

An impromptu song he sings of thanks ; then
with swift wings

He flies away, till a future day he rings.

26TH.

After *déjeuner* we took out our books,

Sat on the quay with admiring looks ;

Gazed on Mont Blanc and the fine range

Of mountains, more or less strange,

Belting this brilliant Geneva.

Skiffs and yachts skipping about,

I came and cheer'd him
up,
He smil'd me in the face
. . . and over Suffolk's
neck
He threw his wounded
arm . . .
And so, espous'd to death,
with blood he sealed
A testament of noble-
ending love.

Henry IV., iv. 6.

Where, like a sweet
melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, en-
chanting every ear.

Titus Andronicus,
iii. 1.

And promise you calm
 seas, auspicious gales,
 And sail, so expeditious,
 that shall catch
 Your royal fleet far off.
 —My Ariel;—chick—
 That is thy charge: then,
 to the elements;
 Be free, and fare thou
 well!

Tempest, v. 1.

For Orpheus' lute was
 strung with poets'
 sinews,
 Whose golden touch could
 soften steel and stones,
 Make tigers tame.

*Two Gentlemen of
 Verona, iii. 1.*

Where now remains a
 sweet reversion:
 We may boldly spend
 upon the hope of what
 is to come in:
 A comfort of retirement

... *Henry IV., iv. 1.*

Or sailing intricately in and out,
 Passing the large and smaller steamers,
 Decorated with hunting streamers,
 As they sail on Lake Lemán, Conviva!

27TH.

Wednesday, photographed in the bath-chair,
 In Square des Alpes (in Alpine Square),
 For the instruction of Bergeon-Jely,
 That he may make the new one to flee,
 As 'twere, of itself, *sans* much help from me.
 We then returned and had *déjeuner*.
 Nannie sent paper to Balster's Helene,
 As our address they had sought for in vain;
 Also to Blanche a *Kurliste* sent,
 For the very same wish and intent.
 For Byron's villa we crossed the water;
 In English garden met Mr. Bonham-Carter.
 We wandered and wandered round by the lake;
 Asked a man, where we coffee could take.
 He told us *dans un quart d'heure* we would
 reach
 A café at the tower, where flag flew on the
 beach,
 And also close by the Villa Diodate.
 But when there, no café; so, tired and late,
 We scarcely enjoyed the site of the sometime
 Dwelling, though 'Childe Harold' he made
 In that quiet retreat on the brow of the hill.
 A relief to hear 'Papperlapap' sing his evening
devoirs
 When home; he sings very well, and receives
 his *pourboires*.

29TH.

Marvellous effects of electric light
 Shot o'er the town: e'en dark Brunswick looked
 bright

In the shade to which he is put down,
 As being too heavy for the design
 He made when he gave the town
 All his money, and now must resign
 His well-thought-out position, and take
 A lowlier but stronger one now ;
 And though done for safety's sake,
 He would not have liked it much, I know ;
 Though not always my motto, I'd rather say nay.

30TH.

Here's neither bush nor
 shrub to bear off any
 weather at all, and another storm brewing ; I
 hear it sing i' the wind :
 yond' same black cloud,
 yond' huge one, looks
 like a foul bombard. If
 it should thunder, as it
 did before, I know not
 where to hide my head :
 yond' same cloud cannot
 choose but fall.

Tempest, ii. 2.

A storm lowered, threatening enough ; two
 Hotel-keepers and householders make a to-do.
 Seeing flags flying and flagstaffs bend
 'Neath the great storm wind, whose weight did
 send
 Them flying further than most of them like,
 Tearing some flags, nearly breaking the pike.
 But it passed off, to their great relief,
 Though their hoped-for rest might only be
 brief.

About three went out to see the troops
 Near the bridge, in one of the groups.
 See all march past, and hear the band
 Strike up a marching tune not far from our
 stand ;
 But as they near, struck up all too soon the life
 and drum,
 Which all may not think so, but I think 'rum.'

To revenge is no valour,
 but to bear.

Timon of Athens,
 iii.

As we returned, what a pleasant sight !
 The town and the harbour one blaze of light.
 Boats like cannon, kiosks, swans, and Brunswick
 Duke

Ride over the water ; it seems a fluke
 That none take fire. Then the battle begins :

The nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and
the commons made a
shower, and thunder,
with their caps, and
shouts.
I never saw the like.

Coriolanus, ii. 2.

'The Siege of Geneva,' all fire and smoke.
Hear how the shot rings !
Horses so startled, they would fain run away,
Taking five or six men to make them stay.
Babes in perambulators, also in arm,
Amid all this din, it must do them harm.
From our balcony we've a splendid view,
Thinking how sad should it ever come true.
A letter from Evelyn to me to say
That Edgar has been made a B.A.
He passed three exams in one short term,
To the surprise of the whole college firm.

AUGUST 1ST.

Once before he won it of
me with false dice,
therefore your grace
may well say I have
lost it.

*Much Ado About
Nothing*, ii. 1.

To our sorrow our shawl was not to be found ;
It must have been stolen from the church
ground,

Where Louisa had left it in the bath-chair,
Though so often told not to leave it there.
Nannie, finding expense here too great,
Went to seek *pensions* ere it was late.
After lunch I read aloud on the quay
'The Fate of Fenella,' a novel not gay.
About same time the Americans, too, went
away.

None stay very long ; at most, I should say,
A pretty long week, some only a day,
While they are bent to move further away,
In other parts of 'La belle Suisse' to stay ;
Others, again, bound for the heights
Of the White Monarch, or the delights
Of Chamounix—too dangerous there
For two lone women, who travel at ease.

Now, for our mountain
sport : up to yond' hill ;
Your legs are young ;
I'll tread these flats.
Consider,
When you above per-
ceive me like a crow,
That it is place which
lessens and sets off :
And often, to our comfort,
shall we find
The sharded beetle in a
safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd
eagle.

Cymbeline, iii. 3.

2ND.

From Tom and Milly a letter long
Tells of their doings, and of the throng

Of visitors to gay Pempelfort,
Where they're having acting, songs and piano-
forte.

Nannie and I, with Louisa beside,
Had in the forenoon a very nice ride.
On our way back we saw 'Le Beau'
Driving himself; 'Jehu' told us, you know,
That he lives in the Villa Lancier,
Which we had passed just shortly up there
In the aristocratic and high *quartier*,
Where there is always to be found fresh air.
He is a man of very good taste,
Spends winter in Cannes, and lest heat there
waste

Him quite away, he comes on here,
To be refreshed by mountain air clear.
In afternoon went to Quai des Eaux Vives
To look at lodgings where we might live.
Saw very nice ones, but stairs were so steep
That the descent nearly caused me to weep.
Then Annabel, who no trouble shies,
Went to two others, as the crow flies.

5TH.

Is thine hostess, here, of
the wicked?

Henry IV., iv. 2.

Nannie went to the Consul to hear
If he knew aught about our hostess;
He gave her spirit good cheer,
With a former friend's address.
That friend sent her further,
And there she heard
That all was right, or rather
Against her never was breathed a word.
Then we hovered about on the strand
Of 'blue Lake Leman,' as Byron would say,
And read 'The Fate of Fenella.'

The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that
giants may jet through
And keep their impious
turbands on, without
Good-morrow to the sun.
Cymbeline, iii. 3.

My stars shine darkly
over me: the malign-
ancy of my fate
might, perhaps, distem-
per yours; it were a
bad recompense for
your love, to lay of
them on you.

Twelfth Night,
ii. 1.

7TH.

Saturday Nannie sent match-box to Tom
 Of silver enamel—a sweet sporting one,
 With a coach-and-four painted thereon,
 And his own name inscribed on the lid,
 In case he should lose it and an honest one
 Find it. Afternoon, toured up the high streets
 And discovered the brilliant blue Rhone :
 Returned by the river, and had great treats
 Viewing the shops of gems in highly-cut
 stone.

Get thee to yond' same
 sovereign cruelty :
 Tell her, my love, more
 noble than the world,
 Prizes not quantity of
 dirty lands ;
 The parts that fortune
 hath bestow'd upon
 her,
 Tell her, I hold as giddily
 as fortune ;
 But 'tis that miracle, and
 queen of gems,
 That nature pranks her
 in, attracts my soul.

Twelfth Night,
 ii. 4.

Mr. Bonham-Carter, looking well as his friends
 could require,
 Came up to speak. He told us he always, from
 desire,
 Goes now to the American church, near our
 Hotel ;
 'Tis more Protestant, we know, and we think it
 well.

8TH.

We are leaving to-day ;
 We bid ' Richmond ' farewell.
 ' Very charming,' we say,
 When on view we would dwell.
 But we must retrench,
 And depart in quiet,
 Where we'll study French,
 And escape some riot.
 On the Quai des Eaux Vives
 We hope to find a nice place to live
 And improve our minds,
 Though view not so grand,
 And further from church ;
 We can see lake, stones, and wood,
 Though the latter not birch.

Katherine : Your majesté
 have fausse French
 enough . . .

King Henry : Now, fie
 upon my false French !
Henry V., v. 2.

And as the dam runs
 lowing up and down,
 Looking the way her
 harmless young one
 went,
 And can do nought but
 wail her darling's loss;
 Even so, myself bewails
 good Gloster's case,
 With sad unhelpful tears;
 and with dimm'd eyes
 Look after him, and
 cannot do him good.
2 Henry IV., iii. 1.

Coco so ill to-day

That not even sparrows
 Could make him gay.

Our feelings he harrows.
 Nannie has dosed him with pepper-corns
 And Scroff-Giappone of Count Mattei.

He is somewhat better, but this lesson warns
 Us not with his precious health to play.

9TH.

Thanks to your majesty,
 Ourselves will mingle
 with society,
 And play the humble
 host.
 Our hostess keeps her
 state; but in the best
 time
 We will require her wel-
 come.
Macbeth, iii. 4.

Enjoyed our new rooms, with enlarged space,
 Madame acting hostess with good-hearted
 grace.

We feel more at home now we've not to descend
 Our weary way for *table d'hôte* to wend.

Here the floors are inlaid and polished so fine,
 And we've only to turn to next room to dine.
 No lift is there here, but *Ohimé!*

The stairs have rather tried me to-day.

11TH.

Old Time, the clock-
 setter, that bald sexton
 Time,
 Is it as he will?
King John, iii. 1.

We wandered down to the Quai de la Poste.
 Geneva may well of her jewellery boast;
 Her watches—more beautiful have not been
 seen,

Suited for giant or fairy queen,
 Some set in bracelets and some in rings,
 Chatelaine balls, and sundry sweet things.

She was the first keyless watches to invent,
 And yet on her art was she so intent
 That others have claimed to have done it, so
 As she took out no patent she must let it go.

12TH.

Nannie went out in the morning to seek
 A zither master, to come once a week.
 He came at two *après déjeuner*,

Master, play here, I will
content your pains;
Something that's brief;
and bid good-morrow,
general.

Othello, iii. 1.

To settle strings, in order to play.
Went with N, later to post
A letter to Frank, which we truly trust
He shall receive in time for his birthday.
N. has written to London without delay
To send him Lord Shaftesbury's life—
So interesting his Christian strife
For miners, lunatics, and all oppressed;
For them, to the end, his life had no rest.
Forgive this digression. I must return
To my diary of facts, lest you might mourn.

13TH.

Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not
flatter, face, or feign . . .
Welcome, brave earl, into
our territories:
Command in Anjou what
your honour pleases.

Henry VII., v. 3.

How bitter a thing it is
to look at happiness
through another man's
eyes.

*As You Like
It*, v.

A card from Constance
From Zermatt Hotel,
Where, for the nonce,
She and Miss Goddard are well.
She wants to know
Our present address,
That she can show
Should Horsley say 'Yes.'
Afternoon, strolled
By the lake's shore—
I, true, was rolled—
We admired more and more
The beautiful places
And estates grand,
Where we picture the 'Graces'
Taking their stand.

14TH.

He says he'll stand at
your door like a sheriff's
post, and be the sup-
porter to a bench, but
he'll speak with you.

Twelfth Night,
i. 5.

Mounted to Greek church, seeking air,
Where 'neath the trees we reclined.
An old woman and young baby fair
Sat with us there, on bench designed
To keep us cool; it is a green
Before a grand *pension*,

Where some boarders can be seen
 Sitting with book in hand
 In the cool shade. We soon perceive
 The time is passing *schnell*.
 The old woman says to us, as we leave :
 ' Une bien belle, demoiselle.'
 We then go to see the fine old squares
 Of mansions closed--no view of lake.
 This is the *haute volée quartier*,
 Where the rich Genevese take
 Their residence in winter-time.
 'Tis silent now ; no sound is heard,
 Reminding us of Cannes churchyard.

18TH.

All the long day
 We sat in the house,
 Oppression to slay.
 I sewed, like a mouse
 Nibbling stale cheese,
 Which proved a cure,
 Giving desired ease—
 A blessing, I'm sure.
 I would sew
 All day long
 If I should know
 It would make me strong.
 From Tom telegraph :
 ' Races successful.'
 So we may laugh ;
 No falls distressful.

19TH.

Mending lace all the morn.
 Coco, happy in his place, looks down with
 SCORN
 From his high perch.

O, stay!—I have no
 power to let her pass ;
 My hand would free her,
 but my heart says no,
 As plays the sun upon the
 glassy streams,
 Twinkling another coun-
 terfeited beam,
 So seems this gorgeous
 beauty to mine eyes.
Henry VI., v. 3.

Forspent with toil, as
 runners with a race,
 I lay me down a little
 while to breathe ;
 For strokes receiv'd, and
 many blows repaid,
 Have robb'd my strong-
 knit sinews of their
 strength,
 And, spite of spite, needs
 must I rest awhile.

Henry VI., ii. 3.

I cannot flatter : I defy
 The tongues of soothers ;
 but a braver place
 In my heart's love hath
 no man than yourself.
 Nay, task me to my word ;
 approve me, lord.
 Thou art the king of
 honour :

No man so potent breathes
 upon the ground.

Henry IV., iv. 1.

Nannie bought him a green can and chain,
 Which pleased him over and over again.
 The clouds were already beginning to lower,
 But still we went out, spite of expectant shower.
 We sauntered about,
 On crossing the bridge of Mont Blanc.
 One of our Cannes friends
 O'ertook us ere long.
 The rain, threatening, descends.
 We bid him quickly farewell ;
 But ere we parted he had much to tell
 Of the fire which distorted so many buildings
 In Grindelwald ; of the earthquake
 In Cornwall, which gildings
 Of fine houses shake ;
 Of the great heat in Paris,
 Where men died of sunstroke
 And all others harass.
 When we returned to our shelter again
 We had a storm—thunder, lightning, and rain.

A noble temper dost thou
 show in this ;
 And great affections
 wrestling in thy bosom
 Do make an earthquake
 of nobility.

O ! what a noble combat
 hast thou fought,
 Between compulsion and
 a brave respect !
 Let me wipe off this
 honourable dew,
 That silverly doth pro-
 gress on thy cheeks.

King John, v. 2.

21ST.

Nannie went to St. Pierre ;
 A good sermon heard
 From the *pasteur* there—
 How temperance fared,
 And how needed it is,
 When in the town,
Dirsept-cents public-houses
 Are noted down.

A beggar's book
 Out-worths a noble's
 blood.

What ! are you chaf'd ?
 Ask God for temperance ;
 that's th' appliance
 only which your disease
 requires.

Henry VIII., i. 1

23RD.

Beautiful sunshine ; temperance fête ;
 We went to hall ere it was too late.
 Took a nice place in large saloon ;
 Smiles left our face when chief man soon
 Invited the meeting to adjourn upstairs

To a general greeting, conference, and prayers,
 In *salle petite*, steps long and high,
 Too much for my feet ; so, with a sigh,
 Sent Louisa above to hear what he said,
 While Nannie, with love, pushed my chair
 instead.

Louisa came downstairs from the *pasteur* to ask
 If we would come up ; chairs he'd make it his
 task

To have ready for us, but Nannie declined,
 For my sake, lest the fuss of mounting, com-
 bined

With hot air, might prove so trying that I
 At last could not move.

24TH.

From Tom to Nan letter, from Loulie to me.
 Milly is better ; how thankful are we !
 Lady Crowe has arrived, now Milly's all right.
 Afternoon, we went for a walk ; it lasted long.
Une paysanne came to talk ; she told us what we
 Thought a mistake : 'Two ladies,' she said,
 'Were in our wake.' We guessed, with some
 dread,

For we could not think who had found our
 abode

Or our dwelling knew. Two ladies, who rode
 In a carriage, drew rein, and, jumping out,
 The Russians again ! we recognise without any
 doubt.

They had called to see us, and the rooms, too.
 Madame made a slight fuss of letting them view

* Them in our absence, but they pressed her so,
 And as Coco was with us she let them go.

In the morn Nan had wandered through
 demesne to let ;

The jewel that we find,
 we stoop and take 't
 Because we see it ; but
 what we do not see
 We tread upon, and never
 think of it.

*Measure for
 Measure*, ii.

I fear me, you but warm
 the starved snake,
 Who, cherished in your
 breasts, will sting your
 hearts.

2 *Henry VI.*, iii. i.

Into house sauntered, where Count Persigny sat.

He showed her the rooms and told her the rent—

A *bijou palais*, the same build exactly as where we spent,

In dear old Pempelfort, such happy days—

The beautiful home, and pictures rare,

The old-world appearance and seventeenth-century air.

27TH.

A letter from Lucy to Nannie, telling of all her sorrow ;

(Lovers shouldn't have any), but, German motto to borrow :

'Himmel aufjauchzend zum Tode betrübt'

Is the sad fate of *Menschen verliebt*.

The course of true love
never did run smooth.
*Midsommer Night's
Dream*, i.

29TH.

A letter from Annie ; from London town

She has written to Nannie. Has 'passed with renown.'

When diploma paid, she starts pretty clear,
With what may be said thirty good pounds a year.

I am not of that feather to
shake off
My friend when he must
need me.

Timon of Athens, i.

SEPTEMBER 1ST.

As Coco was on his perch this morning,
I had just begun to read,

Over the balcony, without warning,
He flew down with dreadful speed.

What frightened him we could not tell.

Nannie, running across the room,
Slipped on the polished floor, and fell ;

Louisa saved Coco from his doom.

Pauline, too, came rushing in,

Out of your proof you
speak : we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from
view o' the nest ; nor
know not
What air's from home.
Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best ;
sweeter to you,
That have a sharper
known.

Cymbeline, iii. 3.

While I could not move or help at all
 Amidst all this exciting din ;
 Poor Coco, in his wingèd fall,
 With muddy beak, was a sorry sight,
 His poor heart beating with the flight.
 In the evening, copying letter
 Eased oppression, and made me feel better.

2ND.

Bought paper at kiosk ; the cholera worse :
 Unburied in Hamburg four hundred are lying—
 Hard to distinguish the dead from the dying.
 Such bureaucracy on madness must border !
 Unburied they lie. ' Papers not in order.'
 Later, as we sat on the Quai de Mont Blanc
 Waiting for Nannie, who had just gone
 To buy our cure for Louisa's ear,
 Slowly passed by the man in the chair
 Who had been in Cannes. His brother was
 there,
 Pushing, as formerly, with loving care.
 But I must pause before this glorious scene—
 Mont Blanc and his brethren, in snowy sheen,
 Stand forth distinct and clear ;
 One could fancy them all quite near.

4TH.

Dimanche, rained all day,
 To Madeleine Nan went
 To see Pasteur Berg, in robed array,
 To Church National 'assent.'
Après-midi,
 'Life of Shaftesbury'
 I read aloud to all.
 A pattern life
 Of toil and strife
 Upon this earthly ball.

Alack, sir ! he is mad.
 'Tis the time's plague,
 when madmen lead the
 blind.

King Lear, iv. 1.

Go, Salisbury, and tell
 them all from me,
 I thank them for their
 tender loving care.

Henry VI., iii. 2.

True is it that we have
 seen better days,
 And have with holy bell
 been knell'd to church.
 And sat at good men's
 feasts, and wip'd our
 eyes
 Of drops that sacred pity
 hath engender'd ;
 And therefore sit you
 down in gentleness,
 And take upon command
 what help we have,
 That to your wanting
 may be minister'd.

*As You Like
 It*, ii. 7.

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed, of all,
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is
any jot at odds.
King Richard III.,
ii. 1.

Untune that string,
And, hark, what discord
follows ! each thing
meets
In mere oppugnancy.
Troilus and
Cressida. i. 3.

An 't please your honour
We are but men ; and
what so many do,
Not being torn a-pieces,
we have done :
An army cannot rule
them.
Henry VIII., . 3.

Where'er he could,
There he did good
To the poor and small.
When his spirit fled,
What tears were shed
By child and navvy tall,
By rustic churl,
And flower-girl,
Who proudly claimed him
As ' Our Earl !'

5TH.

A letter from bank ;
Nannie fetched money.
Some of it sank
In piano, not tuned to honey,
But here not dear,
'Twill her spirit cheer.
Two men brought it in ;
It must have been *schwer* ;
It seems almost a sin
That two men should bear
Such a weight up the stair.
I read, sewed, and wrote,
But did nought else
Worthy of note.
To-day a great *bise*—
Nannie took no account.
Though through the trees
The wind tore, she went out.
She chose a frock for me,
But alas ! oh, ah !
A Franciscan see !

7TH.

The *bise* was too much for me ;
I was stiff with aching pain,

But must arise new robes to see.
Après lunch, to bed again.
 Nannie in the paper read
 Major Dr. Reale is in town.
 Of a conference he is the head
 For making doctors of renown.

'All's well that ends
 well': still the fine's
 the crown;
 Whate'er the course, the
 end is the renown.
*All's Well that Ends
 Well*, iv. 4.

I ITH.

In bed all day
 With feverish cold.
 Nannie wends her way
 To St. Pierre old.
 This day is held in commemoration
 Of the great, glorious Reformation;
 It is also a day of prostration
 That Geneva and the whole nation
 May not fall from their high estate,
 And their hospitable name retain,
 Living up to that great noble date
 When the refugees, with thanksgiving sane,
 Assembled in the old church of St. Pierre
 Some three hundred years ago,
 And were received into their communion there.

Being no further enemy
 to you
 Than the constraint of
 hospitable zeal,
 In the relief of this op-
 pressed child,
 Religiously provokes. Be
 pleased, then,
 To pay that duty, which
 you truly owe,
 To him that owes it,
 namely, this young
 prince.

King John, ii. 1.

I'll find a day to massacre
 them all,
 And raze their faction
 and their family.

Titus Andronicus,
 i. 2.

From Bartholomew's massacre fled,
 Their friends and companions were slain,
 And those that remained were worse than dead,
 Having returned to the corrupting stain
 From which they had been purified,
 But had gone back to the mire again,
 Fearing to die for the Crucified.
 Three hundred years and more are gone;
 Rejoicing in all Papal lands;
 Medals struck—on one side alone
 The head of Pope Gregory stands;
 The Destroying Angel on reverse side.
 Bowed down with shame shall be their heads

An habitation giddy and
 unsure
 Hath he that buildeth on
 the vulgar heart.
 O thou fond many! with
 what loud applause
 Didst thou beat heaven
 with blessing Boling-
 broke.

Henry IV., i. 3.

On that great day when Christ, with his white
 bride,
 Comes down, and His great judgment sheds
 On them ; then all his murdered martyrs rise
 To wear their crowns and many stars,
 While they with adoration gaze,
 Forgetful of their many scars
 On Him who loved them.

14TH.

Aspettare non venire,
 We sat at home ; no doctor came.
 Presents to us the painful query :
 Was note given to the same ?
 Neglected, not being silver-weighted ?
 True, he must have much to do,
 Or, perhaps, with feasting sated ;
 But no ; he is too kind and true,
 Even then, to stay away ;
 So we have come to the conclusion,
 While comforting each other, we say :
 ' Of message there has been confusion,
 And on whom can we blame lay ?'

Old Lady: You would
 not be a Queen ?

Anne: No, not for all the
 riches under heaven.

Old Lady: 'Tis strange :
 a three-pence bow'd
 would hire me . . .
 To queen it.

Henry VIII., ii. 3.

16TH.

While sitting in drawing-room, *après cinq*
heures,
 Watching the invited guests drive past
 To some fête, given by some grand seigneur,
 A knock at the door, a commotion. At last
 A figure appears, in uniform blue,
 With his two bright boys of, say, nine and
 ten—
 The Major, looking so well we scarce believe it
 true,
 Quite handsome and bronzed, beyond all our
 ken,

Your guests are coming :
 Lift up your countenance,
 as it were the day

Winter's Tale,
 iv. 3.

And also so happy, quite a different man
 From the sad, busy doctor we knew in
 Lugano.

He is Commander here, and does what he can
 To show how to set bones to his *corps embryo*
medico.

He hopes we'll visit Lugano once more,
 Perhaps in the spring, when journeying north;
 He then departs as he came of yore.

About hostess Madame Skalon, of amusement a
 ray

On his face, for, entering, she said: 'Essuyez
 vos pieds.'

To-morrow he and his sons for Lugano go
 forth.

17TH.

This morning Coco was in his cage.

When breakfast came Nannie called: 'Coco!'

'Tell Louisa,' said he, in a pettish rage.

At which we all laughed out, and he, 'Ho, ho!'

Afternoon, went up the Quai as far as Port
 Noir;

Then across the Pont de Mont Blanc

There came a fine tall old man,

Who had *neben* Nannie at the kiosk stood.

On the bridge he kept by our side, if he could,

As if he listened with joy to our speech,

And to all a kind hand would reach.

He was tall and erect, with snow-white hair—

Looked British, with distinguished air.

When some time later, in Rue de Mont Blanc,

Nannie went into a shop, this strange old man

Stood by our side, such an interest he took:

At the things in the window he had a long look,

Then the lone wanderer our path forsook.

There is no darkness but
 ignorance.

Twelfth Night,
 iv.

Well, you are a rare
 parrot-teacher.

A bird of my tongue is
 better.

Much Ado About
Nothing, i. 1.

... Then came wander-
 ing by
 A shadow like an angel.

Richard III., i. 4.

18TH.

Nannie and I went to church at ten, Louisa
with us,
To *petite* Reformation Salle. *Pasteur* preached
of *Busse*
From Psalm li. This day is kept in remem-
brance,
For from the yoke of Charlemagne came
deliverance.

All of us have cause
To wail the dimming of
our shining star,
But none can cure their
harms by wailing them.
Richard III., ii.

19TH.

At two off we went to Douvain,
A very long drive
By the electric train
Through a beautiful land, alive
With dressers of the sweet grape,
Mont Blanc towering over the hills
In its grand, glorious shape.
At Douvain the tram
Let us down at an inn.
As we are not sham,
We thought it no sin
To take beer at the door,
Where we waited an hour,
Driving back as before.
Found letters from Norah and home,
Telling of the death in July of Uncle Tom.

Hark! hark! the Dau-
phin's drum, a warning
bell,
Sings heavy music to thy
timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy
dire departure out.
Henry VI., iv. 2.

20TH.

Nannie went with Madame Schuza to hear
Lecture on destruction of Jerusalem.
Louisa and I went with Coco, our dear,
Up the Quai des Eaux Vives, enjoying the
balm.

He hath a daily beauty
in his life.
Othello, v.

21ST.

I read, then to aunt wrote,
In New Zealand living.

25TH.

As seven struck, for St. Pierre started :
 The gas very dark, I only half-hearted,
 Pushed up by Nannie, Pauline, and Louisa.
 All looked uncanny, steep streets, if you please.
 The cathedral old threatening looks down ;
 For centuries, we're told, it has gazed on the town.
 We're let in by small door, on account of my chair.
 Vast arches rise as if from the floor ; darkness visible every-
 where.

Tiny lamps hanging on pillars gigantic :
 A large door banging sounds almost romantic.
 Figures mysteriously, noiselessly glide
 Up centre fearlessly or in at the side.
 I gaze at organ-loft, hoping for light.
 Even there light was soft ; we had only sight
 Of silhouettes dark, hovering, their mark.
 The singing was good, but not celestial.
 Signora would if she could ; her voice too terrestrial.
 A chorus was fine, and an organ piece, too,
 Struck one as divine. Before us in a pew
 An Italian by birth. He has a musical look,
 But he's not for this earth ; that hacking cough his mother could
 not brook.

OCTOBER 1ST.

We went to the synagogue, being
 'The Jews' long day.' N. liked seeing,
 So went in, and remained very long.
 She said it was crowded, and only the strong
 Could bear fasting from food and liquid,
 So ladies were fainting, or resting languid
 On the stairs ; scent-bottles and smelling-salts
 In ceaseless demand, and many halts
 Before the worn-out could the outer circle
 Break, and be removed home in some vehicle.

By a divine instinct, men's
 minds mistrust
 Ensuing dangers ; as, by
 proof, we see
 The waters swell before
 a boisterous storm
 But leave it all to God.
Richard III., ii.

On our return Dr. H—— rose, as out of the ground,
Again ; and Mr. Bonham-Carter coming to see us found
It was no easy matter, till safely within our door.

3RD.

Three letters this morning and cheque from the bank
Our breakfast adorning, according to rank—
Two for Miss Nannie and one to the maid.
First from Major Reale, saying he was afraid
For us ; he saw that of cholera we had one likely case.
We should find Lugano a much safer place.
Madame Jacques wants to know when we are coming
To Gonnet's nice room below to hear the waves booming.
The third to Louisa, from Monsieur Albert.
It seems to please. She must prepare
To receive him on Wednesday, and make up her mind
What she will say ; if ' Yes,' she'll be kind.
I read, then concluded my letter to Tom.
Will he be deluded by this last bomb ?
Afternoon on the Quai, Coco on the chair ;
A fine but cold day, so of him took much care.

4TH.

I read in bed till Louisa, in black gown,
Should return to help me attire.
Nannie took watches to be repaired,
But e'en here are botches who have not well cared.
One pearl disappeared when she had come back ;
It is to be feared she'll ne'er come on its track.
It was about three Nan went to the post.
Letters from her and me we hope won't be lost—
Their destiny New Zealand's coast.
Then she joins us, in Coraterie,
Where, without fuss, we're seen and can see,

Grebe collar and muff I had from the shop ;
 Thirty francs paid ; it is enough.
 Nannie bought Jules drawings to paint,
 As are used in schools ; his courage must not faint.
 These, when Nan gave them, pleased the poor boy,
 Who grew quite excited from all the joy.

5TH.

Wednesday, very cold ;

It rained all day.

Sat in the house

And sewed away.

Louisa, *aspettare* ;

Albert, *non venire* ;

Der Regen ist fatale ;

Pauline *sich nicht genire*.

She is the sixth maid

Who has here

During eight weeks stayed,

Which have not been drear

From want of fight.

Though the floor shines so clear—

A very nice sight,

If there were not the fear

To be attacked at the door

With ‘ wipe your feet ’

By a dragon ; no more,

As she was very sweet.

Unhousel'd, disappointed,
 unanelled,
 No reckoning made.
Hamlet, i. 5.

Nay, mother,
 Where is your ancient
 courage? you were us'd
 To say, extremity was the
 trier of spirits ;
 That common chances
 common men could
 bear ;
 That, when the sea was
 calm, all boats alike
 Show'd mastership in
 floating ; Fortune's
 blows,
 When most struck home,
 being gentle, wounded,
 craves
 A noble cunning.
Coriolanus, iv. 1.

Pouring all night, still pouring away ;
 Cold at daylight. Note from Albert to say
 He could not leave Aix till next day,
 For some Americans' sakes, he must longer stay.
 It was so chill and cold we had a wood fire,
 With *briquettes* old, according to desire.
 We worked at skirt blue ; sat in bedroom drear.
 I read aloud, too. Signor did not appear.

O! had the monster seen
 those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen
 leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken
 strings delight to kiss
 them,
 He would not then have
 touch'd them for his
 life;
 Or, had he heard the
 heavenly harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue
 hath made,
 He would have dropp'd
 his knife, and fell
 asleep,
 As Cerberus at the
 Thracian poet's feet.
Titus Andronicus.
 ii. 5.

Tennyson dead!
 His sweet voice still!
 Thoughts idyllic and pure
 Seemed to flow at his will.
 He suited no longer
 This material age,
 Though his wits were stronger,
 And he far more sage.

8TH.

Nannie at Hollards fetched cures for us.
 Madame was followed, of which she made a fuss:
 A man broad and tall her footsteps dogged,
 So she had to call at friend's, not to be mobbed.
 'Plus jolie que jamais, dit lui.' Quite gay she came in:
 Was so friendly with Nannie—four apples, not thin,
 To Louisa presented. Generosity strong!
 She has not resented. Was Madame so *très mécontent*?

9TH.

Marie left this morn, loud speeches made
 Of such pointed scorn we were afraid.
 Madame and Marie struggled at the door—
 Louisa could see that, and much more.
 Then Madame told Marie to go,
 But this maiden bold said she'd not do so.
 Madame sent for concierge, whom Marie did not know.
 Taking him for detective, no longer she's slow,
 But swiftly departs without another blow.
 Nannie to church departs; Louisa from hers returns.
 How low and heavy is my heart! For Thy service how it
 burns!
 But pains and aches keep me in bed; with chains I'm bowed,
 you see;
 So I must simply dread to walk from infirmity.
 A turn in the chair in the afternoon.
 Merriment everywhere from the new wines fumes.

The main blaze of it is
past, but a small thing
would make it blaze
again. For the nobles
receive so to heart the
banishment of that
worthy. Coriolanus,
that they are in a ripe
aptness to take all
power from the people,
and to pluck from them
their tribunes for ever.
Coriolanus, iii. 3.

12TH.

I sat by the fire
Sewing, while Nannie song
After song sang to inspire
Our thoughts, to recall
Happy memory of all,
Sweet-scented, though gone.

13TH.

Nannie went to town ; *mouchoir* for Loulie she bought ;
Not for her alone had she the kind thought :
Tracing-paper for Jules, and black paper too,
An old box for his tools, on which tracing to do.
All these she sent down to *conciergerie* by hand ;
He wore smiles and no frown. Some drawings were grand.
I wrote to Loulie, enclosing the *mouchoir*,
Addressing it fully, as from a boudoir.
Major C. C. M. Edwards, the barracks reaching,
With very good cause our cousins greeting.
I sat at the window and sewed as the rain poured down,
Watching the men as they trod over the slippery ground
With wheelbarrows of stone, each according to rank,
From the large *Barque de Pierre*, while moored to the bank.
See *Blanchisseuses* fair—a goodly sight—
Washing away in *Ballean de Lavaudière*.

We maidens three to the kiosk saunter ;
There Victor we see. Quoth he, ' I'll not daunt her,'
Which act of going did much disappoint her.
Poor Jules, afternoon, brought Nannie flowers.
Dear Coco sees him soon, salutes, and ne'er cowers.

14TH.

Nannie went out for a short time ;
We first had a rout, for madame's crime
In saying she'd charge, for wear and tear.

So N. said : ' If so, she must know,
 And have a taxateur from British Consul here.
 She'd have no prosecutor from madame, paying dear.'
 So with this strong face madame has sung small
 Since our intrepid racer told her once for all,
 ' We know the law well.' Owing houses, *surtout*,
 In the land where we dwell, having our own taxateur.
 We'd *déjeuner seules*, quite to our will,
 Nannie *sortit*, her headache to kill.

15TH.

Sunshine ! sunshine !
 From the fog free !
 No dreary rain, everything fine.
 We're full of glee.
 A fortnight's rain
 Had made us grieve.
 We revive again
 When we perceive
 The heavens clear,
 No more rain in the sky.

A fearful eye thou hast :
 where is that blood
 That I have seen inhabit
 in those cheeks ?
 So foul a sky clears not
 without a storm.

King John, iv. 2.

16TH.

The king's council are no
 good workmen.

True : and yet it is said
 —labour in thy vocation :
 which is as much
 to say, as—let the
 magistrates be labouring
 men : and therefore
 should we be magistrates.

Thou hast hit it ; for
 there's no better sign of
 a brave mind than a
 hard hand.

Henry IV., iv. 2.

The workers in stone nothing fear :
 They work now quite dry.
 The *Lavandières*, too, have better times,
 And I have returned to my cure with pines.
 I read aloud the part of ' Childe Harold '
 Describing the Rhine and the ball at Brussels,
 Before Waterloo, and the lines that he carolled
 About Lake Lemman. Poor Byron ! Ah, well !
 We have Constance to do with now.

If people of the present day are not greater
 frauds !

She's on her way to Vevey, and cannot allow

Nannie to omit the nine train for mutual
nods.

She had lost our address, and the note came
round Düss.

19TH.

A pretty handkerchief

Nannie gave me,

To hide my grief

At not going to the sea.

Then a little later

There came to the door

A mantle, *peut-être*,

On which I set store.

In it quite a belle,

With peach-blossom blouse.

And who can tell

What next I may choose?

Afternoon a visit paid

To Musée Gallery.

We three there some time delayed,

As there was much to see:

Old Masters and a rare Van der Helst,

Which Nannie dares to copy.

‘Ein überlegenes Lächeln—versteht sich von
selbst,

Überstrahlte,’ the students lofty.

24TH.

Monday, very wet indeed.

Nannie had her walk for nought,

As the committee has decreed,

The galleries with dust were fraught—

So for to-day remains at home.

No painting now there can be done,

Nor for some days, perhaps, to come—

N'importe, we have, nor light nor sun.

Nannie paying many a bill—

... For this great jour-
ney. What did this
vanity
But minister communica-
tion of
A most poor issue? . . .
Grievingly I think.
Henry VIII., i. 1.

Give answer to this boy,
and do it freely,
Or, by our greatness and
the grace of it,
Which is our honour,
bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from
falsehood.
Cymbeline, v. 5.

Our soldiers—like the
 night-owl's lazy flight,
 Or like a lazy thrasher
 with a flail—
 Fell gently down, as if
 they struck their
 friends.
 I cheer'd them up with
 justice of our cause,
 With promise of high pay
 and great rewards,
 But all in vain; they had
 no heart to fight,
 And we in them no hope
 to win the day.

Henry IV., ii. 1.

Portmanteaux and my velvet cape.
 I uselessly my time fulfil;
 A listlessness I can't escape
 Saps all energy of will.
 Some good people wisely say
 It is the effect of a cold, wet day.

25TH.

An elegant woman, with daughters two—
 Fair images of their mother fair,
 Attracted by Coco, watch him, who
 Sits proudly on the back of my chair,
 Expressing to us their admiration
 In words, 'We are in love with your parrot,'
 Pass on, with gracious bow and air.
 I need not add they're of English note.

Look graciously on him;
 Lose not so noble a
 friend.

Titus Andronicus,
i. 2.

26TH.

A *gelungener* Brief from Skalon,
 Which N. to Consul takes;
 She makes no charges, but shows her talons
 By the strong speech she makes.
 The Consul, on reading the 'charming letter,'
 Advises Nannie a lawyer to see.
 He, too, looked grave, and said 'twere better
 To leave madame, for him to plea;
 Should she try to talk to us,
 Refer her to 'our advocate,'
 So that we may have no fuss
 From *cette femme qui est si bête*.
 As the weather cleared a little,
 We went out to cool our brain.
 Fearing madame might use some *Mittel*
 For poisoning Coco, took him in train.

I thought thy heart had
 been wounded with the
 claws of a lion.

As You Like It,
v. 2.

O, what authority and
 show of truth
 Can cunning sin cover
 itself withal!

Much Ado about
Nothing, iv.

27TH.

Madame had letter from lawyer this morn ;
 She hastened to see him at once.
 She sang and she whistled, with joy or with
 scorn,
 Like a bold child or a big dunce.
 Nan went to Musée to paint.

Madame told Louisa to take the measure
 Of carpet ; her rudeness would vex a saint.

Louisa said naught, like a treasure.

Afternoon being heavenly fair,

We, with Coco perched on chair,

On the Quai de Mont Blanc stayed.

Bewunderend, the white monarch's head,

Most glorious to be seen.

At the Quai de Leman a steamer lies.

A lady, with quiet air of a Queen,

Descending from carriage, gently hies

Across the gangway to the ship.

Seated on a chair, made a charming *Bild*.

The steamer, starting, turns like a whip ;

On board its sole occupant—Madame Roths-
 child.

28TH.

Nannie to barrister starts again

To have a consultation.

Louisa, good friend Coco, and I

To the Eaux-Vives Bains at half-past three.

Coco admired of all passers-by.

The concierge gives message from lawyer

That we need have nothing to fear.

Madame Skalon's claims, of which she makes
 fuss,

Are naught ; of that he's quite clear.

The concierge confidently says the same :

They vex me past my
 patience. Pray you,
 pass on ;
 I will not tarry ; no, nor
 ever more,
 Upon this business, my
 appearance make
 In any of their courts.
Henry VIII., ii. 4.

Read on this book ;
 That show of such an ex-
 ercise may colour
 Your loneliness.
Hamlet, iii. 1.

Accuse some innocent and
 forswear myself;
 Set deadly enmity be-
 tween two friends;
 Make poor men's cattle
 break their necks;
 Set fire on barns and hay-
 stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners
 quench them with their
 tears.

Titus Andronicus.
 V. 1.

Against us she has not an iota of claim.
 Yet madame has sung and whistled away
 Like a lunatic all the day,
 Which gives one an *unheimlich Gefühl*,
 Making us feel like mitching from school.

29TH.

Madame had said rooms were let for First;
 Then in a wild way, without *Sitten*,
 Into my room she rudely burst,
 Saying, 'Till the Fifteenth the men would not
 come;

Now, youthful Troilus,
 do not these high
 strains
 Of divination in our sister
 work
 Some touches of remorse?
Troilus and Cressida.
 ii. 2.

She liked not the ladies to disturb
 From their peaceful, polished home.'
 We say naught. Should she not her temper
 curb?

31ST.

Louisa went in to ask about letter.
 Madame grew flushed while in she walked.
 When she saw us go, she must have felt better.
 Then we depart for our new abode.
 With a brave heart we go down the road.
 We see our three rooms in *entresol*,
 Though in the gloom, they're nice on the whole,
 And altogether carpeted; we feel more at our ease
 Than on polished floor, though it may our eyes please;
 Its dangers are trying, lest gunpowder should fall,
 Or we slip and go flying, and with no one to call.

NOVEMBER 4TH.

Nannie painting;
 I writing in forenoon.
 After lunch took a turn on the Quai.
 Colouring beautiful on distant hills
 From varying foliage of autumn tints.
 The lake a brilliant blue.

... Sweet roses do not
 so;
 Of their sweet deaths are
 sweetest odours made.
Sonnet.

Louisa told us the Irish girl is maid
 To Lady Louisa Knox ; they leave
 This hotel for Nice on Monday night,
 And travel right through in *coupée lit.*
 They have spent the last eight winters in Nice
 Lady Louisa has a house there with a French
 lady.

In Ireland they live in the summer—
 In Portarlinton Park. She is
 Sister of the late Earl. His sisters,
 Lady Knox and Lady Eliza Saunderson,
 Are widows, and also childless.

A noble life before a long.
Coriolanus, iii.

5TH.

Nannie went to paint ; I wrote verses in the morn.
 Afternoon there was no taint of rain, so we adorn
 Ourselves and the Quai des Eaux Vives ! We proceed some
 way,
 Till 'tis time, we soon perceive, back to tea to gently stray.

6TH.

Walked to the Reformation *salle*. The *Pasteur* preached from
 Romans xiv., 'Que chacun soit pleinement persuadé en son
 esprit,' how the Reformation had brought freedom of conscience.
 We walked back to the Hotel. I was very tired and faint.

8TH.

Nannie was in Musée Rath
 Painting, as her wont, away.
 Two English girls in *salon trat* ;
 They also paint, but skies are grey.
 Afternoon, when we went out,
 We wandered up the Quai de Mont Blanc,
 Attracted by musical-boxes in shop.
 We passed, but returned to price.
 Le Propriétaire, Monsier Chewob,

How likest thou this
 picture?
 Wrought he not well that
 painted it?
 He wrought better that
 made the painter.
Timon of Athens,
 i. i.

Limped forward in a trice. There a bird in a cage sweetly
sang ;

Here in a tiny table of flowers a bird still more tiny. His little
voice rang

God's peace be with him !
Henry VIII., 2.

Through the room like soft showers.

Monsieur Chewob, with sympathy true,
Begot of a fellow-feeling, sent

A boy round, whom he well knew,

To take us over by wheeling the chair through the door.

There we sat charmed, as we heard Bach on an orchestrion
roar.

It was grandiose, but the sweet bird was gentler, we think.

9TH.

A pet fine day. The sun shone forth

In glorious best array. No piercing *bise* from the north

Disturbed his sweet, warm ray. But we must wait in our Hotel

Till it is half-past three, lest Dr. Wisard should think it wise

A visit to pay. He did not come, so we start off,

Fading sunbeams to enjoy, glad of release as any rough

School bully or shy schoolboy, who's had of tasks enough.

Rain again, this morning drear ;

Still Nannie departs to paint,

When it gets lighter ; she does not fear

Getting a spot or taint.

I busy myself with my stupid rhyme.

Which the rain does not help to brighten.

I hope it may not be a crime

To long for the weather to lighten.

Afternoon, at half-past three,

No longer expecting the Wisard,

We went out, glad to be free.

Gummy rolled off the wheel like a lizard.

When we returned, had doctor's card.

He had called at half-past four ;

Thou dost conspire
against thy friend
If thou but think'st him
wrong'd and mak'st his
ear
A stranger to thy
thoughts.
Othello, iii.

Comest thou with deep
premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets
studiously devised?
Henry VI., iii.

We did not come before.
Nan wrote *immédiatement*, lui,
Her grief that we were not *chez nous*.

Nannie to her painting gone,
Though darkness reigns around.
About two, Louisa alone
To Dr. Wisard's bound.
He promises for half-past three,
And punctually then appears—
A tall, fair man at once we see,
Of six-and-twenty years.
After consultation long,
For more stuff he'll telegraph,
While we're to order a puncher strong,
Not likely to make me laugh.

Your gallery
Have we pass'd through,
not without much content.
So her dead likeness, I
do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you
look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath
done; therefore I keep
it
Lonely, apart.
Winter's Tale.
v. 3.

Nannie to Gallery has gone.
Not so dark to-day;
The sunshine clear did not come on
Till she was going away.
Before the bright light would depart
We went out, at half-past two,
In the English hard,
Then the Metropole view.

Madame on the balcony
Tending plants, we perceive.
Dare say she saw us passing by.
Then past 'Big' Pempelfort,

... But peace, Æneas!
Peace, Trojan! lay thy
finger on thy lips.
The worthiness of praise
distinguishes his worth,
If that the prais'd himself
bring the praise forth;
But what the repining
enemy commends,
That breath fame blows;
that praise, sole pure,
transcends.
Troilus and Cressida,
i. 3.

Looking sweeter than of yore,
Fading leaves of every sort
Garnishing the garden o'er.
On sofa and at fire I rest,
While Nannie works with might and main,
A blouse for me being in request.
I trust it may not make me vain.

My crown is in my heart,
 not on my head;
 Not deck'd with diamonds
 and Indian stones,
 Nor to be seen; my crown
 is called content;
 A crown it is that seldom
 kings enjoy.

Henry IV., iii. 1.

Sir, the event
 Is yet to name the winner.
 Fare you well.

Cymbeline, iii. 5.

Friday, though wet, I took a bath
 Of sulphur, pretty strong.
 On our return we met the Graf
 Walking the street along.
 He stopped to ask if we would tell
 Where we had bought our chair.
 He speaks English quite as well
 As any native there.
 We said at Heidelberg, that town
 Upon the winding Neckar.
 Then Nannie spoke to him of Brown,
 Who has made the famous 'Sequard.'
 He said he had already heard
 About it from his nephew.
 Would we tell him how we fared
 When we had *fait revue*?

21ST.

We waited from half-past eleven for doctor.
 He did not come up to time.
 He would hardly make a good proctor.
 This may sound silly, but makes up the
 rhyme.
 Then when come: 'The syringe had not been
 boiled.'
 So he left to return at five.
 We took a turn, not to be foiled
 Of fresh air, to keep us alive.
 When we came back, we waited in vain;
 Then had dinner at six.
 Dr. Wisard is not very sane,
 His patients to put in a fix.
 Dinner long over, he then appears,
 In his rather casual way,
 Prepares a poison which the skin sears—
 The sickening sensation I scarce can describe—

Like drawing woollen thread through the skin.

I felt weakened with horror ; brandy, doctor prescribes.

Next morning I seem to have grown pale and thin.

Nan writes a letter to doctor to tell.

I'd not try it again, I feel too unwell.

And Nannie with *Heuschuss* stiff, too—

The star of our health looks rather blue.

I had a bad night, being overwrought

From what I had suffered yesterday.

Louisa took letter to Dr. Wisard,

To beg with the cure to stay

'Er kam wie geflogen.'

Disappointed was he, *betrogen ! betrogen !*

That you could see.

'C'est une dommage, je vous assure,

Je suis certain de vous guérir.'

I have postponed the cure.

Pauvre Alicia ! plus pauvre Wisard !

And as for the 'cherub,' he's lost his reward :

But he can endure it, being far more hard,

Improving so quick—a blessed record.

'Nous sommes sortis, après déjeuner.

23RD.

... Best state, content-
less,
Hath a distracted and
most wretched being,
Worse than the worse
content.

Timon of Athens,
iv. 3.

And to conclude—the
shepherd's homely
curds
His cold thin drink out
of a leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under
a fresh tree's shade ;
All which secure and
sweetly he enjoys.
Henry V., ii. 5.

Nannie with bad lumbago in bed ;

Then, just from hot bath, filled us with dread—

She fainted away, looking nigh dead.

'Send for the doctor,' to Louisa I said.

Chafing her hand was all I could do.

The room was too close and hot from the flue.

At last, when in bed, she recovered as but few.

Our fright was soon over ; she's better, we
think.

She has lemon and water—a refreshing drink.

We hope in sweet slumber this night she will
sink,
And awake in the morning quite bright and
flink.

24TH.

Count Grassi and his kind family left
For their villa in Hyères ; all feel bereft.
Every day life has many a cleft,
But, like philosophers, we have not wept.
When he was leaving, Count Grassi, so true,
Meeting Louisa, bade her adieu,
Sending farewells to her ladies two,
Hoping I'd continue the Brown-Sequard, blue,
And, if cured, let him know too.

25TH.

A nice pleasant letter from M. F. arrived,
From which Nan and I much pleasure derived.
The former in bed with lumbago, *distrail*.
Quiet being good for her, there she must stay.
'Get up!' says Coco, quite in surprise,
Hardly believing his own eyes,
When I, too, on the lounge lay,
Reading 'Mount Eden' aloud all day.
A letter from Tom. The tobacco boom,
Delebedagai, burst like a balloon.
Our three thousand pounds a bitter lampoon.

Happy in that we are not
over-happy.

Hamlet, ii. 2.

26TH.

You have an unspeakable
comfort of your young
Prince Mamilius : it is
a gentleman of the
greatest promise that
ever came into my
note.

Winter's Tale,
i. 1.

Coco speaks at *déjeuner*,
Singing out, 'Potato !'
And then, to get his way,
He calls out for 'Poire ! Ho !'

27TH.

Nannie wrote to Tom in bed ;
Then, when I came in,

I first the Psalms and Lessons read,
 Then sermon against sin.
 We are two house-bound invalids,
 Longing for the south,
 Yet shirking the fatigue and deeds
 Of exciting travelling, both.
 Could we but fly there, like the birds,
 Would not that be nice !
 And with no complaining words,
 We'd be there in a trice.
 And the enlivening sea,
 I long so for it that sometimes I
 Fear it shall never be.
 Poor Nan had much pain in the night ;
 This morning not so bad.

Help, Angels, make
 assay !
 Bow, stubborn knees !
 and, hearts with strings
 of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the
 new-born babe !
 All may be well.

Hamlet, iii. 3.

28TH.

Coco and Moses amusing to see
 When former is placed on his cage ;
 They kiss each other right merrily,
 Till Moses puts Co in a rage
 By biting his feet with greatest joy:
 Poor Coco, vexed, it is true,
 Hops on one foot like a schoolboy,
 Not knowing what best to do.

Whom best I love, I
 cross.

Cymbeline, v. 4.

29TH.

Cold news, Lord Somers-
 set ; but God's will be
 done !

Henry VI., iii. 1.

I copied Lenger's character for
 Tom, if he knew of any great star,
 Who wished for a trustworthy courier.
 Travelling troubles to spare.
 He had once acted in that capacity
 To the Maharani of Burodi.

DECEMBER 1ST.

A letter from Monsieur Chewob this morn,
 Wishing to buy Brown's Sequard,

My long sickness
Of health and living now
begins to mend,
And nothing brings me
all things.

Timon of Athens,
v. 2.

The birds chaunt melody
on every bush ;
The snake lies rolled in
the cheerful sun ;
The green leaves quiver
with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd
shadow on the ground.

Titus Andronicus,
ii. 3.

Thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and cap-
able of fears ;
And therefore full of
fears ;

Subject to fears ;
A woman, naturally born
to fears,

King John, iii. 1.

O heaven ! a beast that
wants discourse of
reason
Would have mourned
longer !

Hamlet, i. 2.

There is some soul of
goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly
distil it out ;

For our bad neighbour
makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful
and good husbandry :
Besides, they are our out-
ward consciences,
And preachers to us all ;
admonishing

That we should dress us
fairly for our end.

Thus may we gather
honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the
devil himself.

Henry V., iv. 1.

Having no longer any more of the *thon*

And hearing from Doctor Wisard

That we had, at present, no use for ours.

I wrote a note which I think was polite,

Being bound for the land of sweet flowers,

The land where the skies are so bright,

We were happy to be of some use to him.

The tubes which, to me, were so painful a
whim,

He would accept as a small return,

For his kind thought and information,

Again, some day, to put on probation.'

The answer has come—I feel *accablée* !

The bouquet cost more than the tubes, I should
say !

2ND.

Several letters for Annabel ;

She had suffered such pain in the night

From trying sciatica : she could not tell

How much her suffering gave us a fright.

A letter from Edith came at eleven,

Stating that they three would leave Albion's
shore,

On Wednesday, December 7,

The continent to wander o'er.

They had not quite decided a plan,

As to which route they would take,

Divided by Montreux and Cannes,

Between the seaside and the lake.

3RD.

Saturday, one pail of cokes,

For the second fire ;

Which, not lighting well, provokes

Our Louisa's ire.

Coco's crying caused much laughter,

‘So like a real small child,’
 The waiter declared, on coming after,
 As he related, and smiled.
 Nannie tried to make Coco sing,
 ‘Campton Race,’ but in tones rough,
 He answered with the truthful ring,
 ‘Don’t know it well enough.’
 Rain all day, and both ill,
 So to church none of us went.

6TH.

Oh dear ! Oh dear ! How very near
 Christmas is drawing now !
 Nannie of sciatica not yet clear,
 And I from toothache *flau*.
 Dr. Wisard told our maid, Louisa,
 Should her lady *noch an Ischias leide*
 At this week’s end, to tell him, please—
 He’d come, and burn her with *Freude*.
 The milliner came with my new hat,
 My face was bound up all in white,
 It seemed to look well, though rather flat,
 Notwithstanding I looked such a fright.

8TH.

The snow is cold, while the bitter wind
 Hunts it in pillars down streets and quay :
 How hard for the poor, if kind
 Good Christians did not wend their way
 Through snow and sleet,
 With footsteps fleet,
 To bring them consolation.
 I nursed my aching tooth all day
 And Nannie her sciatica.
 Both think, and to each other say,
 In *lingua mollo emphatica*,
 ‘Oh ! would we were

Thou hast been
 As one, in suffering all,
 who suffers nothing ;
 A man that fortune’s
 buffets and rewards
 Has ta’en with equal
 thanks.

Hamlet, iii. 2.

Nature, crescent, does
 not grow alone
 In thews and bulk, but,
 as this temple waxes,
 The inward service of the
 mind and soul
 Grows wide withal.

Hamlet, i. 3.

Good sentences and well
pronounced,
They would be better, if
well followed.

*Merchant of
Venice*, i. 2.

Where 'tis warm and fine !
No cold to bear,
Near the salt sea brine !
But our murmurs must come to an end ;
Disappointed our hopes, our wills we bend.

Nannie, still somewhat stiff and lame,
Sent card to Edith, all the same,
Advice most sage to give
Should the 'Gonnet' not be *assez*,
Seventy to choose, and seven hundred villas,
In other hotels they could live.
One is styled, the 'High and Mighty,'
Where the prices are still higher ;
The other *genannt*, the 'Fast and Flighty,'
There dwells the Yankee, high Fechter.
Then again the Hotel Suisse
Has prices moderate, fair ;
Though one cannot gaze on the sea so well,
They house Marechal Canrobert.

The flighty purpose
never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with
it.

Macbeth, iv. 1.

10TH.

Sunday, from toothache paroxysms free,
And Nannie's sciatica better.
I read the Lessons, and sermons three,
To-day we have not had a letter.
At dinner we, in commemoration had
A sweet little *Marmite de l'Escalade*,
With the two dates in white sugar traced,
This, filled with whipped cream, our table
graced.
We were quite sad, we could not go out
To the churches and hear the sermons about
The *Escalade* of sixteen hundred and two,
And learn something more of it than we knew.

Heaven and not we have
safely fought to-day.
2 *Henry II.*, iv. 3.

It is an anniversary, very, very grand,
Of a victory gained over Savoy ;

Charles : Stay, stay thy hands ! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah . . .
Who'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me.

Henry VI., i. 2.

Did much the foes annoy.

Another more likely tale we are told,

Lavandières, washing late and for all,

One was making warm soup against the cold,

When she heard a strange noise on the ram-
part wall.

Then, looking cautiously round about,

She sees a dark object moving there,

And soon espies the head of a scout—

She has a brave soul, and is hard to scare—

Takes from the fire the boiling pot,

Throws the contents o'er the assailant's head ;

And thus she frustrated the Savoyard plot,

She calls the Ronde from sleep, so dead,

Who dispersed the foe *pour la dernière fois*.

For the truth of this legend I cannot swear,

As Madame who told it, is *loqué ! Je crois*,

But being a good story, let who will care.

Tush ! none but minstrels
like of sonneting,
But are you not asham'd :
nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be
thus much o'ershot ?
You found his mote : the
king your mote did
see ;
But I a beam do find in
each of three.
Oh ! what a scene of
foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of
sorrow, and of teen !
O me, with what strict
patience have I sat,
To see a king transform'd
to a gnat !
To see great Hercules
whipping a gig.
And profound Solomon
tuning a jig.

*Love's Labour's
Lost*, iv. 3.

The Banking letter came to-day ;

' Herr ' Niess he fetched the money,

' Sans aucune grande delay,'

Mais aujourd'hui it was not sunny—

A sad fate for the grand *cortège*.

We saw it not, but heard say,

Scarfs of red and yellow beige,

Some were wearing so bright and gay,

The music, too, was fine to hear,

Whilst the order was so great

That each member, far and near,

The song sang—as it was the *fête*—

Ce que Laino, the famous song,

O very reverent reputation!

Comedy of Errors,
v. 5.

Before the statue of Dufour,
They marched triumphantly along,
Disguised as soldier or boor.
Students also, in the crowded stream,
Collected money for the *armen Waisen*,
Francs eighteen-eighty-three, and some centimes,
In the *Zuschauer Kreisen*.

Green in judgment.

Antony and Cleopatra, i.

Louisa to the town must hie,
To return to shop Nan's hired *Staffelei*,
And, alas! picture from Musée Rath, for
Nan's not well enough to score
With further diligence the students' game.
But a triumph she had all the same.
The girls, arm-in-arm, sauntered by, in hope
She would from her work look up, and give
scope,

How many things by
season season'd are
To their right praise and
true perfection.

Merchant of Venice, v. 5.

For their repentant praises. Once she looked
round.

And in the empty doorway saw, kneeling on the
ground,

A student man, in abject admiration.
At last they ventured in words to fashion
Their penitent oration and the *gardien*
Seeing Louisa handle the object carelessly,
'Dit bien

Sevèrement, prenez donc garde ; cet tableau
Est magnifique fait '—' don't knock it about so.'

A letter from Edith ;
Cannes is too dear ;
Such being the case,
They're coming here,
And think of the cheaper Montreux.

I wrote, and later I read
 A tale of Australia, so
 Very 'exciting,' I said;
 It was too depressing, and bore
 From its title a name
 One might guess, 'Nevermore,'
 Was not encouraging same.

17TH.

Saturday, bright and sunny day ;
 Turning to me, saith Nan :
 'The Freeth girls have welcome gay,
 Better than snow on the plan.
 Nannie meets them on the stairs,
 Tells them to hurry down,
 And twelve has struck around.
 Later they all appear,
 With cheeks of rosiest hue,
 Looking in brightest cheer
 To the sleepless night, scarce due.
 We talked and laughed about old days,
 Till we might have been fined ;
 Then we each other praised,
 Till half-past six—they dined.
 Nan leaned over the banisters
 As they descend, she laughs
 When she hears Edith's clear voice
 Saying : ' Oh ! but she has aged,'—*was !*

Sunday, Freeths went to English church,
 They liked the Pastor well ;
 And, appearing for lunch,
 About him began to tell,
 As the invalids at home had to read.
 Afternoon, it was nearly three
 Ere Mary started ; Nan said :

How dost thou, my good
 fellow?
 Truly, sir, the better for
 my foes, and the worse
 for my friends.
 Just the contrary; the
 better for thy friends.
 No, sir, the worse.
 How can that be ?
 Marry, sir, they praise
 me and make an ass of
 me ; now my foes tell
 me plainly I am an ass ;
 so that by my foes, sir,
 I profit in the know-
 ledge of myself; and
 by my friends I am
 abused.

Twelfth Night,
 v. i.

Therefore, good Brutus,
 be prepared to hear,
 And, since you cannot
 see yourself
 So well as by reflection, I
 (your glass)
 Will modestly discover to
 yourself,
 Which you yet know not
 of.

Julius Cæsar, i. 2.

'First, we must have some tea.'

When tea was o'er,

Being nearly four,

Mary goes off again.

For English late,

It was her fate,

To go to Americaine.

Alice leaves at half-past four,

Pastor Choisy to hear ;

Louisa goes with her, for fear

She might not find the door.

On coming back, 'tis true, alack !

She found she had gone astray,

Till a Frenchman offered, with polish true,

To 'Victoria' to show her the way.

Heaven's face doth glow :
Yea, this solidity and
compound mass
With trustful visage, as
against the doom,
Is thought sick at the
act.

Hamlet, iii. 4.

Indeed, a sheep doth very
often stray,
An if the shepherd be
awhile away.

You conclude that my
master is a shepherd,
then, and I a sheep ?

I do . . .

The shepherd seeks the
sheep, and not the sheep
the shepherd.

*Two Gentlemen of
Verona*, i. 1.

19TH.

The F. left Hotel at half-past one,

To see if, in well-known Montreux,

There were more people, and some little fun ;

Edith adds—'and someone to sue.'

Alice left a Christmas tale,

For us to read and pictures see ;

The name is exciting, without fail,

'Tis called 'The Wild Proxy.'

Trifles light as air are to
the jealous confirma-
tions strong

As proofs of Holy Writ.

Othello, iii. 3.

This coming Christmas we have a new fad,

We hope recipients may be very glad,

'Tis a gossamer handkerchief, écriu and blue,

Embroidered thereon, of Geneva, a view ;

As a circular card, to show our abode,

Goes as a letter on Christmas-card code.

A sweet kindly letter from dear Mrs. Shone ;
Constant and true, as the mistletoe worn

The worthy fellow is our
general: the oak not to
be wind-shaken.

Coriolanus, v. 2.

Spoke like a spiteful,
noble gentleman.

Go after him; for he,
perhaps, shall need

Some messenger betwixt

me and the peers,

And be thou he.

King John, iv. 2.

On England's brave oak, her letters appear,
Ere Christmas day or the close of the year.

Also a card from Mayborne May,

And a bright cheery letter from Elsa to-day.

This evening a letter from Frank, about nine,

His handwriting still better—a sign,

He's adopting the diplomat's style.

We both gaze at it with a pleased smile.

Reading fine tale in 'Black and White,'

Of a Queen's Messenger who had a right.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1892.

A pleasant Christmas letter from Tom,

Hoping we'd spend the next one at home.

Our Christmas was happy, though very still,

Must sit in Hotel because we are ill.

But I must not forget, about twelve o'clock,

Before our dinner, a visitor's knock ;

Enters a friend, not over-precise,

Though all he says is good and nice.

His eyes are dark with a wonderful shine,

His deceased wife, you would think, was
divine ;

She was an artist, could paint everything,

From portraits grand to any fine scene,

She too with lumbago was very much tried,

He did not say of what she had died.

Waiter now enters with *déjeuner* tray,

Still he's inclined to delay.

26TH.

Düsseldorfer Anzeiger arrived

From Tom, with a sweet, pretty story,

How a man of his wife was deprived,

By giving himself up to vainglory ;

And then how, on Christmas Eve,

How, in one house,
Should many people,
under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard ;
almost impossible.

King Lear, ii. 4.

He counsels a divorce—a
loss of her,
that, like a jewel, has
hung twenty years
about his neck, yet never
lost her lustre ;

Of her that loves him with
that excellence
that angels love good
men with ; even of her,
that, when the greatest
stroke of fortune falls,
'till bless the king.

Henry VIII., ii. 2.

The family life of a cabman
 Had all at once made him perceive,
 That he acted like a sheer madman.
 So he hastened off to his wife,
 Instead of remaining alone,
 And now his whole heart and life
 Would for his harshness atone.
 I wrote to Effie in course of the day,
 Enclosing kerchief to same ;
 If she doesn't receive it without delay,
 Her change of address is to blame.
 Letters from Lucy and Evelyn,
 Always so fresh and so true ;
 Deception with them we have never seen,
 So we can style them ' true blue.'

27TH.

To Milly wrote a letter, quite tidy and neat,
 Then I to Tom wrote another,
 But being very tired, 'twas a scrawl complete,
N'importe ; he's only my brother !
 Jules came to call, to return thanks
 To Nannie for writing-books given ;
 His poor eye still suffers from that boy's pranks,
 From the arrow from catapult driven.
 That same boy's parents promise to pay
 The expenses of best oculist—
 So much we understood Jules to say,
 ' Pour son malheur bien triste.'

29TH.

Letters from Tom, Mrs. Georges, Anne Pratt :
 All were for Annabel, true,
 But as I could read, and hear all the chat,
 I learned all that she knew.
 Mary Jane Georges would like to learn
 Whither in the south we were bound ?

Like doth quite like, and
 measure for measure.

*Measure for
 Measure*, v. i.

Dead life, blind sight,
 poor mortal, living
 ghost,

Woe's scene, world's
 shame, grave's due by
 life's usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record
 of tedious days,

Rest thy unrest on Eng-
 land's lawful earth.

King Richard III.
 iv. 4.

If in our travels to Cannes we'd turn ?
 Or what other spot on French ground ?
 Tom's of dinner on twenty-sixth told,
 And of coming *Essen* on second :
 The first was tribute to British bold,
 The other for Germans is reckoned.
 Nannie wrote answer to Mary Jane
 That it was our intention
 To Hyères to go, and there remain,
 Or perhaps she would mention
 A southern spot she would prefer
 In the far-famed *Littoral*,
 Where she would go, we'd follow her,
 With exception of Cannes *überall*.

30TH.

Men have marble, women
 waxen minds.

Lucrece.

And, to speak truth of
 Cæsar.

I have not known when
 his affections sway'd
 More than his reason.
 But 'tis a common proof.
 That lowliness is young
 ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-
 upward turns his face.

Julius Cæsar, ii. 1.

Look how the floor of
 heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines
 of bright gold ;
 There's not the smallest
 orb which thou be-
 hold'st,

But in his motion like an
 angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-
 ey'd cherubins.

*Merchant of
 Venice*, v. 1.

Nan to Tom a 'Jacob's Ladder' hath sent,
 With bright angels hovering o'er—
 A New Year's card with the good intent
 Of a New Year's bright opening door.
 Louisa went some commissions to make ;
 Amongst them she brought me some ink.
 I wrote away, for my journal's sake,
 Lest I in oblivion should sink.

31ST.

On awaking in the morn,
 Hark ! cannon resounding !
 Geneva thus will adorn
 Her victory, with noise abounding.
 First Nan and I both hope
 The same custom may be here
 As in Germany, where *gegen Verbot*
 They fire in the New Year.

DESCRIPTION OF GENEVA BY A CROSS-GRAINED LADY.

Here is an extract : 'She was sick of the deserted streets of that long American thoroughfare, the Rue de Mont Blanc, every window of which she knew by heart. Here was the sham-meerschau shop, the Pasha, which she could remember for fifty years ; the display of amber and cigarette-holder to imitate a woman's head—always the same—the bare thought of those greedy smelly shops in the Rue de Marché, with their eternal charcuteries and brasseries, made her feel ill ; finally, the dreary suburbs of the mouldy old town, with its 'Christian Union,' 'Christian Women's Rest,' and 'Temperance' 'Circle' placards, exasperated her with their hypocrisy. The lonely quays, the sleepy concerts in the gloomy squares, seemed to her to perspire *ennui*. The *bourgeoises*' distraction of her compatriots filled her with disgust, the parody of a carnival called the 'Escalade'—these brutal gymnastic and shooting fêtes, these long excursions to the Salève, a mountain some kilometres from Geneva, for the sake of which people got up in the middle of the night, knocked themselves up by scrambling along goat paths, all for the pleasure of reaching a summit and descending on the other side !'

The Old Year draws to its end.

From our watch-tower we hear

Bright joyous Jodelings ascend,

Greeting the young New Year.

'Tis he, I ken the manner
of his gait ;
He rises on the toe : that
spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him
from the earth.

Troilus and Cressida,
iv. 5.

A childlike joy is all around :

No *Prosit Neujahr* we hear ;

The streets are bright with rippling sound

To welcome the New Year.

Yet I, too, with our hostess think

Partings make faint and drear ;

How many to their graves may sink

Within this coming year.

But those who trust in our Lord Christ,

They have nought to fear ;

Living or dying they have their tryst

With Him in the coming year.

Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd
those blessed feet,
Which fourteen hundred
years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the
bitter cross.

1 *Henry IV.*, i. 1.

GENEVA.—1893.

JANUARY 1ST.

GOD THE FATHER, may He be
With us all in 'ninety-three,
And may this year, just begun,
Be truly blessed by God the Son.
Of the Spirit's teachings may a host
Be ours from God the Holy Ghost.

And mercy then will
breathe within your
lips,
Like man new made.
*Measure for
Measure*, ii. 2.

A sweet pretty card for Nan and me :
' Best wishes from Blanche, 1893.'
A telegram also from Tom so dear,
Wishing a blessed, happy New Year.

We first read God's sweet Holy Book,
For the church we dared not brook ;
Then *Church World Pulpit* sermons read—
Some real treasures, some like fish dead,
Which float with the stream—
Of higher thoughts care not, nor dream.

Many years of sunshine
days.

Richard II.

Nannie *pourboire* each five francs paid
To *chef, kellner*, porter, and maid.
On a photo sent by J. Toole to us
He kindly sends the new church as *Gruss*.
New evangelical Castroper church to be seen ;
Behind rises Schellenberg, majestic and green.
Our Tannenwald, favourite resort of the town,

'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,'
 . . . Pharamond

The founder of this law,
 and female bar.

Vet their own authors
 faithfully affirm

That the land Salique lies
 in Germany.

Henry I., i. 2.

From thence we can on Goldschmieding look
 down.

To the left, in haze, the busy plains of West-
 phalia,

Forests, mines, and red roofs to regale you,
 Grand rolling clouds, with effect of the sunset,
 We'll remember among thousands of views, to
 be seen yet.

2ND.

Sharp blows the wind in Geneva's cold vale.

How oft must we our sad fate bewail

That we're not in the southern lands,

Wandering warm o'er the shining sands,

Where no snow-clouds hover o'er,

And skies so blue canopy the shore.

Let us mourn no more, as 'tis our fate ;

We may get there ere too late,

And, not remaining here to skate,

Arrive at Cannes in royal state.

Letters from Balsters ; one from pastor,

Thanking for gifts ten score and more ;

A few lines added by his kind Frau,

Telling of Louisa and Fritz's broad brow ;

Also a letter from Helena to me,

With a touching speech from Zumloh's Marie :

'Sie wünschte das den Damen dahinten

Es nicht mehr gefiele ;'

To put from this winter to their 'Reisen a
 Ziel.'

A card from Zumlohs : a son was born

To the happy parents on New Year's morn.

A quizzical letter I wrote to Frank

For his pretty calendar warmly to thank,

But told him it had far more the air

Of a soldier brave than of a lawyer.

This evening our porter, while cutting wood,

With cheerful semblance
 and sweet majesty ;

That every wretch, pining
 and pale before,

Beholding him, plucks
 comfort from his looks.

A largess universal, like
 the sun,

His liberal eye doth give
 to every one.

Thawing cold fear.

Henry I., iv.

A tear for pity, and a
 hand

Open as day for melting
 charity.

2 Henry II.

Was struck in the eye by a piece where he stood.

Poor fellow ! the pain was hard to bear ;
The fear he might lose it was also a scare.
He was taken at once to apothecary near,
Who bound it up, but said it was clear
He must to an oculist forthwith depart.
When he got there, doctor gave him some
heart :

As precious eye-sight,
and did value me dear
Above this world.

*Love's Labour's
Lost, v. 2.*

If he took care, and caught no cold,
His eyesight preserved he still might hold.

3RD.

The bird of dawning
singeth all night long :
And then, they say, no
spirit dares stir abroad :
The nights are whole-
some ; then no planets
strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch
hath power to charm :
So hallowed and so gra-
cious is the time.

Hamlet, i.

Letter from von Orsbach, saying the Pope
Will retire to Jerusalem, with the hope
In the vale of Jehoshaphat to take his abode,
As the Italians again to him have strode.
Woe ! we say to him, if of him prophesied,
His tabernacle (as in Daniel described)
He'll plant between seas in the Holy Mountain,
He'll come to his end, and no more reign.

4TH.

More than six weeks we've been house-bound ;
Annabel's health is not yet sound.
Even Coco, our pet, was impatient
When she was to bed sent,
And I on the sofa rough.
He screamed, ' Oh, do get up !'
Now to Tom Nan is writing a letter,
While I at my journal am proving I'm better.
Evening, read ' Across the Plains,'
Finished off at the coast by mountain chains.

5TH.

From Mrs. Vidal and Else I heard ;
Nannie from John and Ida Layard.

Was a scholar, and a ripe
and good one.

Henry VIII., iv. 2.

Former was anxious, latter depressed ;
Elsie's mother deranged, her sister from home,
Her father robust, Fritz from school come.
'Tis sad for young shoulders such weight to
bear
Along with the trouble of household care.

6TH.

I ratify this my rich gift.
Tempest, iv. 1.

Weather dark, but not so cold.
We hope in time to grow more bold.
Later, to Alice von der Boeck wrote,
Enclosing a kerchief, with a short note,
Addressed care of Wiesbaden aunt,
From Alicia and Nannie *gesandt*.

7TH.

Now for this night, let's
harbour here in York,
And when the morning
sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this
horizon,

We'll forward toward
Warwick and his
mates ;

Ah, froward Clarence !
how evil it bessems
thee,

To flatter Henry, and
forsake thy brother !

Yet, as we may, we'll
meet both thee and
Warwick.

Come on, brave soldiers :
doubt not of the day :

And, that once gotten,
doubt not of large pay.

Henry VIII., iv. 7.

' Aujourd'hui j'ai eu un bain ;
On dit, c'est surtout bon pour le sang,
De faire remplacer le besoin de plein air,'
To smooth the lines of years and care
Which print their mark on our faces fair.
We long with ' Sehnsucht, mehr und mehr,
Pour la Littoral,' and we declare
Should good fortune take us there
We'll ne'er forsake ' la belle Rivière.'
Here, on Lake Lemman's radiant shore,
We see dull houses, and nothing more.
To leave the Hotel we are not fit,
So shivering over the embers sit—
Fair semblance of our vanished prime,
With cheeks frost-bitten by the rime.

8TH.

The weather changed to colder again,
The *Bise* is sharply blowing.
We hear it whistle with shrinking pain,
As I go on reading ' The Bondman,' by Caine.

Bise blowing without made the novel more
drear,

To think of those men with ice-blocks so near.

Shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of
others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to
forget our own?

Pericles, i. 4.

A writer of adventures held us in thrall ;

Scenes pictured on our souls withal,

On which we well might set the seal

Of a grand morale on the whole.

13TH.

Castroper Anzeiger from James this morn,

Relating the dastardly act

To blow up the train (how it raises our scorn !)

With dynamite laid on rails *sacht*.

To-day, for the first time, Nannie goes out,

Being house-bound seven weeks and two
days

I must be patient, till the
heavens look
With an aspect more
favourable.

Winter's Tale, ii. 1.

With cough, lumbago, and flying gout,

To God now our best thanks we raise.

In the evening I as usual read,

This time 'twas 'The Snake's Pass'—

A funny story, without much dread,

Of a lad and an Irish lass.

14TH.

Arrived from Cannes the *Fremdenliste*—

At once search out old friends ;

They all are there except (oh ! *triste* !)

Ourselves ! Our purse has ends,

So we must stay in this snow mist.

From Annie P. a card this morn,

And newspaper, with great thoughts born.

Though to church we cannot walk,

We enjoy to read, and to talk

O'er God's own Holy Book Divine,

Searching for the warning sign.

First entrance in Jerusalem, on the line

Train passing o'er a sacrificed shrine ;

Thy brother's blood the
thirsty earth hath
drunk ;

Then let the earth be
drunken with our blood.

Henry IV., ii. 3.

This earth shall have a
feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere
her native king

Shall falter under foul
rebellion's arms.

Henry IV., iii. 2.

To-day by Turks a Lamb was slain,
And the rails washed with its blood,
Ere engine or man may enter. How explain ?
But that the Holy City there—
The City of Christ's tears and prayer—
His much-loved city—soon shall be
From all chains and bondage free.

15TH.

I must relate, ere I forget,
A clever speech made by our pet.
'Pempelfort carriage,' saith Nan, 'I declare !
See Jacob on box is seated down there.'
Coco rushes at once to see from his perch,
For Jacob on box quickly to search ;
Though hard to believe, 'tis true, I vow,
He turns with contempt and grumbles 'Ganz
grau !'
Now, the coachman on box was old and grey,
Unlike black-haired Jacob, with moustache so
gay.

Pardon, old father, my
mistaking eyes,
That hath been so be-
dazzled with the sun,
That everything I took
on seemeth green.

Now I perceive thou art
a reverend father ;

Pardon, I pray thee, for
my mad mistaking.

*Tam ng of the
Shrew, iv. 5.*

16TH.

We were long out, and returning found Coco
In very gay spirits ; he's generally cross.
Wondering, we ask, ' Were we long out, Boss ?'
' Oh ! an hour,' said he, laughing quite in a
fit !

He'd been entertaining the waiters and maids
with his wit.

Never was such a bird, so learned and know-
ing ;

I'll charm the air to give
a sound,
While you perform your
antic round ;

That this great king may
kindly say,

Our duties did his wel-
come pay.

Macbeth, iv. 1.

Our welcomed return at Hotel, to him was
owing.

Our precious, dear Coco hates being ne-
glected.

Nannie was writing and I had been sewing,

But who are you writing to?—with voice
peevish, inflected.

Please bear in mind, all these words recounted
Of our parrot are true in spirit and letter ;
I say so because, by the ignorant, we are
accounted

Highly deluded and worthy a fetter.
When robing one day, my skirt descending—
To the rescue springs Louise, in silence
serene ;

While Coco screams out, in clear English
resplendent :

‘ Your petticoat’s coming down ! Quick !
God save the Queen !’

Again Nannie pressed him to sing for our
pleasure,

‘ The Camptown Race,’ lackadaisically he
gazed awhile,

Replying, ‘ Don’t know it well enough !’ So
measure for measure,

This exquisite bird can all hearts beguile.
Be they high-placed or low, the favourite cry
Is ‘ Then we’ll see Coco again !’ Even the
misanthrope,

Whose wife this noble Russian had had to
deny,

And was ne’er seen to smile, at Coco’s sallies
starts off.

As pianist, our parrot will always outsing him,
And the cold, haughty, Polish Baronne,
Who never a word spoke to anyone,
Will run to see Coco, and take him to kiss,
Tell, of her own, at home, and sigh in bliss.

His sympathy unlocks their hearts’ outcry ;
N. said ’twas his duty to kiss all who went by :
‘ Ah ! I don’t know that !’ he said. ‘ Je ne le
crois pas,’

But there where I have
garner’d up my heart :
Where either I must live,
or bear no life.

Othello.

A college of wit-crackers
cannot flout me out of
my humour,

*Much Ado About
Nothing, v. 4.*

And hearing voices below called out : ' Qui
cause la-bas ?'

The school children salute him with : ' Ca va
bien, Jacko ?'

' Et vous ?' replies Coco, craning his neck *en
haut*.

Left alone in our room, he sobbed like a child ;
Someone entering, he cries, ' I was left all
alone, I was !'

Nannie fetched him, and perched on my chair,
and mild

He says, when asked if he is happy, ' Yes,
very,' and draws

A sigh of sweet relief, our darling, darling
Birdie.

None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy,
has brought with her
One care abroad ; he
would have all as merry
As first—good company,
good wine, good wel-
come, can make good
people.

Henry VIII., i. 4.

Milly's letter to sisters was nice and long ;
Their Pempelfort party of Germans was strong,
Headed by commanding General Arndt,
And many others just as learn'd ;
And when conversation ceased to flow,
Which seldom happens with Germans, I know,
Were kept amused by Partello and Mill's trio.
Tom (though not living in this vale of cold
blow)

We hear is not well, has caught a cold ;
In not minding draughts he's rather too bold.
Nan had from Mary Jane Georges a letter,
Saying her mother's sight is not better ;
A photo also of Cara and Herr Horst,
Sent by her sister, Annie Partello ;
O'er the Atlantic Ocean they've crossed ;
Both looking happy, he a nice fellow.

17TH.

A letter from Tom came to-day,
One for Nan, with enclosure ;

But whate'er you are
That, in this desert inac-
cessible,
Under the shade of
melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the
creeping hours of time,
If ever you have look'd
on better days,
If ever been where bells
have knell'd to church,
And know what 'tis to
pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong
enforcement be.

*As You Like
It, ii. 7.*

My true-betrothéd
love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome
determine all;
Meanwhile, I am pos-
sess'd of that is mine.

*Titus Andronicus,
i. 2.*

He's a grass-widower, wife gone away,
Without fear of frost or exposure.
The second to me, this afternoon,
Telling of an engagement to guess ;
But the foregoing one let out the names—
Captain Gosset, and Mabel's, 'Yes.'
Monday, we both had felt cold and dull ;
Now, this news the dreary heart cheers,
Being thankful for Mabel and Mrs. Vidal,
As the former for latter had fears
That she might be left in this cold world alone,
When her last hour should draw near ;
Now both will be happy and the mother at
ease
To think she is married—her dear.

18TH.

Eighteenth of January, duller than dull,
Colder and colder each day.
Of what we did, excepting reading to lull,
'Non mi ricordo,' I say.
Nannie for Milly's birthday wrote,
And to J. P. began,
With study and zeal, a long note :
She tries to convince this really good man,
That this new sect, 'The Agapemone,'
On Bible truth cannot be founded ;
If he'd search with impartial eyes,
He'd find the views are ungrounded.

19TH.

Bessie Angelo writes and narrates
A sad account of the Lindos :
One sister paralyzed, deaf, and blind,
For Charlotte, two heavy blows ;
For Phillip, the interesting painter, kind,
To cancer has fallen a victim slow.
Our Düsseldorf friends, thirty years ago.

Pick'd from the worm-
holes of long vanish'd
days,
From the dust of
old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most
memorable line.

Henry V., ii. 4.

I wrote to James about Papa's uniform,
 To order tin box to be made ;
 To be wrapped in silk paper when brushed and
 warm,
 As of moths we're afraid.

20TH.

By the time I was dressed,
Déjeuner had appeared ;
 Parmesan omelette, *très bon*,
 ' Bifstek ' with potatoes *garnier*.
 A nice long letter from Tom,
 But we were *éffrayée*—
 For as he was dressing to go to the Jung's,
 And he himself arrays,
 As he turns round, lo ! he perceives
 The muslin table all in a blaze !
 He rushes to pull down the trimming of gauze,
 And then he pulls at the bell,
 When with others' aid, and water which flows,
 He escapes with a fright to the revel.

Our fire-brand brother,
 Paris, burns us all . . .
 Now, youthful Troilus,
 do not these high
 strains
 Of divination in our sister
 work
 Some touches of remorse ?
 or is your blood
 So madly hot, that no
 dis course of reason,
 Nor fear of bad success
 in a bad cause,
 Can qualify the same ?
Troilus and
Cressida. ii. 2.

21ST.

To-day is beautiful, so Nannie went out
 Her pretty feet to employ, also to cure the
 gout
 And cough, which still can annoy.
 Again we are plunged into the snow,
 While all our plans we must forego,
 So all the Church service we can hear
 Is the hymn which resounds through the
 Temple wall near.
 We pause to listen, then we proceed
 The lessons from our own Bible to read.
 These quiet Sundays still we enjoy—
 Reading nice sermons our time to employ.

I have of late (but where-
 fore I know not) lost
 all my mirth, foregone
 all custom of exercises ;
 and, indeed, it goes so
 heavily with my dis-
 position, that this
 goodly frame, the earth,
 seem to me a sterile
 promontory.
Hamlet, ii. 2.

22ND.

Nannie said to Coco, to-day, on his ring :
 ' Every new word which you learn to sing
 Makes you more precious. If we get poor,
 We'll sell you, then, for a hundred or more.'
 He shouted in anger : ' How dare you ? What
 d'ye say that for ?'

Then at lunch mildly asked for *poire*.
 ' We have none,' we said, in sad tone ;
 ' What then ? I see them.' ' No, Coco, my
 son,

That's an apple ; of pears we have none.'
 When offered a crust, he said, ' I'll throw it
 down,'

And when Nan gave it, he kept his word :
 He threw the crust down from his table board.
 Then Albert gave him potatoes too hot,
 Which he declined straight on the spot—

' Not cool enough,' was his wise plea,
 Adding ' Dummer Kerl ! Naughty ?' to waiter
 Bertie.

He, Coco, has been invited to tea
 With the noble Countess Didcati ;
 She belongs to the *famille* where formerly
 Byron dwelt, and sometimes wrote poetry.
 She played the piano for him, and said direct,
 Of all seen in India his plumage was the most
 perfect.

23RD.

A bonny letter from Milly to me—
 Delighted a muff and boa to see.
 She sends her thanks in greatest glee,
 Looks forward, with joy, for her property.

Fie, fie,
 You are sad,
 Because you are not
 merry ; and 't were as
 easy
 For you to laugh, and
 say, you are merry,
 Because you are not sad.
 Some will evermore peep
 through their eyes,
 And laugh, like parrots,
 at a bag-piper ;
 And other of such vinegar
 aspect,
 That they'll not show
 their teeth in way of
 smile,
 Though Nestor swear the
 jest be laughable.

*Merchant of
 Venice*, i. 1.

24TH.

A letter from Edith to Nanny ;
 Arthur Bambridge proves himself canny ;
 Two portraits has painted and shown to the
 Queen,
 Which must be good, yes ! fit to be seen—
 The Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Marie,
 F. F. says the latter he made too pretty,
 But he is as proud as proud can be,
 And we are sure must be happy.

Made proud with pure
 and princely beauty.
King John, iv. 3.

28TH.

Suffering in neck from *coup de vent*,
 I rested in bed rather too long,
 Being only just dressed in time to say,
 'There's Albert appearing with the *déjeuner*.'
 Louisa going to German *chapelle*
 Made me late and inclined to rebel,
 But I passed my time in reading aloud,
 Sitting up in my bed with my head in a 'cloud.'

So doves do peck the
 falcon's piercing talons ;
 . . . All hopeless of their
 lives,
 Breathe out invectives
 'gainst the officers.
Henry VI., i. 4.

30TH.

Now, to please N., I must have recourse
 My journal with Count Mattei's cures to fill.
 First on the list the *Obersl* appears,
 Troubled by painful cough ;
 Louisa, the assistant much fears ;
 The remedy is not strong enough.
 The *Kaffee Köchin* is also ill,
 Suffering from throat and head.
 Louisa gives her pills and valerian still
 When she has lain down in bed.

. . . All weary and o'er-
 watch'd,
 Take vantage. heavy
 eyes . . .
 Fortune, 'good-night ;
 smile once more ; turn
 thy wheel !
King Lear, ii. 2.

31ST.

Madame la Comtesse Soltikoff
 And Mademoiselle Rosell

Were two gentle ladies
 Who dined in this Hotel.
 Each kept her own carriage.

The former's coachman was the *ganz grau*,
 The same whom Coco noticed
 As he drove by, then and now.

How Hecuba cries out !
 How poor Andromache
 shrills her dolour forth :
 Behold, distraction,
 frenzy, and amazement,
 Like witless antics, one
 another meet.

*Troilus and
 Cressida*, v. 3.

Both were a little odd,
 Which showed in this direction—
 That they never would shake hands,
 Lest they might take infection.

But withal they were kind and good,
 And amiable to all,
 Unless some unhappy wight
 Their carriage a cab should call !
 Madame la Comtesse was divorced

Sweet earl, divorce not
 wisdom from your
 honour.
 The lives of all your
 loving complices
 Lean on your health.
2 Henry IV., i. 7.

From her Russian Count so strange,
 And now by fate was forced
 To live like 'Marianne of the Grange.'
 Her call was sudden when she took ill.

Her sister, fearing infection,
 Left for the Metropole Hotel.

This foolish, dreaming,
 superstitious girl
 Makes all these bode-
 ments.

*Troilus and
 Cressida*, v. 3.

The doctor told her, without deception,
 Her sister was dying, and she must return,
 Or she might reproach herself ever
 That she was away when she passed to that
 bourne

From whence the traveller returneth never.
 Both had dined here some eight days since,
 And now in the cold tomb she lies,
 Called from her earthly tenement hence
 To a home, I hope, beyond the skies.
 Her funeral simple, as was her bier ;
 Of carriages no long, winding line,
 As is the fashion in Germany, where
 Of coachmen's greed 'tis chiefly the sign.

FEBRUARY 1ST.

A letter from Alice von der Boeck,
 Saying her father is now an *Oberst*.
 She sends her photo, to look
 How much she is changed from the first.

This evening an ode to Mattei I'd write,
 Were I but clever enough,
 To picture Louisa, with three patients white,
 Demanding 'More of that medicine stuff.'

... Whether love lead
 fortune, or else fortune
 love.

The great man down, you
 mark his favourite flies;
 The poor advanc'd makes
 friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love
 on fortune tend;

For who not needs shall
 never lack a friend,

And who in want a hollow
 friend doth try,

Directly seasons him his
 enemy.

Hamlet, iii. 2.

Another letter took us by surprise—
 F. has been taken by one not too wise :
 A lady from her husband divorced,
 Older than he is, and with money cursed.

2ND.

Some news from D. Anstruther, then
 I wrote in the day, and at night read 'Penn'—
 A history by Dixon, charmingly written ;
 Though Quaker, with 'Penn' we are really
 smitten,

As he followed where'er his conscience led.
 Being son of an Admiral, he was well bred—
 'Twas natural, as ward of King James, we said.
 His life interesting, of no one afraid ;
 Nursed the small-pox sick four months on the
 ocean,

A nobler man, a braver
 warrior,

Lives not this day within
 the city walls . . .

Friends, that have been
 thus forward in my
 right,

I thank you all, and here
 dismiss you all ;

And to the love and
 favour of my country

Commit myself, my per-
 son, and the cause.

Titus Andronicus,
 i. 1.

In crossing to form Philadelphia's creation.
 He suffered much, and his way had to fight,
 But succeeded, by faith in God's Spirit bright.
 Dixon knew better than Macaulay, who
 maligned ;
 Penn truly was great, and so is defined
 As very much needed that perilous time
 To outbalance the Cavaliers' reign of crime.

EXTRACT FROM 'LIFE OF WILLIAM PENN,' CHAPTER III.

'Margaret fetched her son William to Wanstead, where he fell into a low and feverish state of mind. One day a sort of vision came to him : Sitting in his room, he was surprised by a strange feeling in his heart and by as strange a radiance in his chamber. What it was that filled his veins and flashed into his eyes he could not tell ; he was not yet eleven years old. But as he sat alone in wretched mood and in a darkish room he felt a joyous rush of blood along his veins, and saw his chamber fill with what he called a soft and holy light. It was a vision and a visitation. What it meant he could not say, but that he felt the sudden joy and saw the sacred light he knew and held so long as he could know and hold by any incident of his early life.'

3RD.

I read and worked till *déjeuner*.
 Coco would not greet the waiter to-day,
 And though Nannie at first did delay,
 Her heart softened, so she could not gainsay
 His plaintive 'Will you?' and '*Vouslez-vous ?*'
 She gave him potatoes without more ado.
 Then Albert gave him pear, and he said, 'Very
 kind.'

Ah! but I think him
 better than I say,
 And yet would herein
 others' eyes were worse.
 Far from her nest the
 lapwing cries away;
 My heart prays for him.
Comedy of Errors,
 iv. 2.

And now, darling Coco, we'll go out and find
 (As the sun is brilliant, and it's a good day)
 The Mouettes, and take bread to the lake and
 see them play.
 So we sallied forth, when lunch was done,
 Taking Coco in box, to have some fun.
 They came with a rush and round us spun,
 From Nan caught the bread as they flew in the
 air—
 From Louisa's hand one had the courage to
 dare.
 Poor Coco in box hid himself in a scare,

He was a scholar, and a
 ripe and good one ;
 Exceeding wise, fair-
 spoken, and persuad-
 ing ;
 Lofty and sour to them
 that lov'd him not ;
 He was most princely :
 ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning
 that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich and Oxford !
 one of which fell with
 him,
 Unwilling to outlive the
 good that did it.

Henry VIII., iv. 2.

For though so anxious with us to go out,
 He could not enjoy when the gulls flew about
 So close, for he feared one bird, as a scout,
 Might catch him, and so fly away, no doubt.
 So we take him back to Victoria Hotel,
 Where to-day he prefers in quiet to dwell.

In a paper received from Cannes we read
 That Attila de la Blanchetaise is wed
 To Louise Casenave ; whoever he may be,
 I surely have not the slightest *idée*.
 Later, read Washington Irving aloud.
 His merits, though great, are now disavowed.
 He wrote for a calmer and loftier age ;
 Now sensation and glamour are all the rage.

5TH.

In dreaming,
 The clouds, methought,
 would open, and show
 riches
 Ready to drop upon me,
 that when I wak'd
 I cry'd to dream again.
Tempest, iii. 2.

This morning early I had a sweet dream
 Of years long past, yet true, it would seem.
 I awoke from my slumbers refreshed and calm,
 And for many hours enjoyed the balm.
 An amusing letter from gay Mrs. Hogan,
 Hon. Sec. R.S.P.C.A., Wrexham branch. She
 can,
 In truth, make a boast of her dog Dan.
 At the mention of Balfour he gives her a kiss ;
 But at Gladstone's name he will growl and
 hiss.
 Ask Dan of the dove sent out of the Ark,
 He at once brings a leaf, without further
 remark ;
 Or, 'What do they do to naughty boys?' he
 brings her a stick.
 Dan comes from Dublin, one ear up—an Irish
 trick.

6TH.

We passed the quay to Hotel National,
Where H. B. M. G. C. Barton gives a grand
ball.

Thy father bears the type
of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and
Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an
English yeoman . . .
Unless the adage must be
verified,
That beggars mounted
run their horse to
death.

3 *Henry VI.*, i. 4.

He presented Geneva with a concert hall.
This fête he has given to minstrels all.
His wife was a Peel, godchild of our Queen.
A steamer is his, so he's wealthy, I ween,
Else he could not afford a £200 fête
To show forth his love for this Cantonal State.

7TH.

Sole heir male of the true
line and stock . . .
The sin upon my head,
dread sovereign;
For in the book of Num-
bers is it writ,
When the man dies, let
the inheritance
Descend unto the daugh-
ter.

Henry V., i. 2.

I boaded the King's
ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the
deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement;
sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places;
on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit
would I flame dis-
tinctly,
Then meet and join.
Jove's lightnings, the
precursors
Of the dreadful thunder-
claps, more momentary
And sight - outrunning
were not; the fire and
cracks
Of sulphurous roaring
the most mighty Nep-
tune
Seem to besiege, and
make his bold waves
tremble,
Yea, his dread trident
shake. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the
mad, and play'd
some tricks of despera-
tion.

Tempest, i. 2.

Nanny totting up accounts from the bank.
I wrote to Wylie Nancy till I nearly sank.
Saw Dowager Duchess of Winchelsea
Is at Cannes. Methinks how happy she must
be.

8TH.

M. F. sent a missive, yellow with age,
By a friendly lieutenant, the grief to assuage
Of those loving sisters, when the blow fell
One could read through the lines he felt it so
well.

She sent us also a lock, bright and fair,
Of Uncle William Winslow's shining soft hair.
As we on those youthful locks can gaze,
We are filled with awe and amaze
That such strangely small items survive
Of the lovely and loving, no longer alive.
Yet we who remain can feel how each dart
Wounded dear mother's sensitive heart.
She wrote how her brother, 'the stripling tar,'
Was to join the *Beagle*, Nap.'s cause to mar.
'Vain was the wish—the thought how vain!
She never met the boy again.

9TH.

Coco to-day sang 'God save the Queen'
 In the morning early, the very first thing.
 Then, laughing and craning his neck, said : '*Au
 revoir !*'
 But to whom ? 'Only a lady,' says proudly our
gloire.

10TH.

Open thy gate of mercy,
 gracious God !
 My soul flies through
 these wounds to seek
 out thee.
 3 *Henry IV.*, i. 4.

Nan and the child took bread to the birds,
 The former the latter to cheer without words.
 Well it should be that we never forget
 The feelings of youth, so strong in regret,
 As her father and mother and sister young
 For Russia had left, some time ago,
 While she and the eldest were here in *pension*
 Feeling so sad and alone.

11TH.

Sunday, in sunshine, Nan went to the heights ;
 Fresh air from Salève gives fresher delights.
 Pretty groups, pensive lovers, and happier boys
 As she proceeds add to her joys.
 Thus sauntering along, she never asks pardon,
 But looks through a gate at a house in a
 garden.
 A *pasteur* descending the steps, just now,
 Soon overtaking her, passed with a bow.
 Thought Nan : 'How sweet thus in life to
 meet
 Some beings above the average wheat ;
 A passing kind glance is a very slight thing,
 And yet we seemed touched with an angel's
 wing'—
 (The heavenly thought). Then comes the
 devil,

And whispers, 'He has crape to the top of his hat ;

Be assured, he thought you were looking at that !'

... As doth the mandrake's groan ;
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,

As harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth.
2 Henry VI., iii. 2.

And, with loathing, she feels round her earth's duller level.

Yet it was not this made us think of our wills,
For walking in the Spirit, with Heaven earth fills.

12TH.

Lawyer Ganz telephoned promptly Monsieur Gautier,

Arranging appointment for very next day—
Such amazing rapidity took N.'s breath away—
All the more, as he hurried her off to the grave,

By saying, 'Tis well, should you die in *Genève*.'

In the battle of life one gets hardened to blows,
Which one's wisdom smiles at the older one grows.

14TH.

A letter from Tom to Annabel,
Sad news of Reverend Moxon to tell—
Who was so ill in church that he fell
In a faint ; two ladies helped him, as well
As they could, to the vestry inside.

Otherwise, the famish'd
English, like pale
ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one
hour in a month.
1 Henry VI., i. 2.

Reverend Adams came down, and they decide
That the poor man's weak, on short ration ;
He must resign his small congregation.

18TH.

Nannie went in the morning *Pasteur* to hear ;
His Calvinist doctrines he made very clear.
Predestination, according to Paul,

Within this hour it will
be dinner-time ;
Till that, I'll view the
manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze
upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep
within mine inn.

Comedy of Errors,
i. 2.

Was the belief of the first Christians all.
At four in the evening we went to Saint Pierre,
But sad was our fate when we got there ;
A notice was up, saying : ' Service postponed,'
Even beautiful views hardly atoned,
For what we had lost in not hearing *Pasteur*,
Though we saw the terrace, in sunset galore.
Surrounded with snow mountains, heavenly
pure—
Incased in this fortress, *Genève* lies secure.

19TH.

I wrote to Tom and thanked for last book,
And while so employed, the toothache took
Such hold upon me that many a mistake
My poor confused head caused me to make.
In the evening I finished the story,
Dramatically written, ending with glory,
' The Little Minister '—of Reverend Dobson,
kind,
Reminds pathetically, without being blind.

I pray thee, peace ! I
will be flesh and blood ;
For there was never yet
philosopher
That could endure the
toothache patiently.
However they have writ
the style of gods,
And made a push at
chance and sufferance,

*Much Ado About
Nothing*, v. 1.

Oh, toothache ! how can you knock one down !
One moment bright, the next one must frown
With exasperation from gnawing pain ;
Lo ! then it departs, and I am myself again.
You twinging, stinging, painful tooth,
You set all organs wrong, in very truth,
And as I am suffering still somewhat to-day,
I'm inditing this treatise on toothache decay.

20TH.

Antony : I will reward
thee,
Once for thy sprightly
comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valour.
Come thee on.
Scarus : I'll halt after.

*Antony and
Cleopatra*, iv. 7.

A letter from Effie, telling some news ;
Her present pursuit doth brightness infuse
Into her life ; no longer she's sad ;
Her occupation maketh her glad.

21ST.

Before ten o'clock went to Pro-Consul Stein;
 Wheeled into his hall, he saw me sign
 The deed; then I, with Louisa and chair,
 Waited for Nannie, out in the air.
 We turned down next street and wandered
 around,

Then met Mons. Chewob, on his own ground,
 On his tricycle, ready to start.

Both invalids halt, and before they depart,
 Talk over 'Brown-Séquard,' its pros and cons,
 The College in Paris, and its great Dons,
 Who, finding a scarcity of guinea-pigs,
 Are beginning to shake, consulting more wigs.
 It seems they are even looking round now

For some other *Tier*, perhaps a bow-wow.

Chewob begged to be well assured before,
 'If taken, must he then crawl on all fours?'

N. told him I wished not enough to get well;
 He compared her to the lion, we the two
 panthers,

Who understand one another, while she'd only
 banter.

22ND.

Pro-Consul, when N. was arranging her Will,
 Suggested that her sister might marry still!
 When N., with dignity, somewhat demurs,
 'Stranger things happen,' German Stein infers.

23RD.

At two we went out, in the cruel *Bise*
 Which blew every way; it would scarcely
 please
 To be swept round this corner, then round
 that,

I have dogs, my lord,
 Will rouse the proudest
 panther in the chase.
 And climb the highest
 promontory top.
Titus Andronicus,
 ii. 2.

This battle fares like to
 the morning's war,
 When dying clouds contend
 with growing
 light;
 What time the shepherd,
 blowing of his nails,
 Can neither call it perfect
 day, nor night,
 Now sways it this way,
 like a mighty sea
 Forc'd by the tide to
 combat with the wind:
 Now sways it that way,
 like the self-same sea
 Forc'd to retire by fury of
 the wind.

3 *Henry IV.*, ii. 5.

Here comes a man of
 comfort whose advice
 Hath often stilled my
 brawling discontent.

*Measure for
 Measure*, iv.

How able such a work to
 undergo,
 To weigh against his
 opposite; or else,
 We fortify in paper, and
 in figures,
 Using the names of men,
 instead of men:
 Like one that draws the
 model of a house
 Beyond his power to
 build it; who, half
 through,
 Gives o'er and leaves his
 part-created cost.

2 *Henry IV.*, i. 3.

And when thinking we're safe, off blows our
 hat.

Home we must steer, we can stand it no more,
 And are happy when inside 'Victoria's' door.
 Having battled so long with Genf's sharp *Bise*,
 We thoroughly enjoy our long evening's ease.

25TH.

I read the Psalms and chapters in bed,
 And at four o'clock to the *Auditoire* sped.
 Paul and Louisa pushed up the hill,
 (A franc for Paul's trouble and his goodwill).
 The *Auditoire Saint Pierre* had mysterious air;
 Vaulted its ceilings, like a crypt rare.
 A building some six centuries old,
 One could see where confession oft had been
 told;

But since it fell into good Calvin's hands
 Pure reading of Scripture fulfils its demands.
 The service was good, the Bible was read,
 Psalms sung in earnest, and then, instead
 Of a sermon, an extract on Lazar;
 A sermon from Choisy we had preferred far.

26TH.

We left the Victoria about half-past nine,
 It had been raining, but now was quite fine,
 The fierce, angry *Bise*, like a naughty child,
 Had ended in tears and the weather was mild.

We saw Monsieur Gautier, Notaire, Plain-
 palais;

Signed Wills, both witnessed by Picot and
 Gautier;

Then we proceeded to Pro-Consul Stein,
 Where fortunately I had nothing to sign.
 Here I must enter my strongest protest
 Against German Consuls for England's behests.

N. was there but a moment, yet a German
appears,

Demanding a place for another ; he hears

That Consul Barton wanted an organist ;

For his Dresden friend, he cannot resist

Asking the place in his new Concert Hall.

‘ It is supplied,’ Nan heard the Pro. bawl.

‘ But can he play in concerts ?’ was the next
demand ;

‘ Oh ! I don’t know ; he’ll understand.’

And so the persistent German proceeds

To oust another for German needs.

How many young Britons have nothing to do,

With intelligent brains and good will too ?

But Germans, courageous and bold,

Put England’s sons out in the cold.

Then, Britons, why not stand up for your rights ?

You’re accustomed to battles and trained for
fights.

British hospitality of world-wide fame,

Can still continue, nor share the blame.

27TH.

In the afternoon, though breezy, went out—

Not by the blue lake, for fear of the gout.

N. shopped in the town, we up *Coraterie*,

But she joined us again at the *Athenée* ;

Then through the smooth Park Bastion,

Met a bridal couple walking alone ;

She young, rosy, tall ; he, turning grey.

Speaking in German, we heard him say

So much *über eine Frau*, how she must obey ;

He spoke so loud, but we could not delay,

So off we went, smiling, on our way

Up the heights, and then met the *Mevrou von*
der Brink,

With her eldest daughter, who is pretty, all
think.

This royal throne of
kings, this scepter’d
isle,

This earth of majesty,
this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-
paradise ;

This fortress built by
nature for herself,
Against infection and the
hand of war ;

This happy breed of men,
this little world,

This precious stone set in
the silver sea,

Which serves it in the
office of a wall

Or as a moat defensive to
a house,

Against the envy of less
happier lands ;

This blessed plot, this
earth, this realm, this
England,

This nurse, this teeming
womb of royal kings,

Fear’d by their breed, and
famous by their birth,

Renowned for their deeds
as far from home,

For Christian service and
true chivalry. . . .

Richard II., ii. 1.

. . . No, pray thee !
I must obey : his art is
of such power.

Tempest, i. 2

28TH.

From Tom to Nan a nice long letter,
Partly on business; all goes better.
Milly expected that home we'd return;
He must be well, as he spoke not of burn.

MARCH 1.

Time shall unfold what
plighted cunning hides.
King Lear, i. 1.

Afternoon, sewed at my dress *de nuit*,
Then read 'The Giant's Robe,' by Anstey :
Such a picture of cunning intrigue unfurled,
Reminded us quite of our Düsseldorf world.

3RD.

'Oh! Coco! Do at those pretty girls look!'
'How pretty!' said he, as with laughter he
shook.

This was a conversation, quite true,
Which took place to-day between Nan and
Cocoo!

6TH.

This was well done, my
bird.

Tempest, vi. 1.

You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing. . . . But damosella . . . was this directed to you?

Ay, sir, from Monsieur Biron, one of the strange Queen's lords.
Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2.

Coco on Monday pulled the pin from Nan's hair.

'Why do that?' said she. He laughed 'Ho! ho!'

'Was only doing your hair!' Then he called after waiter: 'Poire.'

Déjeuner over, Albert said 'Good-bye, Coco!'

'Au revoir,' says our bird, *geh weg*, turning not; His wrath unabated, no *poire* having got, He called after the waiter, 'Dummer Kerl!'— Even vented his wrath on Louise, our girl, When, from the next room, her finger threatening,

Hurled at her the words, 'You ugly thing!'

8TH.

I read in the morning, and worked through the day.

Nannie, studying 'Childe Harold' till lamp-light,

Urged me to rise, in descriptive display

Of language Byronic. Me ! poor lame wight !

Alas ! poor fellow—now I remember—so was he !

9TH.

In the evening, when quietly reading 'Penn,'

A knock at the door. Ah ! our German again !

Luckily toothache hid my expression.

Nannie looked white and aghast with depression.

11TH.

Nannie heard from Lucy and Eve

(Such divergent beings !). I can but believe

Men's heart influence does each lead—

Seems to work wisest, however, in Evelyn's need.

N. heard also from Elsa to-day.

Her mother's no better, she's sorry to say.

E.'s declaration to Nannie of love—

Hab dich furchtbar lieb—a stone would move.

Love sought is good, but
given unsought is
better.

Twelfth Night,
ii.

13TH.

Writing to Cassie and children three

On Japanese paper, which N. chose for me ;

Sent also a shade of brightest green

To cover their lamp with a pretty sheen.

15TH.

And being fed by us, you
 used us so
 As that ungentle gull, the
 cuckoo's bird,
 Useth the sparrow; did
 oppress our nest,
 rew by our feeding to
 so great a bulk,
 We were enforc'd, for
 safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight.

Henry IV., v. 1.

Afternoon, finding the Mouettes were gone,
 We took our bread to the stately swan.
 'Twas pretty to see them nibble the bread,
 Diving for it with outstretched head.

17TH.

N., leaving us safe on Rousseau Isle,
 Paid for her bonnet, returned in a while.
 On going from the Isle de Rousseau,
 We met the three ladies who admire Coco.

20TH.

Letters this morning from Tom and his wife;
 From latter to Nannie full of strong strife.
 The trial for her is painful, poor child!
 From longing to see Percy married she's wild.
 But Tom is older and wiser, I trow;
 He has not the money so far to go.
 The financial world is looking so dark,
 He cannot afford for weddings a mark.

N. wrote to Glion this afternoon,
 To Hotel Midi, for terms, and so soon
 As we should hear of rooms, *rez de chaussée*,
 We should be happy to come up that way.

21ST.

To see no pastime, I:—
 what you would have?
 I'll stay to know at your
 abandon'd cave.

*As You Like
 It*, v. 4.

Milly gives up her trip to London;
 Percy's wedding-feast must abandon.
 Viccy likewise does not go there.
 If her Henry returns, it would not be fair.

22ND.

A visit from Miss Blonde Wilkinson
 With a parcel from Ida. I fear she thought it
 no fun

The present to bring. It's a nice *couvert-pied*,
Woven in Rome, of colours gay.

23RD.

At three we went up to the Quai de Mont
Blanc.

The weather was beautiful; we sat out long.
The 'White Monarch' stood out clear and
grand,

While the blue Rhone rippled soft on the
strand.

Azure the colour of Lake Leman then;
Busy at the boats were working some men.

One in a boat so stooping down
That we feared he'd overbalance and drown.

A lady and her boys went out to boat.
Brave woman! she feared not for life nor for
throat.

Best of all sights are the babies' pink cheeks,
With bright eyes glancing, and pretty freaks,
Dressed with such taste (true aristocracy),
Gazing loftily over Genf's democracy.
Those baby cheeks have such radiant glow,
Only to be equalled in one place we know—
The Mougins outrival (near Cannes, in France)
The colour; 'tis there so grand it makes their
eyes dance.

24TH.

I had a wretched sleepless bad night,
Trembling from palpitations and fright.
Nannie and maid I kept awake too,
Having medicine-drops; then, after a few
Hours, we rest till the next morn,
When I no longer felt so forlorn.
N. went shopping rather early,
Bought a silk kerchief, which suits me fairly.

In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of
men: the sea being
smooth,
How many shallow bauble
boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast,
making their way
With those of nolder bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas
once enrage . . .

Even so
Doth valour's show, and
valour's worth, divide
In storms of fortune.

*Troilus and
Cressida*. i. 3.

and give to dust, that is
a little gilt,
fore laud than gilt o'er-
dusted.
he present eye praises
the present object;
hen, marvel not, thou
great and complete
man,
that all the Greeks begin
to worship Ajax:
ice things in motion
ooner catch the eye
an what not stirs.

*Troilus and
Cressida*, iii. 3.

Afternoon, we went out on the *Bummel* again,
Up the Coraterie and the Bastion Jardin.

25TH.

Saturday, had a bath, not very warm,
So that cold air should do me no harm.
Well, when we went out, lo ! there was the
Bisc,

Driving dust pillars as high as the trees.
From Plainpalais to the meeting of waters
The dust and the wind were a medley of
tortures.

We returned to Hotel battered and bruised,
And feeling generally sadly ill-used.
Read in the evening Mr. T. Sherman's life—
A grand account of North and South strife.

And free us from his
slavery.
We had need pray,
And heartily, for our de-
liverance,
Or this imperious man
will work us all
From princes into pages.
All men's honours
Lie like one lump before
him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Henry VIII., ii. 2.

27TH.

Nannie went shopping before *déjeuner*.
Afternoon we again to the Bastion stray.
We sat in the sun a short time to rest,
As also our friend, who is like M. Best.
Evening, read aloud with much zest
The American war, which was truly no jest.

APRIL 1ST.

I not being well, N. went alone
To hear Monsieur Last, and, to atone
For my disappointment, we went, before eight,
To Reformation Salle, and though not late,
It was crowded—one thousand or more.
Pasteur Bard then spoke with fierce energy—
Not a long discourse, but with such fire
That all could see his whole wish and desire
Was, that each should feel the truths which I
spoke—

What means this pas-
sionate discourse? . . .
Now, by the death of
Him that died for all,
These counties were the
keys of Normandy.
But wherefore weeps
Warwick, my valiant
son?
For grief, that they are
past recovery.
2 Henry VI., i. 1.

The Christian fervour which through them
broke.

So powerfully did his sermon affect one lady
there,

She said, 'Merci !' in an audible voice, so rare,
Before he commenced the final prayer.

2ND.

Nannie goes out for business and shopping,

I to my bath. Later Coco went flapping

About in the water and juice of the pine.

While we were out, roses, with scent so fine,

Came from Miss Wilkinson, left at the door—

An Easter greeting of happy lore.

N. bought several trifles we need ;

My bracelet, too, is settled, with my locket so
sweet.

There Tom and Milly gaze at one another

In that gold locket, given me by my brother.

5TH.

In beautiful weather we bade farewell

To bright Geneva, where Calvin did dwell,

Herr Niess helped me so kindly to the train,

Saving N. thereby, trouble and pain.

Our carriage was crowded much to Lausanne ;

After Easter, some hastening, according to plan,

To return to their business or home ;

Others were evidently still on the roam.

After we got in there was a royal fight

Between two men as to which had the right

Of placing his hand-baggage on the seat.

Oh joy ! Two Englishmen getting in, defeat

Their intention. The attacked man offers a place

To the Irish one, who touched his hat with
grace ;

His friend, following, said with voice *sonor* :

'That's first class ! You go on, your honour.'

Why ring not out the
bells aloud throughout
the town?

Dauphin, command the
citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in
the open streets,

To celebrate the joy that
God hath given us.

Henry IV. i. 6.

That book in many's eyes
doth share the glory.

That in gold clasps locks
in the golden story.

Romeo and

Juliet. i. 3.

'll not be tied to hours,
nor pointed times,
but learn my lessons as
I please myself,
and, to cut off all strife,
here sit we down.

Taming of the

Shrew. iii. 1.

14TH.—GLION, CANTON VAUD.

Morning, out with N. in my chair,
 Enjoying the views and the beautiful air.
 After dinner went out again
 To a higher path, where we could reign
 In quiet, N. working, I reading aloud
 ‘Ready-Money Mortiboy.’ A cloud
 Seemed to hang o’er our senses or the book,
 For all the interest Nan or I took
 In the story was little or none,
 So we laid it down when hardly begun.

That a great cause of the
 night is lack of the
 sun; that he that hath
 learned no wit by
 nature nor art may
 complain of good breed-
 ing, or comes of a very
 dull kindred.

*As You Like
 It, iii. 2.*

15TH.

The Hymns were well practised, by young and
 old,
 All the day long; we could have told
 How each one sang, in or out of tune;
 By this, as we know, we shall have ‘Service’
 soon;
 It began, as predicted, just before noon,
 The text was in Romans, chapter fourteen,
 ‘We all shall give account of ourselves, before
 God,
 ‘In the great and terrible Day of the Lord.’

How would you be,
 If he, which is the top of
 judgment, should
 But judge you as you
 are?

*Measure for
 Measure, ii. 2.*

17TH.

I have been suffering, and am not very bright;
 Felt so weary, though did not look white;
 Upstairs for meals, as I scarcely can walk;
 Of Winslows, Knoxes, and Nesbitt’s we talk.

Whiles yet the dew’s on
 ground, gather those
 flowers:

Make haste. Who has
 the note of them? . . .
 So, so;—well done, well
 done.

The violets, cowslips, and
 the primroses,
 Bear to my room.

Cymbeline, i. 5.

Primroses to Milly and Tom I enclose
 In a note to the former, which I suppose
 She will receive before ‘Primrose Day,’
 And deck herself in Lord Beaconsfield’s way.
 Nannie culled primroses from the green banks

I wrote Frank a letter of thanks
 For the packet of 'Irish Primroses'
 And the kind thought it discloses.
 Also sent some photos to Alice
 Pourtraying Glion, without any malice—
 Save they forgot to bring in our Hotel,
 Which, with the English Church, looks so
 well.

21ST.

Ah, what a life were
 this! how sweet! how
 lovely!
 Gives not the hawthorn
 bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on
 their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich em-
 broider'd canopy
 To kings that fear their
 subjects' treachery?
3 Henry VI., ii. 5.

This afternoon was so gloriously hot,
 That, for me to rest, the only cool spot
 Was outside the door on the flags, in the
 shade.
 The Schleswig-Holsteiners with Coco played.
 N. went sketching in the cool glade
 Of the 'Tannen,' but of insects afraid,
 She remained but a very short time,
 Yet got in a sketch, which may be sublime.
 The colouring here is lovely—true!
 Of sunset rays, striped pink and blue,
 On the mirror below. Till the daylight flew
 Coco, on side balcony, had much fun
 With the school-children and the pretty black
 one.

The weary sun hath made
 a golden set,
 And by the bright track
 of his fiery car,
 Gives token of a goodly
 day to-morrow.
Richard III., v. 3.

22ND.

Nannie writing to Tom and his wife in the
 morn,
 Hoping they'd rejoice their sisters forlorn;
 Informing them of best ways and means
 Of journeying through most beautiful scenes.

My life is spann'd
 already:
 I am the shadow of poor
 Buckingham,
 Whose figure this instant
 cloud puts on,
 By darkening my clear
 sun.—My lord, fare-
 well.
Henry VIII., i. 1.

25TH.

Afternoon, we started to the green field,
 For a shady tree from the sun to shield.
 There we encamped beneath a fruit-tree.

Would I had wings to
follow it.—Come, and
be true.

Thou bidd'st me to my
loss; for, true to thee,
Were to prove false,
which I will never be,
To him that is most true.

Cymbeline, iii. 5.

Why stand we like soft-
hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles
the foe doth rage,
And look upon, as if the
tragedy

Were play'd in jest by
counterfeiting actors?

Henry IV., ii. 3.

I read 'A Peerless Wife,' until we see
The Schleswig-Holsteiners crossing the grass.
We sat and talked in the shade, till, alas!
The mountain train comes puffing along.
I tried to hold Coco, but was not strong
Enough to keep him, he rose on the wing,
Following the train in majestic swing;
'Für einen Augenblick sind wir erstarrt,'
As we see him, so swiftly and calmly depart.
Then Nannie, Louisa, and Monsieur dart
With one consent to seek him. My heart
Seems to stand still, I can hardly sigh,
As I see him over the walnut-tree high,
Gracefully, easily, and slowly fly.
But I know N. will her uttermost try,
To have him back. One thing she has done—
Mademoiselle Julie departs alone,
To the Post Office to telephone,
In the brightest and hottest sun,
To Territet, and also to Montreux;
To the Gendarmerie, to advertise too.
All Glion is in an excited state;
The bird was well known; all anxiously wait.
Nan offered 20 francs as reward,
And at last Coco was caught by a guard,
Or rather a stoker, from the same train—
He had noticed his flight and seen our pain.
He climbed a high tree, and not in vain;
He caught our pet, but descending again,
Coco bit him so hard that the blood came.
Mine Host thought at first ten francs would
suffice;
When we heard what he said, we thought it
not wise,
So twenty was given, and he promised to share
It with *les autres* who showed him where
Coco was, but who were too frightened to
climb.

We heard that *les autres* received something in time.

And on this couple drop
a blessed crown.

For it is you that have
chalk'd forth the way

Which brought us hither !
—O rejoice

Beyond a common joy,
and set it down

With gold on lasting
pillars.

Tempest, v.

Sir, it is the king's most
sweet pleasure and
affection, to congratulate the princess at
her pavilion in the posteriors of this day,
which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Love's Labour's

Lost, v. i.

There rooted betwixt
them then such an
affection.

Winter's Tale,

i. i.

There was joy in all hearts ; bright was our
maid,

Whose eyes sparkled so, when she came and
said

That Coco was found. The villagers all

Sympathize much, so brightly they call

Coco ' Papa,' and many pet names

All of which Coco with certainty claims.

As we descend to our *table d'hôte*

We are congratulated, as with one vote.

When our poor, frightened bird,

Had recovered himself, it occurred

To Nannie to say, ' Oh, Coco ! where were you,
my boy ?'

' La-bas, sur les arbres,' laughing with joy,

He answered quietly, but content to be safe,

And from those who so loved him, ne'er to
escape.

N. took Coco and clipped part of his wing,

So that in future he might not swing

Himself off, in a terrible fright,

And leave us all in such direful plight—

Our perfect darling, who gives all delight.

He was so nervous, this fine afternoon,

That each noise he heard, startled him soon,

And to Nannie or me he turned himself round

To hide from the very faintest sound—

The noise of a cart, beast, or bird—in fact,

With nerves disturbed, he was almost cracked.

29TH.

A letter from Milly to Annabel,

The happy and joyful news to tell,

That she and Tom have a fortnight, to dwell

With us at Glion, in *Midi-Hôtel*.

MAY 6TH.

Nannie pathetically plays on the zither,
 All through this day's rain and Gewitter ;
 The Rev. C. B. Huleat called early,
 He told N. he was puzzled, fairly,
 For help at the harmonium : his wife
 Promised to play if he could not contrive
 To have someone else. Would N. assist
 His wife with the singing? She could not
 resist,
 So at five o'clock she went to the church,
 Meeting his wife and him in the porch.

Mariner: All lost! to
 prayers, to prayers! all
 lost!

Boatswain: What! must
 our mouths be cold?

Gonsalo: The king and
 prince at prayers! let
 us assist them.

For our care is as theirs.
Tempest, i. 1.

10TH.

And to thee, and thy
 company, I bid
 A hearty welcome.

Tempest, v. 1.

All are intent on decoration,
 Till it is time to go to the station,
 Dr. Spannenberg brought narcissi twice,
 Which with the pictures hung, makes our room
 nice.
 Tom and Milly arrive in time for supper,
 We sit at the side, they at the upper
 End of the table ; we were all merry,
 The Doctor and Trautmann also—very.
 Later, we sat and talked in our room,
 The lamp being lighted, shut out the gloom.
 Milly retired at eleven to bed,
 Tom remained with us, till we read.

Herr Lehmann-Hirsch left at twelve o'clock,
 With governess and child, causing a shock
 To Nannie, who fears he was offended
 That he at table, *eine Stufe* descended.
 But all said : ' No ! it was only the cold
 That made him feel ill, and on his health told.'
 He truly looked wretched all yesterday,
 Blue with the cold, the colour of clay.

What things are these,
my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Tempest, v. 1.

Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd
in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day:
call it my fear
That keeps you in the
house, and not your
own.

We'll send Mark Antony
to the senate-house.

Julius Cæsar, ii. 2.

He changes hotels twice in the week,
In each new one more comfort to seek.
Poor man, he is rich, perhaps a Jew,
Who knows not what with his money to do.

12TH.

Nan and Tom walked, Mill and I drove;
The driver himself was like a wee dove—
Looked about ten years of age at the most,
But of self-confidence he well could boast.

The drive up to Caux reminded me somewhat
Of the road to St. Valliere, that favoured spot,
Where we looked down on Cannes far below,
Saddened to think that from it we must go.
Here it is only a miniature scene—
Like a Maid of Honour to a great Queen.

15TH.

Milly, Nannie, Tom, and Dr. S.
Walked to Soucier; him, parting, they bless
For his guiding their way so far.
They proceed then to Château Chatelard.
Shopping in Clarens and in Montreux,
Bought a wedding gift, which we hope will do
For Mabel Vidal, a table and chair.
Only hope they may please the happy pair!
Both were of walnut wood, sweetly inlaid—
A deer in the centre, round which Edelweiss
played.

The chair is a gift from 'Tomilly' to Mabel;
From Nannie and me the pretty table.
A nice blue box Mill bought for Mie-Mie,
And a *Bücherbrett*, Tom, for Consul Français.
On returning they missed the *funiculaire*,
And had to walk up in the sun's burning glare.

Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide
us!

Pericles, iii. 2.

Mislike me not for my
complexion,
The shadow'd livery of
the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neigh-
bour and near bred.

*Merchant of
Venice, ii. 1.*

Afternoon, Mill and Tom went to Rocher de Naye,
While we watched their train go puffing away.

18TH.

At six o'clock Dr. S. packed and left
For Berne, et cetera ; now all are bereft
Of a wise Christian man, who never spoke ill
Of his friends or neighbours, though suffering still
From his throat ; homeward he must wend his way.

Crossing the sea from
England into France,
This fellow here, with
envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the
rose I wear !
Saying, the sanguine
colour of the leaves
Did represent my mas-
ter's blushing cheeks.
1 *Henry IV.* iv. 1.

Fräulein T. quizzed him that he could not stay
For his *Allerletzte Vorstellung* here,
Like the great singers, who hold themselves dear.

20TH.

Our party starts in the train for the glen,
On to St. Maurice, passing Bex's Fen.
They returned here in time for *table d'hôte*.
It seemed of the dogs they took good note ;
The great Bernhardiners they enjoyed the most,
And the pedigrees long of which they could boast.

23RD.

Tom and Mill left in the *funiculaire* ;
Nannie accompanied them until there.
The Connors were both expected here—
The telegram sent, by negligence sheer,
Was thrown in the *boite des lettres*, my dear.

And here we wander in
illusions,
Some blessed power de-
livered us from hence !
Comedy of Errors,
iv. 3.

24TH.

The Barrys at dinner again this eve.
Fanny writes and draws well, we believe,
Illustrating her subjects for magazines.

Among some others she writes for the Queen's
Newspaper ; we must keep a look-out.
She wrote on Sienna and thereabout. *

All the pictures, fairest
lin'd,
Are but black to Rosa-
lind.
Let no face be kept in
mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.
As You Like
It, iii. 2.

In the evening Miss Barry showed us her
sketch

Of the mother and child ; it is certain to fetch
Much admiration and recompense too.

The mother, in native costume, will do ;
The child—a sweet babe—sits on her knee
On the step of the cottage door, humble and
wee.

Fräulein Trautmann came too, and had a look
At the sketch which F. made on Nannie's block
book.

Fanny sat on and talked so well ;
Of London and missions much she could tell.

26TH.

Barrys left Glion, we regret to say,
In *funiculaire* the very next day.
We are sorry they're gone, especially Fanny.
The mother and child in native attire
Were later accepted by a London esquire.

If he tells us all his noble
deeds, we must also tell
him our noble accept-
ance of them.
Coriolanus, ii. 3.

28TH.

Cook's party went up the Rocher de Naye ;
Till six in the evening they stayed away—
Enjoyed very much their glorious day.
Not tired, for out in the evening they stray.
We sat and worked in the afternoon,
And, supper over, we ventured to moon.
Coco would not think of being left behind.
When he found out that we had dined—
Hearing us go to the chair, no doubt—
He stormed and shouted : ' Coco go out !'
Although so late, we had to relent,
And give him the treat on which he was bent.

29TH.

I will leave you now
to your gossip-like
humour: you break
jests as braggarts do
their blades, which,
God be thanked, hurt
not. - For your many
courtesies I thank you:
I must discontinue your
company.

*Much Ado About
Nothin.* V. 1.

Gossip from E., first-rate spy,
Whose *forte* seems to be *ausfragen* and pry.
The party, according to her, consist
Of mother, six daughters. She did not resist,
I am sure, to ask them their name and age.
We hope they were cautious, or in a rage;
We should regret if they fell into the trap
Of E.'s duplicity's wrap.
Clearly to-day, from all we could hear,
We need not for want of British wit fear.
'So you thought I was a grandmother?' said
she,
In a brisk tone, with the greatest glee.
'Oh, now,' replies E., 'I know all right.
I think, on the whole, she had had a small
fright,
For as they all on the piazza sat,
E. had no voice in the chat.
One of the girls called from window above
To Mr. Cook if he would approve
Of her coming down. 'I'd rather come up.'
Thus the wise man to the spy puts a stop.

JUNE 1ST.

Kings are no less un-
happy . . . than they
are in losing them when
they have approved
their virtues.

*Winter's
Tale*, iv. 1.

The Kennedys, Crowfoots, and Mr. Cook,
Leaving this morn towards 'Les Avants' look,
There for a longer 'short time' to sojourn.
Postmaster and wife will their passing mourn.

Afternoon, Nannie and maid Louise
Pushed up the chair much higher to please
Me with the fine view, sun and air.
Shade we found from a nice cottage there.
A woman came with her babe down the stairs

(Being built outside, they would cause some scares

To frightened mothers, seeing babes of two years

Climbing down them without any fears).

A sweet blue-eyed boy, 'as good as gold'—

So his poor mother our Nannie soon told—

... For the good report
I hear of you,

And for the love he
beareth to your daughter,

And she to him,

*Taming of the
Shrew, iv. 4.*

Picked *pour la malade* many a flower ;

With his little sister spent nearly an hour

Running to gather them—strode to and fro,

As only mountaineers can, on shoes made of
tow.

No sigh from his lips, but laughter and joy

Burst forth proudly from the grand little boy.

A babe of ten days lay in a cot—

Why be so still? here's
nobody will steal that
from thee: yet, for the
outside of thy poverty,
we must an exchange.

*Winter's
Tale, iv. 3.*

Of other furniture there seemed to be nought

But a large empty bedstead,

Some straw and a rug, and never a bed.

The babe was the mother's third child,

The blue-eyed boy her eldest, mild,

Whose name was Albert, his sister, Marie.

The father's dinner, the mother taking to him,
when free,

We installed ourselves as passing guardians

From pity for the mother and for the boy, our
love's guerdon.

2ND.

Mrs. Watts kindly some patterns lent

For children's dresses, which N. is bent

On cutting out for the dear little ones,

Who eat their dry bread as if it were buns.

Sewing all morning ; N. out after two,

Taking the dress to see if 'twould do.

Change garments with
this gentleman.
Though the penny-
worth on his side be
the worst, yet hold
thee, there's some boot.

*Winter's
Tale, iv. 3.*

5TH.

Wednesday, N. went to church at nine.

She thought the chaplain's lecture fine,

And says I must go on Friday, too,
When he takes Ezra and Nehemiah through.

10TH.

Figgon: Thus have you
heard me sever'd from
my bliss,
That by mis-fortunes was
my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my
own mishaps.

Duke: And, for the sake
of them thou sorrowest
for,
Do me the favour to
dilate at full
What hath befall'n of
them, and thee, till
now.

*Comedy of
Errors*, i. 1.

In the evening, in Reutter's Park we sit,
Reading 'Three Months 'neath the Snow'—a
fit

Place to read it, with the Jura so near!
The story was good, but gruesome and drear.

12TH.

Afternoon, Louisa went to Montreux.
Sitting in my room, I heard, 'How do you do?'
Trautmann's address to Reverend Conner.
Nannie goes down to do him honour,
Rejoicing to see him so far recovered.
His wife arrived up from Montreux,
Then had tea with our guests, and Trautmann
too.

15TH.

Most radiant, exquisite,
and unmatchable
beauty. I pray you,
tell me, if this be the
lady of the house, for I
never saw her: I would
be loath to cast away
my speech; for, besides
that it is excellently
well penned, I have
taken great pains to
con it. . . . Good
beauties, let me sustain
no scorn: I am very
comptible, even to the
least sinister usage.

Twelfth Night,
i. 5.

Thursday, 15th, it rained all the day.
We sewed and read in a diligent way.
Madame Aubisson and her Henri
Brought in kindly, to cure my *ennui*,
A radiant lovely mountain bouquet,
Culled by her husband on Rocher de Naye.

16TH.

The frock was finished and taken to the door;
It proved rather large, which was a bore;
But she could 'alter it better herself'
To fit the pretty blue-eyed elf.

N. and the Watts took the dress to Marie.
On their return, guess what did they see?
A mule and a horse, with a large cart of stones,

Roll over the bank. Strange, no broken bones
 Were the result of the terrible fall !
 The man from the heights screamed : '*Prenez
 garde !*'

Are there no stones in
 heaven,
 But what serve for the
 thunder?
Othello, v. 2.

And so they escaped the stones so hard.
 They dashed and tumbled far away,
 And none had power their course to stay.

17TH.

A letter from Milly Mulvany to-day.
 Vera to marry in November, they say.
 N. bought a bookstand for De Labillière
 On his ordination. St. Bernard dogs, typical,
 dare
 Of his office to seek and save
 Those hurrying on to a hopeless grave.
 'Fortitur, Fidelité, Felicité' their law—
 Bravely, faithfully, cheerfully, with awe.

18TH.

With Mrs. Watts and Ethel (sweet maid !)
 Read Fanny Barry's 'Soap-bubble Tales.'
 Her bright imagination through them prevails.
 Interrupted were we by T— ;
 The less said about him the better, think we !

Lovers and poets have
 such seething brains...
 Are of imagination all
 compact.
*Midsummer Night's
 Dream*, v. 1.

Sweet lines for me were copied by Ethel—
 For my troubled frame, a comforting Bethel.
 The author is unknown, so I can't give his
 name,
 But for others' pleasure insert them, all the
 same.

LINES FROM AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

I

After the joy of earth,
 After its songs and mirth,
 After its hours of light,
 After its dreams so bright,
 What then ?

VII

After the Christian's tears,
 After his fights and fears,
 After his weary cross—
 All things below but loss—
 What then ?

II

Only an empty name,
 Only a weary frame,
 Only a conscious smart,
 Only an aching heart.

VIII

Oh ! then a holy calm,
 Resting on Jesu's arm ;
 Oh ! then a deeper love
 For the pure home above.

III

After this empty name,
 After this weary frame,
 After this conscious smart,
 After this aching heart,
 What then ?

IX

After this holy calm,
 Resting on Jesu's arm ;
 After this deeper love
 For the pure home above,
 What then ?

IV

Only a sad farewell
 To a world loved too well ;
 Only a silent bed
 With the forgotten dead.

X

Oh ! then, hard work for him,
 Immortal souls to win ;
 Then Jesu's presence near,
 Death's darkest hour to cheer.

V

After this sad farewell
 To a world loved too well ;
 After this silent bed
 With the forgotten dead,
 What then ?

XI

And when the work is done,
 When the last soul is won,
 When Jesu's love and power
 Have cheered the dying hour,
 What then ?

VI

Oh ! then the judgment throne,
 Oh ! then the last hope gone,
 Oh ! then the day of wrath,
 Oh ! then the ' Second Death.'

XII

Oh ! then the Crown is given,
 Oh ! then the rest in heaven ;
 Endless life in endless day,
 Sin and death have passed away.

19TH.

News from M. F. Winslow to-day ;
 Though Lissie is absent, her spirits seem gay ;
 Like a true mother, her child's own joy
 Enlivens her heart without alloy.

Briefness and fortune
 work !—

Brother, a word : de-
 scend :—brother, I say.

My father watches.

King Lear, ii. 1.

I sat, in the forenoon, in my bath chair,
 Enjoying the view. While there,
 A carriage appears. Mr. Conner descends,
 And to me his way quickly wends.
 N. came first, then Hedwig Trautmann—
 Welcome him frankly, as bright as they can.
 He dined with us, all merry as could be,
 Then jumps up Hedwig the children to see—
 The two bonnie bairns, seven and nine,
 With handsome features, eyes dark as the
 pine ;

Gwendoline and Winifred, by name—

Both celebrated in history, as in fame.

Mrs. Conner soon appears on the scene,

And all have tea on a gooseberry green.

Then Hedwig Trautmann and Connors depart,

To visit Caux. It half broke their heart

That the pleasant picnic had been planned in
 vain.

They arranged to lodge in our hotel here,

And leave *Les Avants*, which must be drear.

So on 27th they arrive before supper,

Having appointed to take rooms on the upper.

It draws toward supper,
 in conclusion so,
 But this is worshipful
 society.

King John, i. 1.

23RD.

To Victoria Garden in my new Velocimane ;

Sat on high, watching amain,

Nurses from our 'ain counthry,'

Guarding children from far Russie.

It was *fürwahr*, a pretty sight,
 To see Nurse taking a naughty mite
 Up on her knee : ' God punishes so,'
 We heard her say, ' those who won't do
 What they are bid,' when she had given his
 head a blow ;

Hubert : I can beat it,
 boy.

Arthur : No, in good
 sooth ; the fire is dead
 with grief,
 Being create for comfort,
 to be used
 In undeserv'd extremes :
 see else yourself :

There is no malice in this
 burning coal ;

The breath of heaven
 hath blown his spirit
 out,

And strew'd repentant
 ashes on his head.

King John, iv. 1.

Look on the boy ;
 And let his manly face,
 which promiseth

Successful fortune, steel
 thy melting heart

To hold thine own, and
 leave thine own with
 him.

3 Henry VI., ii. 2.

Later we saw the repentant child
 Come up and kiss his nurse so mild.
 The children's fight was about a rag doll,
 Which made them all quite *loll* ;
 Though of real ones they had four,
 For it the boy began to roar.
 As I passed in my chair, without noise,
 I said : ' It would run over naughty boys.'
 He stopped at once, and said, quite steady :
 ' Nurse, I do not like that lady.'

25TH.

The nice French family, Willemson,
 Bid us ' Good-bye,' when dinner was done.
Nogent is near to the *Bois de Versailles*,
 Where, in a country house, they dwell.

26TH.

In Victoria Gardens, saw Valentine's golden
 lock,
 And little Albert, in his usual frock.
 Both were pleased with my shining chair,
 Polishing it with their soft fingers bare.

27TH.

This rest might yet have
 balm'd thy broken
 senses,

Which, if convenience
 will not allow,
 Stand in hard cure.—

Come,
 Thou must not stay be-
 hind.

King Lear, iii. 6.

To cheer our spirits, which are still dark,
 We wend our way to ' Hôtel du Parc' ;
 It was a private property,
 In days gone by, fair to see ;
 And all had been so well laid out
 By the owner, who, no doubt,

Had loved its terrace, trees and bowers,
 Its glasshouse, hen-house and rabbit burrows.
 He must leave them all, and when he died,
 His home was sold, which he had tried
 To make so beautiful and rare—
 Became by his death another's share.

29TH.

Sat in the morning in the garden;
 The Connors went for a trip;
 Their children played at a tea 'Laden'
 On the hill, with cakes as a tip.

And confer fair Milan,
 With all the honours, on
 my brother.

Tempest, i. 2.

30TH.

Mrs. Watts read me aloud
 The sad and fearful description
 Of the loss of Her Majesty's ship
Victoria, 400 men, with Admiral Tryon.

H.M.S. VICTORIA.

O! I have suffer'd
 With those that I saw
 suffer: a brave vessel,
 Who had no doubt some
 noble creatures in her,
 Dash'd all to pieces. O!
 the cry did knock
 Against my very heart.
 Poor souls, they
 perish'd.

Tempest, i. 2.

Not when the thunders of battle,
 Not when the shell and shot rattle
 Rolled o'er the breast of the echoing wave,
 Died the brave.
 Not when the tempest was sweeping,
 Not when the black waves were leaping
 Over the decks with Death's clutches in view,
 Died the true.

'Twas when the daytime was brightest,
 'Twas when the soft wind blew lightest
 Over the waters that peacefully gleamed,
 As they dreamed.

Proudly in majesty's beauty,
 Ready for war's direst duty,
 The guardians of Britain's sea-glory and fame
 Onward came.

Never a whisper of warning,
 Never a shadow of mourning
 Fell o'er the heart of the Admiral then
 Or his men.

Thou hast braved many
 men ; brave not me : I
 will neither be faced
 nor braved. I say unto
 thee,—I bid my master
 cut out the gown ; but
 I did not bid him cut
 it to pieces.

Tempest, i. 2.

Pacing the bridge, calmly spying,
 Watching each far signal flying,
 The mighty *Victoria* led in the van,
 'Neath his scan.

Heavens ! like an avalanche tearing,
 Heavens ! 'tis the *Camperdown* nearing.
 She comes !—oh, she comes ! God guard those
 below

From her blow !

She strikes ! Hark ! a cry of despair
 Ascends on the motionless air
 As her great plates rend, 'mid the blue sea's din
 Rushing in.

Say thou to Harry of
 England, advantage is
 a better soldier than
 rashness. Tell him, we
 could have rebuked him
 at Harfleur ; but that
 we thought not good to
 bruise an injury.

Henry V., iii. 4.

She reels ! she sinks ! No hope for them,
 No farewell shout, no requiem.
 Down ! down ! to the peace of their unmarked
 grave

Went the brave.

Widows and orphans are mourning
 Gallant men never returning.
 Britannia is weeping in sorrow and gloom
 O'er their doom.

W. ALLEN.

JULY 1ST.

Yet, sit and see ;
 Minding true things by
 what their mockeries
 be.

Henry V., iv.

Afternoon in drawing-room, some ladies and we
 Were invited by Hedwig Rev. Conner to see,
 Showing the style in which Dervishes pray
 To God and Mohammed every day.
 He went down on his knees on the carpet,
 Kissed it, and muttered, looking upward.

Finishing, rose, and stole things for the market.
And so he portrayed the *devoté* Arab as
wicked.

3RD.

We went to church, heard Rev. J. Bourdillon.
He preached from James i. 22 and 1 John v. 3,
afternoon.

Next day we met him at the Pavilion.

Balthazar: An ill singer,
my Lord.

Don Pedro: Ha? no; no;
thou sing'st well enough
for a shift.

*Much Ado About
Nothing*. ii. 3.

He begged Nan to come to the choir soon.

Ethel tried the harmonium;

The Hutchens also joined the choir.

The brother's voice had the dominion.

All went as we could desire.

4TH.

Mrs. Haycraft and we had a long talk.

She lives with her friend Lucy Blyth:

But has worn herself out by much work,

So now for rest she must try.

5TH.

The Connors left at eleven o'clock,

Giving us nice books to read,

With flowers from the mountain's rock,

And *Zittergras* enough for our need.

Two pretty gifts Nan gave away—

For Gwen a little *Staffelei*;

Winnie, she had a carved herd:

Some cows and deer and sheep.

Memory, the warder of
the brain.

Macbeth, i. 7.

All of these our memory green

In their small hearts to keep.

6TH.

Duke of York married to Princess May.

Everything was splendid and gay;

Jewels were flashing in gorgeous array,

Yet some lone hearts were mourning to-day.

God bless your grace ! we
see it, and will say it.

In saying so, you shall
but say the truth.

Then I salute you with
this royal title !

Amen.

Richard III., iii. 7.

A father and mother whose firstborn is gone
Cannot but feel saddened and lone,
Though the Duke of York has taken his place,
And married his bride for Royalty's race.

'Tis Biblical, too, for in Israel of old,
Such things were done, as we have been told.
Still to young hearts it must be sad,
Under the loss to appear most glad.

9TH.

Rev. F. Bourdillon preached from Rom. vi. 11 :
Life is passing, Eternity is coming ;

Walk more humbly, fight the battle.

Go on ; choose life, as immortal beings

Dread to be left dead at last, fatal.

For if you believe not that Jesus is God

You shall die in your sins—

That is the great Saviour's Word.

Only one life to live for Him,

Only one death to die,

And then eternity.

The eldest daughter of a London family

Was dressed for a ball. A diamond tiara

Crowned her hair. Her small sister lovingly

Threw her arms around her. 'Sissy Mia,

Will you have a jewel in your crown

When you go to heaven ?' No answer. She
looked down.

She had not thought of it before.

When at the ball the lights looked dim ;

Nothing went right. Feeling all a bore,

She ordered her carriage early. Some said, 'A
whim.'

But straight to her sister's room she went,

And woke her up. 'Your words were heaven-
sent ;

'Tis well, mistress ; your
choice agrees with
mine :

I like that well ;—nay,
how absolute she's in it,
Not minding whether I
dislike or no.

Well, I commend her
choice.

Pericles, ii. 5.

Win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours
here have stricken
down.

*King Richard II.,
v. 1.*

You'll have a jewel in your crown.
For I am coming to God, even if the world
frown.'

IOTH.

N. went to the *funiculaire* to meet
Mrs. and Florence and Ida Layard.
At Glion Hotel, in the very next street,
They alighted—only by steep ascent marred.

Custom calls me to 't :
What custom wills, in all
things should we do.
The dust on antique
times would lie unswept,
And mountainous error
be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer.—
Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and
the honour go
To one that would do
thus.

Coriolanus, ii. 3.

I sewed in the garden till Ida came
With a large book that she used as a frame
For photographs fine and rare old prints
Of Roman antiquities, in their old tints ;
Also a written description within
Of what they saw in stone, which to win,
Excavations many have been made,
Where the dust of ages had it long overlaid.

Our darling Coco in his cage, at *table d'hôte*,
Surprised us by saying, ' Open the door !'
And hearing French spoken, in *voix haute*,
Said, ' *À ta santé !* ' to delight us more.

IITH.

Mary and Cornelius van Engh came to call ;
She looked so handsome, and has grown so
tall.
Her husband is fair, Nan thinks, like ' Roses ' ;
A quiet dignity in him reposes.
They told us Mevrouw Braumann and her son
were killed
In the Mont Blanc explosion—strange *finale*
God willed :
Pastor Braumann killed at Cannes, also their
piebalds ;
The coachman nearly, too ; mother and son
badly mauled.

12TH.

By your patience, no,
My stars shine darkly
over me: the malignancy
of my fate might, perhaps,
distemper yours; therefore, I shall
crave of your leave,
that I may bear my
evils alone. It were a
bad recompense for
your love, to lay any
of them on you.

Twelfth Night,
ii. 1.

Worked in the room upstairs in the morning.
Arrival of ladies, without any warning,
With a white cockatoo fifty years old—
Plumage was ragged from meat-eating,' twas
told.

N. went to the Layards' 'Afternoon,'
And did not return from them too soon.

Florence relating to her a strange tale
Of A., which all must bewail.
She knew of Miss Hawdon and sundry in Aix;
Some that were good, while some made
mistakes.

In the evening we ventured into the garden
Of Hotel Victoria—this time no warden.

13TH.

Had a beautiful long view of the lake,
But to our terrace our return we betake.
Florence Layard, with work, joined us on that
roof,

I know so.—But, gentle
lady,
To leave this keen en-
counter of our wits,
And fall something into a
slower method.

Richard III., i. 2.

Where Coco of his wit gave a new proof.
She took him on her arm; he coquetted and
fawned.

'Why, Coco,' said she, 'I think you're a flirt.'
'No doubt of it,' replied he. On all present it
dawned,

What a glorious bird! To the point, and so
curt.

I am not married. Caesar:
let me hear
Agrippa farther speak.
To hold you in perpetual
amity,
To make you brothers,
and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot.
Antony and
Cleopatra, ii. 2.

Florence, as usual, chatty and enlivening;
She knew the Hutchens, had known them for
years;
Eleven brothers and sisters all but one
Lived in peace together till grey hairs had
come.

Their father was an Admiral, it now appears.
 They live ten miles from Reading, next Lord
 Lovelace,
 And their home is a beautiful old country
 place,
 Since Edward the Fourth it had been in their
 hands.
 Theirs reaches from the Roman road, like
 bands,
 Up to the White Horse, fifty miles, where it
 stands.
 Florence knew Mr. Conner, too, ten years ago,
 Before he had married his first wife, and so
 Repeated his words about 'going out as mis-
 sioner,'

I would not marry her,
 though she were en-
 dowed with all that
 Adam had left him
 before he transgressed.
Much Ado About
Nothing, ii. 1.

And 'never meaning to marry,' as a finisher.
 She laughed and talked till nearly ten ;
 Ethel had left long before then.

14TH.

It rained so this morn that Nan could not go
 To St. Maurice with Ethel to see the show
 Of St. Bernard pups, which they have there ;
 Mill wants one sent to Tom, she pays her
 share
 As a birthday present ; a risk, we fear,
 Sending so far, distemper may make dear.

15TH.

Ida came this morning and sat awhile,
 Showed more of her journal, a neat compile
 Of prints and photos of buildings and faces,
 Some portraits of Saints, Kaisers, and Graces.

If there were reason for
 these miseries,
 Then into limits could I
 bind my woes.
 When heaven doth weep,
 doth not the earth o'er-
 flow?
 If the winds rage, doth
 not the sea wax mad,
 Become a deluge, over-
 flow'd and drown'd?
Titus Andronicus,
 iii. 1.

16TH.

Disappointment for Ethel and Nannie again ;
 All the long morning down poured the rain.

To think of St. Maurice would not be sane,
And the dog may be late if sent by the train.

17TH.

Happy newness, that in-
tends old right.

King John, v. 4.

Early had a visit ; Pastor Blech stayed
Till after six, his wife was too tired ;
Had been to *Les Avants*, which they admired ;
Next they may go to Rocher de Naye.
The Pastor looks brighter and younger, I say !

18TH.

The heavens are blue, the sun shining bright,
A fact in which bridal parties delight.
An eagle seen soaring high in the air ;
At last Ethel and Nan start for the fair
At St. Maurice ; may their mission be
Crowned with success and felicity.
They return, ere supper chime,
Delighted with their charming time ;
The dogs and the grotto which they had seen
They'll not forget so soon, I ween ;
The galleries, lake, and stalactites ;
The 'Gentian,' so strong from the nuns, gave a
fright.

They shall be praying
nuns, not weeping
Queens ;

And therefore level not
to hit their lives.

Richard III., iv. 4.

19TH.

Nan wrote to Tom—and I added mine—

He has no more direc-
tions in the true dis-
ciplines of the wars,
look you, of the Roman
disciplines, than has a
puppy dog.

Henry V., iii. 2.

The hope that the pup may arrive fresh and
fine,
And bring honour to St. Bernard's race,
When she grows up, be no disgrace.

20TH.

Nannie gave Louisa her discharge,
As respectable, honest, and could enlarge
On her qualities as linguist good ;
She will get on if she acts as she should.

21ST.

Louisa had leave for the day to seek
A situation. May she learn to be meek.
She left for the place accordingly soon ;
I was up and dressed long before noon.

22ND.

To Mary Frances wrote a short letter,
Thanking for Bride's photo, so much better
Than any we have previously seen ;
She looked like the Louise of our good Queen.

The Layards, Mr. Bourdillon, Watts, and Nan
Went to the church to move the harmonium
Down to the door, where Florence played,
Till the storm, which had kindly delayed,
Came rushing over across the lake,
Ere Mrs. Watts, Madame, or I could escape.
The singers in church saw not the warning,
Till the water ran down, the road adorning.
Louisa and Adolph took cloaks and shawls,
To bundle them up, like so many balls.
Mr. Bourdillon disdained the shawl,
Preferring to wait till the rain ceased to fall.

23RD.

Monday, Mrs. Layard, Ida, and Nan
Left early to walk to *Les Avants*.
Nannie returned with a grand complexion,
So red, it was quite beyond conception ;
But ill effects from it she did not feel,
Though the bright colour faded after the grill.
Mr. Bourdillon came to speak from the Post—
Lamented, perhaps, the walk he had lost.

... And to be on foot at
an hour's warning.
I am joyful to hear of
their readiness, and am
the man, I think, that
shall set them in present
action. So, sir, heartily
well met, and most glad
of your company.

Coriolanus, iv. 4.

Mrs. Layard and Ida called, afternoon,
 They left newspaper from Mr. Bourdillon.
 The news, however, we should read first,
 About the collision, was far the worst ;
 On which was held a court-martial of war—
 On the *Victoria*, many a brave tar
 Sank, with the sinking ship, 'neath the wave ;
 And though so rash, poor Tryon, the brave,
 Saluted gently as he sank in his grave.

Cloron : But to make an
 end of the ship:—To
 see how the sea flap-
 dragoned it;—but, first,
 how the poor souls
 roared, and the sea
 mocked them;—and
 how the poor gentle-
 man roared, both roar-
 ing louder than the sea,
 or weather.

Shepherd : Name of
 mercy ! when was this,
 boy ?

Cloron : Now, now ; I
 have not winked since
 I saw these sights ; the
 men are not yet cold
 under water.

Winter's Tale,
 iii. 3.

I shall th' effect of this
 good lesson keep,
 As watchman to my
 heart. But, good my
 brother,

Do not, as some un-
 gracious pastors do,
 Show me the steep and
 thorny way to heaven
 . . .
 And recks not his own
 read.

Hamlet, i. 3.

25TH.

Louisa rose at half-past four o'clock
 In Victoria to seek. She had a shock,
 The gardener to see, hiding behind a tree,
 Watching her movements curiously.
 We sent her back quickly, to tell him why
 She was so early, he had no need to spy.
 He promised that he and his helper would search,
 When sweeping the gravel with their long
 birch.

As she returned, lo and behold !
 In raising the carpet, the brooch fell from the
 fold.

Later, in garden, working, Ida too,
 At a black and white dress, quite new.
 Coco was the attraction of all,
 Who came to the garden or Post to call.

26TH.

The strangers and Nannie sang and played,
 In the drawing-room, and photographs showed,
 Poor Madame Fourchon, of her son whom she
 lost—

Second Secretary in the French Embassy
 In Constantinople, where the decree
 Of death went forth. She now is almost alone,
 Since thirteen years her dear son has gone.

I do note,
 That grief and patience,
 rooted in him both,
 Mingle their spurs to-
 gether.

Grow, patience !
 And let the stinking elder,
 grief, untwine
 His perishing root with
 the increasing vine !

Cymbeline, iv. 2.

27TH.

I rose early this Saturday,
 So that Louisa should have no delay
 In going to-morrow to Geneva away ;
 There may she find some nice place, we pray,
 Not too much trouble and very good pay.
 The Rev. Francis Bourdillon
 Joined me in the garden,
 He gave the books he had promised before
 To Nannie this morning, when at the Post
 door.

I had thought
 They had parted so much
 honesty among them
 (At least good manners),
 as not thus to suffer
 A man of his place, and
 so near our favour,
 To dance attendance on
 their lordships'
 pleasures,
 And at the door, too, like
 a post with packets.
Henry VIII., v. 2.

28TH.

Nannie dressed me before half-past ten,
 Julie helped me on the balcony then,
 Rev. B. called and gave me a package, and
 tells
 How he thought we must be relations
 Of his ' Mulvanys of Tunbridge Wells '—
 His dearest friends of all the nations.

And yet I must remember
 you, my lord.
 We were the first and
 dearest of your friends.
 For you my staff of office
 did I break
 In Richard's time ; and
 posted day and night
 To meet you on the way,
 and kiss your hand.
Henry IV., v. 1.

30TH.

Luke xvi. 8, and Matt. xv., twenty-third verse :
 The last sermons from our kind chaplain.
 He came to take leave, on his part terse,
 With us he prayed and read, not in vain,
 Psalm 21st, of which here I take note,
 And for such pastors give my vote.
 Nannie goes to the ' Glion ' to ascertain
 As to what the Layards did restrain,
 From coming to church—scarcely the rain !
 She returned in haste, seeing it was plain
 They were *hors de combat* with packing strain.

AUGUST 2ND.

Mrs. Layard and daughters came round
 To bid us farewell. Nan went to see them
 start,

Look, with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more
 removed ground :
 I do not set my life at a
 pin's fee ;
 And, for my soul, what
 can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal
 as itself ?
 It waves me forth again :
 —I'll follow it.

Hamlet, i. 4.

Ethel, Maud, and I to Victoria ground,
 To wave to the *funiculaire* as they part.
 But I have neglected one thing to relate :
 That N. and girls went to sing in state
 In church, where they met this month's pastor
 And his two ladies ; his name is Gilmore.

8TH.

Madame Fourchon wants a group photograph,
 But not without Nannie, parrot, and cockatoo.
 Very unwillingly N. laughs, but looks blue.
 This morning all were early out,
 Starting at nine or thereabouts,
 At Montreux a farewell photograph
 To take, which, we'll hope, won't make all
 laugh.

Madame Fourchon and Ethel returned in the
 train

With the two parrots ; ours felt the strain
 Of being carried and swung from the station—
 Jealous, too, of the cockatoo's portion.
 Madame Buchsel, Mrs. Watts, and we
 Play Halma for the last time after tea.
 When all together we could not refuse
 To drink their health in the last Chartreuse
 The Watts had brought as gift, also—guess ?
 For Switzerland so useful—a flower-press,
 For samples of beautiful wildflowers,
 Which over this land are scattered in showers.

No! Saw you not a
 troop
 Invite me to a banquet :
 whose bright faces
 Cast thousand beams
 upon me, like the sun ?
 . . . Do you note,
 How much her grace is
 alter'd on the sudden ?
 How long her face is
 drawn ? How pale she
 looks,
 And of an earthy cold ?
 Mark her eyes !

Henry VIII., iv. 2.

O! if thou grant my
 need,
 Which only lives but by
 the death of faith.
 That need must needs
 infer this principle,
 That faith would live
 again by death of need ;
 O! then, tread down my
 need, and faith mounts
 up ;
 Keep my need up, and
 faith is trodden down.

King John, iii. 1.

12TH.

In the afternoon a letter again
 From Tom : Fagerlins have now the pain
 Of losing their invalid daughter.
 May we hope, after the sad, weary life,
 After the constant suffering and strife,
 She has entered the heavenly rest—
 Her spirit free, and with the blest.

14TH.

We gave Madame Fourchon her own photograph,

Which on first reading might make one laugh,
Only her niece, the Watts, and Nan being on.

16TH.

So ill from heat that I fainted away,
And could not descend to *déjeuner*.

Sat out at the door to get some fresh air,

Thus was able to go down to supper.

A letter from Mrs. Carlisle to me

With proposals for Louisa to see.

She wrote to Mrs. Carlisle to say

She was willing to accept her terms and stay

For a week on trial, to see if she'd suit,

And come to Interlaken, her lady to meet.

17TH.

Again a scorching, fiery hot day ;

Hundstage we surely may say.

Madame Rebul and her daughter came to show

The latter's sketches ; they were clever, too.

O ! that delightful engine
of her thoughts,
That blabbed them with
such pleasing elo-

quence,
Is torn from forth that
pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet
melodious bird, it sang
Sweet varied notes, en-

chanting every ear.
Titus Andronicus,
iii. 1.

In the evening Mesdames Fourchon and Buchsel

Joined us in our room with mademoiselle.

The latter with Nan a game of draughts plays,

While Fourchon with Buchsel at *bélique* stays,

And also the cockatoo on her shoulder.

To amuse our bird, alone in next room,

Louisa turns his cage that he might behold her.

We knew not of it. To our jealous bird it was
no boon.

At two in the night he tapped to wake Nannie,
Who found him not well.

Lucius : O ! say thou for
her, who hath done
this deed ?

Marcus : O ! thus I
found her straying in
the park,
Seeking to hide herself,
as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some
unrecuring wound.

Titus Andronicus,
iii. 1.

18TH.

I cannot do it: yet I
 know no cause
 Why I should welcome
 such a guest as grief,
 Save bidding farewell to
 so sweet a guest.
King Richard II.,
 ii. 2.

The bird is dead,
 That we have made so
 much on. I had rather
 Have skip'd from six-
 teen years of age to
 sixty . . .
 Than have seen this.
Cymbeline, iv. 2.

Next day still ill, and *elle a promis*
 To go to Montreux through the fatiguing dell,
 Her heart bleeding and sore for our pet.
 Meanwhile, darling Coco was badly off ;
 The poor bird suffered much pain and fret.
 Nan sat up all night, with him wrapped in fur,
 But as Sunday dawned he was no more.

His only piteous words those weary hours were
 'Coco ! Coco ! Coco !' With bitter tears she
 buried him
 Beside the little church, as the bell rang
 For the early French congregation,
 'Neath the shade of a small yew-tree.
 How often he had sung joyfully as that bell
 rang
 Which was to sound his parting knell !

O ! your desert speaks
 loud : and I should
 wrong it,
 To lock it in the wards of
 covert bosom,
 When it deserves with
 characters of brass
 A fortified residence
 'gainst the tooth of
 time,
 And rasure of oblivion.
Measure for
Measure, v. 1.

His last conversation, some days before,
 So wonderful. When Nan said, 'Coco, they
 would scold you !'
 'Would they ?' he answered. 'Je ne le crois
 pas !'
 'Oh, but they would !' she continued (it is quite
 true).
 'Es ist nicht wahr,' replied he to his Nanna.

20TH.

We stayed to sacrament, and dined upstairs,
 And went later to Victoria Gardens. It was so
 hot.
 Nannie lay down on the bench while I read of
 life's cares

In the *Church World Pulpit* sermons, but not forgot

That precious bird, never while life lasts—not
For a thousand pounds would we have sold our pet.

21ST.

Madam, your majesty is
too much sad :
You promis'd, when you
parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming
heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful
disposition.

King Richard II.
ii. 2.

Madame Fourchon, Nannie, and Demoiselle
Valère

Went down at three to Territet.

N. priced hotels of different *genre*,

In case we could not stay any longer.

We miss kind Coco at every turn,
And his loving greeting ; we feel so forlorn.
Whenever we'd been out, his welcome so true
Was in tenderest *Tonfall*, ' Oh, is that you ?'
It is as if we had lost a friend ;
His ways were all so loving and kind,
He had himself round all our hearts entwined,
And we feel so sad, we surely *must* mind.

No, no ; I will rob Tellus
of her weed,
To strew thy grave with
flowers : the yellows,
blues,
The purple violets, and
marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang
upon thy grave,
While summer days do
last. Ah me, poor
maid !

Born in a tempest, when
my mother died,
This world to me is like
a lasting storm,
Whirling me from my
friends.

Pericles, iv. 1.

Wrong, some will say, to miss a bird so ;
But none that our bird knew, our bright Coco,
So gentle, so bright, withstood his ' *Bon soir !*'
And then again his kind ' *Au revoir !*'

22ND.

Sat with Madame Fourchon and mademoiselle
In their room talking a short spell.
Asked her to sign photo of Pont de Pierre,
Which she gave me to *faire plaisir*.
They left with Nannie and Madame Buchsel,
Who saw them off to Paris, where they dwell—
Too late, alas ! for jealousy of their bird left
Us of our unreplaceable darling bereft.

¹ To die even when they
to perfection grow.
Twelfth Night.

24TH.

In the evening played Halma with Madame Buchsel.

The Algerian young lady is very unwell,
Has bad fever and cannot rest—
Pains so violent, a severe test.

26TH.

Beshrew me, but I love
her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can
judge of her,
And fair she is, if that
mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she
hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like her-
self, wise, fair, and
true,
Shall she be placed in
my constant soul.

*Merchant of
Venice, ii. 6.*

Madame Jourdain's young cousin, lovely Blanche,

Does not seem better of her malaria yet,
So it has been wisely decided that they
Should descend from Glion next Sunday,
Where they will be nearer doctor's aid,
As of danger madame's much afraid.

SEPTEMBER 1ST.

Sir, I have upon a high
and pleasant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be
thron'd: the base o'
the mount

Is rank'd with all deserts,
all kind of natures,
That labour on the
bosom of this sphere,
To propagate their states:
Ay, marry, what of these?
When Fortune, in her
shift and change of
mood,

Spurns down her late
belov'd, all his de-
pendents,
Which labour'd after him
to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and
hands, let him slip
down,
Not one accompanying
his declining foot.

*Timon of Athens,
i. 1.*

For Caesar cannot live
To be gentle. . . . Go,
and say . . .
. . . Give her what com-
forts

The quality of her pas-
sion shall require,
Lest in her greatness by
some mortal stroke
She do defeat us.

*Antony and
Cleopatra, v. 1.*

Our 'English' neighbours turned out to be
German—

Mina Sach's sisters posing as *Landsmann*.

They disliked Cousin Caroline and her school,
Where in Düsseldorf they had to submit to her
rule.

Our Berlin neighbour, Herr Bernecke,
To Nannie had much to say
On German *Klassiker* and Goethe.

'If only no Puritan had e'er had sway,
How happy would he be!' Bravely and gay
Nan answered: 'I only wish we had some
to-day!'

2ND.

At dinner to-day we had some fun,
Nannie posing again the Berliner Don
On a question she was well posted upon—
Namely, the well-known Israelite one.

He spoke of grapes in Palestine, now the same
 As when the Jews entered that land of fame.
 'Jews? There were none then,' quoth Nan ;
 For mischief this said, his chagrin to scan :
 For his conceit was unbounded,
 And his *von oben herab* underbred.
 The delight of Hebrews at table was good
 to see.
 To the Don's horror they clapped with glee,
 And after that very grumpy was he—
 Naturally so, for a judge he should be.

4TH.

A letter from mademoiselle about bird.
 I could not help tears when I heard the word.
 'A new one' can never our Coco replace,
 But Madame Fourchon shows kindness and
 grace
 In searching for one with so much care.
 They seem to have found 'a bird young and
 rare.'
 Nannie wrote by return to Philé Valère,
 Thanking her for their goodness and trouble,
 Hoping good fortune would repay them double.

7TH.

Louisa left Glion at half-past seven—
 Dawdled so long 'twas well, she was even
 In time for the far-famed *funiculaire*—
 With only hand luggage, however, got there.

Miss Aldworth lent us the *Cork Constitution*,
 With a fine account of the last motion
 Moved by the President of Primrose League,
 Lady Aldworth would put an end to intrigue.

If I have too austere
 punish'd you,
 Your compensation makes
 amends; for I
 Have given you here a
 third of mine own life,
 Or that for which I live;
 whom once again
 I tender to thy hand. All
 thy vexations
 Were but my trials of thy
 love, and thou
 Hast strangely stood the
 test: here, afore
 Heaven,
 I ratify this my rich gift.
Tempest, iv. 1.

8TH.

The Paris parrot came, before I rose,
 Splendidly packed—two cages inclose.
 His friendly first words, before released from
 his den,

We (gratefully bowing) 'Ça va bien ?'
 His colour's the same as our sweet Coco ;
 A gentle bird, too, but I do not know
 If he'll be so witty as our dear bird,
 Of whose loss we feel so hard to be cured.
 'Moses,' when he first saw him, grew cheery,
 Thinking poor Finch 'twas, his old friend so
 merry.

My liege, the wound that
 bred this meeting here
 Cannot be cur'd by
 words ; therefore be
 still,

3 *Henry VI.*, ii. 2.

10TH.

A letter from Louisa arrived in the eve,
 Which we were rather glad to receive.
 She had arrived in Interlaken right.
 Mrs. Carlisle and daughter, coming that night,
 Start for Meiringen the very next day,
 From thence to Lindau, on Constance See,
 Then on to Munich, to see Wagner's play,
 Where her basket may be sent if she should
 stay.

Your brother kings, and
 monarchs of the earth,
 Do all expect that you
 should rouse yourself,
 As did the former lions of
 your blood.

Henry V., i. 2.

14TH.

There were not many at *déjeuner* :
 The Judge and the Sachs were away.
 While at dinner, a wasp stung me ;
 I felt rather faint, it was sickening, you see.

16TH.

The two Miss Sachs, shades of Düsseldorf's
 past,
 Bade us good-bye, and to the very last
 Showed their vaunted coolness ; just till six,
 They sat and crocheted, as if it were *nichts*

Such shaping fantasies,
 that apprehend
 More than cool reason
 ever comprehends.

*Midsummer Night's
 Dream*, v. 1.

That in so short a time they for Paris must
start ;
But such strong beings no pain have in heart—
They are 'not nervous,' have no palpitation,
For they belong to the grand German nation.

20TH.

The two Swiss sisters left with the small child ;
They had nearly two days of time beguiled
Since the famed Magistrate left for Berlin ;
To remain *après lui* would be a sin.

22ND.

And knowing this king-
dom is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left
without a roof
Soon will to ruin fall,
your noble self,
That best know'st how to
rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto—
our sovereign.

Pericles, ii. 4.

A *Times* came this morning from Tom.
We rejoice indeed it has come,
To keep us a little in touch with the world,
And to find that 'Home Rule' by the Lords
may be hurled.

23RD.

A letter from Mrs. Watts, this morn,
Saying they know we must feel forlorn
Without dear Coco, our bird so sweet.
In the lodgings they're at, they have such a
treat
In a parrot, too, who can clearly speak
All sorts of clever things, bark, mew, and
squeak.
During breakfast he kept them in fits of
laughter,
By holding a conversation all the time.
He walked into their room, calling out 'Hallo !'
After
Saying, 'I'm going in the kitchen,' fearing the
grime,
Says, 'No, I'm going upstairs,' and knocked

At the door of a gentleman, who taking no notice,

Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring
a wretched lady?
Henry VIII., iii. 1.

He knocked again. 'Oh!' said the man,
shocked,

'You vagabond!' 'Oh!' said Polly gratis,
'You miserable old sinner!' and walked in.
If he sees one take up a stick, rating like tin,
Says 'Put down that stick,' and so on,
Hundreds of other things, and 'God save the
Queen.'

Our 'Baby Coco' has steps on his *perchoir*
Made by a clever Swiss carpenter.

24TH.

We sat in the garden to keep ourselves cool.
We found at the head of our steps a row
Of railway tickets; we could not know
Who left them there, they bore date of to-day,
Being return tickets from Rocher de Naye.
Later, as the Algerians discovered,
Left as proof that Blanchette was recovered.
We took 'Baby Coco' down to *déjeuner*;
He enjoyed it, poor bird, for he's not mad to-day.

Look to the lady.—O!
she's but o'erjoy'd.
Early in blust'ring morn
this lady was
Thrown on this shore. . .
Found there rich jewels;
recover'd her, and
plac'd her
Here.

Pericles, v. 3.

We went to Victoria and sat under a tree,
'Bébé Coco' with us, to teach him, you see!
He showed he was quick, seeing a crow on the
tree.

25TH.

Un jour, si beau! si claire! si parfait!
A card from Frank, and *un pamphlet*,
How to *soigner notre beau perroquet*.
We descend as usual to *déjeuner*,
Remaining *en jardin*, *quelque temps après*.
Lulu playing with Coco Bébé.

Study is like the heaven's
glorious sun,
That will not be deep-
search'd with saucy
looks:

Small have continual
plodders ever won,
Save base authority from
others' books.

These earthly godfathers
of heaven's lights,
That give a name to
every fixed star,
Have no more profit of
their shining nights,
Than those that walk,
and wot not what they
are.

Too much to know is to
know nought but fame:
And every godfather can
give a name.

*Love's Labour's
Lost, i. i.*

Post had arrived ! Nannie's work is not done,
Lady's maid ! housemaid ! for a lady no fun.
Having time, we sent a word home,
Thanking for Pempelfort glasshouse grapes
come.

27TH.

News for Nan from Blonde Wilkinson,
Written at Château d'Oex, where she had gone.
Nannie and I, ' Baby Coco,' and Joe,
Upon the hill for a promenade go.
All looked so well after the rain,
Clouds nestling around *montains*,
The effect on the lake was *à merveille*,
Like a triple sun sinking, *à couche de Soleil*.

OCTOBER 2ND.

Ten kilos of grapes fetched by our host,
Who, besides being that, is our cook and *chef
de Poste*

And Nannie's adviser, in shares *Rocher de
Naye* ;

He has a number himself, and runs out every
day,

To see if profitably filled are the trains.

But *à propos* of the grapes, he's a man with
brains !

We send two boxes to Pempelfort ;

They seem to be sweet and a very good sort.

Nan's busy, arranging and weighing,

That there may be no delaying.

5TH.

Snow creeping down on the mountain's side,
I fear we shall see it here, if we abide,
Before we can for Geneva start—
The thought of which freezes my heart.

. . . Of hostile paces :
those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors
of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one
substance bred,
Did lately meet.

Henry IV., i. i.

*Taming of the
Shrew, i. i.*

The cold is making so many ill ;
 Madame Reuther is confined to bed still ;
 Emily's sister is in danger of her life ;
 She has been called there, but without strife.
 She can't get away, for Madame's in danger,
 And Emily is a most useful arranger.

10TH.

Mrs. Henry Erskine Gedge called to-day ;
 They are the Gedges of Grasse, they say.
 She has come straight from her mother at home,
 To join Reverend Gedge, for October, at
 Glion.

'Tis pride that pulls the
 country down,
 Then take thine auld
 cloak about thee.

Othello, ii. 3.

Afternoon, Nannie took her famed velvet
 cloak—

Louisa and Annie's standing joke.

Well, she went to the cottage ; the stillness no
 sound broke.

She wished to give it to Albert's *grand-mère*,
 Another Albert had (spite the scoff) admired it
gar sehr.

On returning, however, she met his *grand-père*,
 And gave it to him to give to his wife,
 Who may keep it herself for her life,
 Or make it up into clothes for small Albert,
 Which would best please his old *grand-père*.
 Madame Reuther is better, and her husband
 and child
 Are, from good spirits, nearly wild.

12TH.

We enjoy our conversation at dinner with the
 Poles—

The bridal couple, Wasintinsky, by name.

He, being intellectual, information rolls
 From his words and *bonhomie* sane.

At his wife he looks the words : ' Je l'adore,'

They have been at a great
 feast of languages, and
 stolen the scraps.

*Love's Labour's
 Lost*, v. 1.

Let me speak a little,
This youth, that you
see here,
I snatch'd one half out of
the jaws of death ;
Reliev'd him with such
sanctity of love,
And to his image, which,
methought, did pro-
mise
Most venerable worth,
did I devotion.

Twelfth Night,
iii. 4.

And her bright face says : ' Be it so evermore.'
They have been to Vevey to visit their aunt's
grave,

But had not come in time the tombstone to
save.

It had been *wegggeschafft* already this spring--
Thirty years being past there was left not a
thing.

Ah me ! it reminds us of the law Continental,
That makes such a purchase quite incidental.

15TH.

Packing and sending our trunks to the train,
Then dined with the Poles once again.

They leave for Vevey *en route* for Genève
To-morrow at eight, we believe.

We bade Herr Reuther and Julia farewell.

Joseph comes with us as porter to dwell
In Herr Niess's Victoria Hotel.

The Gedges are so good and kind ;
Without them there were few to mind.

But they came down to see us off,
And put me in the train,

Which was more than Nan and Joe could
hoffen.

We are welcomed in hotel with a home refrain,
And Albert is here, only just come.

Sent off with God's blessing by Reverend
Gedge.

We are met here by the blessing of some.

May God ever bless with mercies good Herr
Niess !

We'll never forget how his considerations
increase.

GENEVA.—17TH.

A letter from Tom, to welcome us back
To this quiet hotel, where there's no fuss,

And when I have heard
it, what blessing brings
it?
If not a present remedy,
at least a patient suf-
ferance.

Much Ado About
Nothing, i. 3.

A double blessing is a
double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a
second leave.
Vet here, Laertes?
aboard, aboard, for
shame!
The wind sits in the
shoulder of your sail,—
And you are stay'd for.
There — my blessing
with you.

Hamlet, i. 3.

Present mirth hath pre-
sent laughter;
What's to come is still un-
sure;
Youth's a stuff will not
endure.

Twelfth Night,
ii. 3.

I would cure you, if you
would but . . .

*As You Like
It*, iii. 2.

I cannot tell: long is it
since I saw him,
But time hath nothing
blurr'd those lines of
favour
Which then he wore;
the snatches in his
voice,
And burst of speaking,
were as his: I am abso-
lute
'Twas very Cloten.

Cymbeline, iv. 2.

And all seems to work on oiled wheels.
The kind *maître d'hôtel* over all rules.
Joseph may drive me in the afternoon.
Blonde Wilkinson came to call soon,
Then walked with us part of the way.
Met the Wasintinskys on the Grand Quai;
They promised to come to Victoria Hotel,
And to dine near us as well.
At six they accordingly came.
When we had dined we put in our claim
That both should return to us to tea
When they had been the shops to see.
It is almost nine when they arrive,
But neither were tired, but brisk and alive.
Had tea in our room, talked, and at ten
They went to the station *en route* for Milan.

19TH.

Nannie gave me a sweet turquoise brooch,
The form of a halberdier it doth approach.
Count Grassi and attendant come down the
stair.

He accosts us to know 'If I benefit more
From "Brown-Séquard" or change of air.'
Then he tells us he has heard of a cure
Which, he thinks, I could better endure.
I, however, doubt much if it would
Do either him or me any good.
By a waiter, who hands them to me,
I perceive at once forgotten I'll not be—
Several letters, and one from Tom and Milly.

21ST.

In crossing to the Quai du Mont Blanc,
Saw Madame Rothschild's ship pass along,
Taking its mistress for an evening steam.

The weather was superb, Mont Blanc like a dream.

It was a picture *ravissant*, for master or *déboulante*.

Happy the students, we thought or said, whose lines

Are laid here. But then we remembered, we really can't

That's a valiant flea that
dare eat his breakfast
on the lip of a lion.
Henry V., iii. 7.

Face again the winter's 'bise, with foreboding sign

Of Nannie laid down, and I half alone.

Herr Niess, kind host, from disappointment doth groan

That we have decided to leave so soon.

31ST.

Annie, arriving, showed me her gown—

A very nice black one for state wear,

Strong, good, and cheap, not likely to tear.

She wrote to her mother, I suppose to declare

She had arrived safely, with the good care

Of Mr. Crowe, who at Cologne was so kind

As to help her her carriage to find.

NOVEMBER 2ND.

While Nannie bought tickets from Cook,

The mind shall banquet,
though the body pine :
. . . And dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but
bankrupt quite the
wits.

I finished A. Keary's 'Oldbury,' that very nice book.

*Love's Labour's
Lost*, i. 1.

I wanted to see whether Stephan had not forsook

His constant Elsie. Returning from abroad,

He married her as soon as he'd of her father's death heard.

3RD.

We bade Albert and maid good-bye.

Joseph came with us to the train,

Two of the sweetest companions in the world.—
The benediction of these
covering heavens
Fall on their heads like
dew! for they are
worthy
To inlay heaven with
stars.

Cymbeline, v. 5.

But you are come . . .
And have prevented
The ostentation of our
love, which, left un-
shown,
Is often left unlov'd: we
should have met you
By sea and land, supply-
ing every stage
With an augmented
greeting.

*Antony and
Cleopatra*, iii. 6.

Where Cook's employé took the greatest pain
To make us comfortable—rolled me in chair
Up the platform, then helped me in with care.
Through the long night we smoothly rolled on,
And at last saw the beautiful dawn begun,
Where the stars fade before the rising sun.
So we safely arrived at Marseilles in the morn.
Nan sent waiter with tea, that I might feel
warm.

She telegraphed to Madame Daumas to say,
D.V., we hoped to arrive to-day.
Our lady companion, who was in the train,
Could point out Roman ruins, and further
explain

Spots of beauty about St. Raphael.

We all reached Cannes happy and well ;
Were received with pleasure by *Maître d'Hôtel*,
As well as by ' Mr. John,' *sommelier du Gouret*.
We've not the same room as we had of yore—
The one leading out on terrace by a door—
But what we have is very nice,
And many were jealous of our low price.

5TH.

Nannie and I went to the French temple. Pasteur Bonnefon preached from 1 Cor. x. 15. After lunch put Coco and Moses to ramble in different cages, better than those they had travelled in.

At lunch, I think, the story was told
Of an Englishman, with some gold,
Who ordered his soup at an hotel
In the town of Saint Raphael.

My lord, he will drive
you out of your revenge
and turn all to a merri-
ment.

2 Henry IV., ii. 4.

For this soup he had to pay
Twenty francs, as sure as day.
But for this he took revenge :

Every morning, without change,
 He sent a letter, not prepaid ;
 The same words he always said :
 'Votre soupe était bon, mais trop chère,'
 Till the landlord would declare
 No English letters he'd receive.
 So he lost—would you believe ?—
 At least one hundred francs :
 A letter he returned with thanks
 In which a rich and noble lord
 The order sent as by his word.

Beseech you, sir, be
 merry : you have cause
 (So have we all) of joy,
 for our escape
 Is much beyond our loss.
Tempest, ii. 1.

6TH.

Read and wrote in the forenoon.
 Two strangers at lunch, but they left soon ;
 They were only *passanten*, came last night.
 Arriving so late gives one a fright.
 Annie found herself at the window
 In the middle of the night ; she did not know
 How she got there. Nannie woke, too,
 Hearing some screams, knew not what to do.
 She spoke to me. I replied : ' 'Tis not possible.'
 But I never woke, and when Annabel
 Told me to-day that I had spoken,
 I never remembered once to have woken.

O that I could but call
 these dead to life !
 It were enough to fright
 the realm of France.
 Were but his picture left
 among you here,
 It would amaze the
 proudest of you all.
1 Henry VI., iv. 7.

14TH.

When going out, Monsieur Daumas we met ;
 He was beaming with joy ; he doth not regret
 Trying a lady's cure for his dear wife—
 Four doctors had cured neither brain nor life.
 Now *les bains de Tilly*, with the cold douche,
 Have helped and strengthened her ever so
 much.
 All feel a great weight has fallen away ;
 There's no more need for a *Maison de Santé*.

But for the miracle,
 I mean our preservation,
 few in millions
 Can speak like us : then,
 wisely, good sir, weigh
 Our sorrow with our com-
 fort.

Tempest, ii. 1.

We went to hear the *militaire* play
In the Place de la Liberté.

16TH.

Took the New African cure.
Returning from outing, found Mr. Brooke's
card;

I'm sorry he called, as it is hard
To be unkind by not going to hear him,
He knows not the reasons, may say: 'A whim
Prevents us,' but *n'importe*,
Such misconceptions we must support.
At Dinner Monsieur F. and family
Made a doubtful *coterie*.

And thy unkindness be
like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-
long withered flower.
Richard II., ii. 1.

19TH.

Sweet are the uses of
adversity.
As You Like
It, ii. 1.

Neither Nannie nor I felt well enough
To face the *Mistrale*, or elements rough.
'Beaucoup de moutons sont sur la mer,'
So we must take especial care
Not to catch cold lest we grow ill;
So we read the Psalms and chapters, till
It was time to go to *déjeuner*.
The sun appeared next day,
But not sufficient to tempt us to stray.
Mr. Brookes called about half-past three;
We went to the Salon, His Honour to see.

Thanks, fairest lady.
What! are men mad?
Hath nature given them
eyes
To see this vaulted arch,
and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which
can distinguish twixt
The fiery orbs above, and
the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd
beach; and can we not
Partition make with spec-
tacles so precious
Twixt fair and foul?

Cymbeline, i. 7.
The nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such
a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do't,
in which I bind,
On pain of punishment,
the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.
Antony and
Cleopatra, i. 1.

21ST.

We went to the baths, took *Bébé* Coco.
Madame Botin's laughed welcome, 'Ho, ho!'
More bridal couples at *déjeuner*,
We now have six, some grave, some gay.
This changing scene, one hardly can tell
Who comes or goes; perhaps 'tis as well.
To-day I had a nice couple next me,
And a Swedish *Herrschaft* opposite see.

23RD.

At *déjeuner*, the Norwegian pair ;
 Also the family F. were there,
 With the exception of the father,
 Who, as usual, to Nice did repair !

26TH

At French Temple Pasteur Bonnefon
 Preached ' Et ceux qui usent de ce monde
 Comme il s'usaint point
 Car la figure de ce monde passe.'

27TH.

The Norwegians, Swerdrup by name,
 Know the Lorcks, also Gudes and Lerches —
 All Düsseldorf folk of well-known fame.

Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost,
 while memory holds a
 seat

In this distracted globe.
 Remember thee ?

Yea, from the table of my
 memory

I'll wipe away all trivial
 fond records,

And thy commandment
 all alone shall live

Within the book and
 volume of my brain.

Hamlet, i. 5.

Another pair left after *déjeuner*.

The old gentleman should move up next,

But, as it happened, he flatly refused,

Which, consequently, instead of being vexed,

Was a subject which all amused,

As two spectre places were laid betwixt

The obdurate man and ourselves.

28TH.

We took a long tour past the *Allée*,

And stopped to watch the *Soros* stay

Her anchor, and be brought *tant* to land ;

The mate while directing, with cap in hand,

The Captain, with epaulets grand.

Takes off his cap, to salute from his stand.

As we turned round, Mrs. Ewing and Mr.

Brookes

In carriage drive past with friendly looks.

We wandered along the seashore,

Returning met acquaintances more,

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's
 eyes so low !

The crows, and choughs,
 and yond' tall anchor-
 ing bark,

Diminish'd to her cock ;
 her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for
 sight. The murmuring
 surge,

That on th' unnumber'd
 idle pebbles chafes.

Cannot be heard so high.

King Lear, iv. 6.

Who were interested in a new merchant ship,
Sailing into the harbour in good equip.

29TH.

A letter from Philé Valère ;
Of *Bébé Coco* she would hear,
Her *Marraine* much wishes to bear
A little less freezing winter down there.
Do we know of Pension, or Hotel ?
Paris they will leave, if of one we can tell.

... Six frozen winters
spent ;
Return with welcome
home from banishment.
Richard II., i. 3.

30TH.

Madame F. sat a short time with us ;
As she was sad, no telegram makes her worse.
She had no news ; as she went to bed,
Her eyes were swollen in her head.
Her *petite fille* doth foretell
' *Pas de nouvelles est bonnes nouvelles.*'
At *déjeuner* the F.'s did not appear ;
Poor woman, the man causes her fear.
At dinner all, though late, come in,
A stranger with them, but silent—one could
hear a pin drop.
We kept the conversation, with the help of
Captain Swerdrup,
From falling completely into stagnation.
Another stranger came to the dinner,
Sat between me and the culprit sinner,
Who, by the way, showed more discernment
Than we, for the F.'s non-payment of rent
Is quickly developing—the secret is out—
Not a sou have they paid for a month about.

No news of them? Why
so?—and I know not
what's spent in the
search. Why thou—
loss upon loss! the thief
gone with so much, and
so much to find the
thief, and no satisfac-
tion, no revenge; nor
no ill luck stirring, but
what lights o' my shoul-
ders; no sighs but o'
my breathing; no tears
but o' my shedding.
*Merchant of
Venice*, iii. i.

DECEMBER 4TH.

Afternoon, Nannie for our goal—
A drive to refresh both heart and soul—
The far point at end of *La Belle Croisette*.

But at 'Oyster Parc' found it too wet
 To proceed further, so we return,
 Over which fact I do not mourn,
 As I'm rather nervous of the sharp turns
 And the fast driving which an Englishman
 scorns.

Cheer your heart.
 Be you not troubled with
 the time, which drives
 O'er your content these
 strong necessities;
 But let determin'd things
 to destiny
 Hold unbewail'd their
 way.

*Antony and
 Cleopatra. iii. 6.*

To-morrow being Madame Swerdrup's birth-
 day,

They go to Monte Carlo to play.
 She has but twenty francs in her purse,
 Which, if she loses, she cannot reimburse;
 And yet she will thus throw it away
 Without doing good in any affray.

6TH.

A letter from Tom, giving news
 Of great preparations, and all the brews
 For *Polter-Abend*, a play to peruse,
 Or to be acted, the rest to amuse,
 Composed by *Tante Sara*, it appears.
 Naturally there will be some hearty cheers.

Let your wedding be to-
 morrow; thither will I
 invite the duke, and all
 's contented followers.

*As You Like
 It, v. 2.*

Vera Crowe to be married at Pempelfort,
 To *Capitaine Siegel*, of the German fleet.
 Hüntén, and Haast, Janson, and Haughton
 Are to be active, and shall take part in
 The international grand display.
 After four Madame Jacques appears,
 Talking French so fast that we had our fears
 We should not get to speak one single word,
 And so little practice we could not afford.

8TH.

The band played at the Gonnet, the singers sang
 fine,

They came almost always just after nine.
 The 'American King' and his young friend
 Order the musicians; on them they spend

Case ye, case ye; on with
 your visors: there 's
 money of the king's
 coming down the hill.

Henry II., ii. 2.

Much money : at times sixty francs are paid.
A lady in black, accompanied by one they said
Might be a *Dame d'Honneur* to a Queen,
Strolled into the garden to enjoy the scene.

9TH.

The morning was fine, Scott, 'American King,'
Had the music again and the singers to sing.
And lo ! behold again the *soi-disant* Empress,
And her *Dame d'Honneur* with pleasing address,
Cross the precincts of 'Gonnet de la Reine'—
The Empress with thick veil on her face again.
The Norwegians went down and the Empress
French

Begged Madame to sit down on the bench.
They spoke of the Parrot, and the one gone ;
Were told that he answered 'I could' to Nan.
Then asked could he sing as well as the tenor ?
'Madame de Joinville,' was her printed card,
'Literati de Paris.' 'Twas not very hard
To pierce through this shallow disguise,
Though it seemed enough in the Swedrups'
eyes.

There is a mystery (with
whom relation
Durst never meddle) in
the soul of state,
Which hath an operation
more divine
Than 'breath or pen can
give expressure to . . .
Farewell, my lord : I as
your lover speak ;
The fool slides o'er the
ice that you should
break.

*Troilus and
Cressida*, ii. 3.

Eugénie's face ; so who framed the lies ?

12TH.

Our favourite band was here about ten ;
The tenor sang his pet song again,
'Leise flehen, meine Lieder,'
But did not repeat it *wieder*.
Nannie showed him 'Non ti scordar di me'
And 'La Colombe' for all to essay.
When the good tenor quite understood
That they might keep them both,
'Domani,' he said, nothing loth.

O ! I cry you mercy : you
are the singer : I will
say for you. It is—
'music with her silver
sound,' because musi-
cians have seldom gold
for sounding . . .
Then music with her
silver sound,
With speedy help doth
lend redress.

*Roméo and
Juliet*, v. 5.

13TH.

Capitaine Swerdrup asked at *déjeuner*,
 When debating the mystery of yesterday,
 'Pourquoi le Roi d'Italie ne peut-il pas chanter ?'
 'Parcequ'il a perdu sa voix' (Savoy).
 A pun that might him well annoy.

15TH.

The bride and bridegroom still in hotel ;
 He, poor fellow, with toothache unwell.
 We went out later on the *Croisette*,
 And sat in the garden. Nannie did not forget
 To take out the parrot, our baby pet,
 Who on the back of my chair bravely sat.

16TH.

New arrivals here to-day appeared.
 A French Count and Countess cheered.
 By their presence at a side table,
 All those who to see them were able.
 They had accompanying them a small child.
 The bridegroom left the table, from toothache
 wild.

Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Much Ado About Nothing, ii. 2.

18TH.

A uniformed band on the terrace appeared,
 And from the people received many cheers ;
 But when the American beauty and her brother
 departed
 (Sir Sidney came for them) they were broken-
 hearted.
 They, in three carriages, on a picnic are bent ;
 We have not yet heard where they went.
 I was to oppression a very great prey,
 So we went up the *Croisette* all the way.

If, then, we shall shake
 off our slavish yoke,
 Imp out our drooping
 country's broken wing.

... *Richard II.*, ii. 1.

19TH.

Five series of musicians *avant déjeuner*.
 'Twould beggar a Prince to give them all pay.
 The Americans give freely to all ;
 If they are not here there is no ' Muse ' at all.
 Not long after Madame S. came to our door.
 We bade her welcome ; she sat and spoke
 With Madame Jacques, who makes her joke
 Over the fair, which she calls ' Abominable,
 Avec un bruit le plus formidable ;
 Qu'est que c'est que les étrangers doivent penser
 De notre goût ? Sûrement, pas enchantée.'
 Madame Swerdrup showed us her last *pièce de*
force—
 A *petit* blue jacket for her *petit fils*.

20TH.

Trust me, sweet
 Out of this silence, yet, I
 pick'd a welcome ;
 And in the modesty of
 fearful duty
 I read as much, as from
 the rattling tongue
 Of saucy and audacious
 eloquence.
 Love, therefore, and
 tongue-tied simplicity,
 In lest speak most, to my
 capacity.

Midsummer Night's
Dream, v. 1.

Christmas greetings. I wrote some in French
 To Milly, etc. To Tom there I would not
 entrench
 With aught but English greetings all.
 The French were to Milly stilted and tall.

21ST.

Baron Tuyll, his wife, maids, and man
 Are leaving this bright and beautiful Cannes
 For Nice to-morrow about mid-day.
 This evening another parting, half sad, half gay.
 Clark spoke for the first time of his wife 'so
tren.'
 Dutch boy said to Annie : ' That's *schlimm* for
 you !
Dann nimm you me. *Mynherr* is good.'
 Says Annie : ' *Nicht, heiraten selbst* if I could.'

Their parting train brought de Ponlevoy's,
 Looking quite brisk ; their arrival revives

Your flashes of merriment,
that were wont
to set the table on a
roar.

Hamlet, v. i.

Agreeable reassemblings at *Stamm Tisch*.
The Deputy racy, intellectual, *practisch* ;
Both he and madame fascinating, refined—
Great acquisitions together combined.

22ND.

Capitaine Swerdrup's last, best *bon mot*
Was of an Englishman wanting to know
If he could have 'potted photograph,'
Intending to say '*pâte de fois gras*.'

24TH.

My good lords, hitherto,
in all the progress
Both of my life and office,
I have labour'd,
And with no little study,
that my teaching,
And the strong course of
my authority,
Might go one way, and
safely ; and the end
Was ever, to do well.

Henry VIII., v. i.

We all went to English church at three ;
Mr. Cullum is no longer organist—ah me !
Mr. Bonham-Carter does what he can to please,
Gives a cushion to rest against with ease.
Rev. William Brookes, as usual, the preacher.
Kind, mild Mrs. Orr-Ewing a gentler teacher.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Beautiful, brightest of sunshine, and warm ;
People walk without jackets, and feel no harm.
Annie refused to go see the sight
At Monte Carlo ; I think she was right.
The result was none but Courier went.
Clark liked it better, and for carriage sent.
So after lunch he and the maids three
Went out to drive for a happy spree.

We received a beautiful photograph-case
From home, into which we place
Milly and Tom, New Zealand Tom and his
bride,
The old one of me, Ethel Dennis beside.

Coriolanus : Many au
heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore
my wars

Have I heard groan and
drop: then know me
not,

Lest that thy wives with
spits, and boys with
stones,

In puny battle slay me
. . . Is he (Aufidius) in
Antium?

Citizen : He is, and feasts
the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Coriolanus. iv. 4.

Blazing plum pudding at *table d'hôte* to be seen,
'Et deux magnifiques "edifices," fait par le
cuisinier.

Un perdrix sur chaque "edifice" de voir,
Avec sa plumage et ses ailes, ce soir.'

The rest of the evening read sermon aloud,
And thought of our presents, of which we were
proud.

26TH.

Several letters, from Mrs. Shone too,
Also piles of gifts in number grew.
Another serenade for millionaire Americain,
But the sister who married Count Sebastian
Is here with her husband to stay with
MacDonnells
(Her brother and sister) ; so off all went well
To see Nice, which on *Musikanten* fell
As a cruel knell, though they no doubt got
reward,
However, by what they most dearly regard.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle
of my heart

Is warm'd by the rest,
and takes it thank-
fully. . . .

You are as welcome,
worthy sir, as I

Have words to bid you;
and shall find it so

In all that I can do.

Cymbeline, i. 7.

The Deputy lent us 'Time and the Woman,'
So 'Allée de Libertée' we make our domain,
To read aloud our pastime by Pryce,
And then returned to our lodging so nice.

28TH.

The usual constitutional and study sane ;
Then *table d'hôte*. Ponlevoy's entertain
As guests two men, one the celebrated Meline,
Head of the Senate. The young, impatient
Countess,
Whom we term 'Attendez, attendez-vous,'
Has mother and father and brothers, and less
Of her patient lord, to rendez-vous,

Well, I must wait and
watch withal.

*Taming of the
Shrew*, iii. 1.

Which he says pleases him well,
Although he acknowledges she is a belle.

News from Bessie Castello Angelo,
Who has been ill with influenza, so
A lady friend came to stay with her aunt,
That she might not any attention want.
Bessie had a nurse attending her,
Had to take champagne, which she found a
bore,
Being on the whole a teetotaller.
Madame Swerdrup to-day had on a cloak of
fur.

'Tis wonderful
What may be wrought
out of their discontent :
Strong reasons make
strange actions.
King John, iii. 4.

29TH.

Felt very weak when I went to bed,
But no oppression, though on lobster fed.
We each took some orange juice, fine
To keep it off, which must be true,
For to-day I have none.
M. F.'s motto for me, 'Be ye ready,' for Year
New.

31ST.

Farewell, old year ;
We have had some sorrow,
But much to cheer ;
All to thank God for—
Sorrow and joy—
When for our good
We all employ.

In this infer
That many things, having
full reference
To one conceit, may work
contrariwise ;
As many arrows, loosed
several ways,
Come to one mark ; as
many ways meet in one
town :
As many fresh streams
meet in one salt sea ;
As many lines close in
the dial's center :
So may a thousand
actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and
be all well borne
Without defeat.

Henry IV., i. 2.

DIFFERENT SYNONYMS OF THE WORD 'ADIEU.'

'Adieu !' in France, 'We'll ne'er return ;'
'Adieu !' in Suisse is a 'Good morn,'
A greeting when they meet,
Also a parting sweet.

Now, lords, take leave
until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven,
or in earth.

3 Henry VI., ii. 3.

'Adieu!' in Allemagne
Is parting—'Auf Wiedersehn!'
In England, if ever used,
It's French in application.

Through shine and shower, through waste and
glade

Roam on, till out of life's dark shade
We pass into the Better Land.

EDGAR DE LABILLIÈRE.

1894.—CANNES.

JANUARY 1ST.

MOTTO: 'Be ye ready' (Luke xii. 40). 'Ready to do whatsoever the King shall appoint' (2 Sam. xv. 15). 'Ready, for at such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.'

Time is like a fashionable
host,
That slightly shakes his
parting guest by the
hand;
And with his arms out-
stretch'd as he would
fly,
Graspin' the comer.

*Troilus and
Cressida*. iii. 3.

New Year's day in Cannes ;
A brisk breeze blowing ;
Great 'white horses' crest the main
Here, waves of *Monton* flowing.

Madame Jacques came at three,
Quite unexpected ;
We asked her then to see
Our dictation, but it was not corrected.
I think she came for a handsel—
'C'est à dire, des belles étrennes ;
Nan gave to each waiter himself
A *pourboire*, large as we can.
But Mr. John is hard to teach—
He wanted more,
Under the strange excuse, to reach
Through him, Cook's door.
Nan did not the plea refuse,
Saying, he must himself make excuse.

2ND.

Another cold day in Cannes—
It surely must be a mistake !
We, from the north regions, rave
For the dear sunshine's sake.

On our quick'st decrees,
The inaudible and noise-
less foot of Time
Steals, ere we can effect
them.

*All's Well that Ends
Well*, v. 3.

But, with perversity rare,
 The bright sun has been *bedeckt* ;
 On these first days of the year
 We could not one gleam detect.

3RD.

Still darkness and gloominess here.
 We lit our first fire to-day ;
 Though its bright light gave us cheer,
 It is not much warmer, we say.

4TH.

A letter from Tom about ten,
 Wishing a happy New Year ;
 They had on a visit just then,
 ' Rudwera,' the new-married pair.

The flighty purpose never
 is o'ertook
 Unless the deed go with
 it.

Macbeth iv. 1.

All my worldly solace,
 . . . Seeing, I see my life
 death,
 As surely as my soul in-
 tends to live
 With that dread King,
 that took our state upon
 Him
 To free us from His
 Father's wrathful curse.
 2 *Henry VI.*, iii. 2.

Later, to our great joy,
 A letter from dear Mrs. Wallace,
 With the intelligence ' neu '
 She can see dimly—a solace.
 After two years' total obscurity,
 How great must be the boon,
 However indistinctly, to see,
 With the hope it may be better soon !

Later we had Madame Jacques,
 Our exercises to fix ;
 She tries my temper, alack !
 We dined at half-past six.

5TH.

A gloomy day of wind and rain,
 ' Moutons sur la mer,'
 At *déjeuner*, a longing sane
 For sun ; they're in despair.

To gild refined gold, to
 paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on
 the violet,
 To smoothe the ice, or add
 another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with
 taper-light
 To seek the beauteous
 eye of heaven to gar-
 nish,
 Is wasteful and ridiculous
 excess.

King John, iv. 2.

The Swerdrups' fire would not draw,
 Ponlevoy's blue with cold,
 Such *temps* in Cannes is 'gainst the law.
 May the clouds soon unfold !

The Americans are all away,
 Courier and servants too ;
 Some to Monaco, to play,
 And some to Genoa.

6TH.

Our head shall go bare
 till merit crown it ; no
 perfection in reversion
 shall have praise in
 present.

*Troilus and
 Cressida*, iii. 2.

A slight improvement in the *temps*,
 The sun inclined to shine.
 The Americans returned to-day.
 Annie heard from the Dutch
 Maid, Miss van Bommel (' Eh !') ;
 They're so kind as such.

7TH.

God's benison go with
 you ; and with those
 That would make good
 of bad, and friends of
 foes !

Macbeth, ii. 4.

We went to church at two forty-five ;
 In the church—five-and-twenty.
 At dinner we had at our table, alive,
 Monsieur St. Genest, writer, amongst plenty
 Of the *Figaro*, but he's renowned.

8TH.

Wise men never sit and
 wail the loss,
 But cheerily seek how to
 redress the harms.

Henry VI., v. 4.

Behold once more the glorious sun !
 Brightness in every heart !
 An Almanack—a Shakespeare one—
 A letter, from Loulie's heart ;
 To Nan she wrote, in cheerful frame,
 Eucalyptus chain to thank
 For ; cards also she wrote the same—
 Her spirits have not sunk.

9TH.

There is a history in all
 men's lives
 Figuring the nature of the
 times deceased.

Henry IV., iii. 1.

The band and the tenor with beautiful voice
 Were here this morning, and made us rejoice

At tones so melodious and voice so true ;
To-day he sang 'Comme gentil,' anew.

Après déjeuner, the Ponlevoy's

Sat for awhile and admired our boys—
Our two Cocos (that is to say)

And victory, with little
loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners
of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
King John, ii. 2.

When their fine wings made a display.
Monsieur brought us paper with pretty views,
With which we hope our friends to amuse.
They tried our porter, found it bitter and
strong.

When they departed, we went along
For our usual tour up the *Croisette*.
A new guest appeared, we must not forget.
Nan thought him like Dr. Mess when young ;
He was present last year, so is known.

10TH.

Three sets of musicians here before midday—

As the Americans leave to-morrow,
Many shall miss them, I venture to say ;
The musicians, I'm sure, feel much sorrow.

After *déjeuner*, went up the *Croisette*,
Monsieur de Ponlevoy (lest I forget)
Joined us on our walk to the Reserve.

An honest tale speeds
best being plainly told.
Richard III., iv. 3.

We all spoke English, that it might serve
As a good lesson for Monsieur, our friend.
We meet Madame, likewise, when we descend
With a lady friend.

The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious
And ample interchange
of sweet discourse
Which so longed-sunder'd
friends should dwell
upon.
God give us leisure for
these rites !
Once more, adieu.
Richard III., v. 3.

They all then sat down to rest.
While we had our tea with a hearty zest.
A letter from Tom to Nannie,
With a sad account of the burns of Poppie.

Since half-past seven have been well entertained ;

The Queen Marguerite band play for *les Américains*—

For which they one hundred francs gain,

And a princely supper obtain ;

À la fin, ' Herr ' and the *Personal* danced ;

At eleven o'clock Miss Carola advanced.

The Lady Beatrice hath
a quarrel to you: the
gentleman that danced
with her told her she is
much wronged by you.

O! she misused me past
the endurance of a
block: my very visor
began to assume life,
and scold with her. She
told me, not thinking I
had been myself, that
I was the prince's jester;
that I was duller than
a great thaw: huddling
jest upon jest, with
such impossible conveyance,
upon me, that
I stood like a man at a
mark, with a whole
army shooting at me.

*Much Ado About
Nothing*, ii. 1.

Never anything can be
amiss,
When simpleness and
duty tender it.

*A Midsummer Night's
Dream*, v. 1.

12TH.

Two busses, full inside and out,

Went to the train at two, about.

The musicians came, from gratitude—

Played and warbled with love imbued

From half-past one till nearly three.

King Scott, with known generosity,

Would give with bounty, money,

Though they had offered their music free.

To Tom I gave a glowing account

Of the Americans and the amount

They to the musicians gave,

Who played till they all left the door,

Taking off their hats till they could see them no
more.

15TH.

Monsieur Le Noir was quizzed so to-day,

That *à la fin* they quizzed him away.

M. de Ponlevoy walked backwards

As we left the *salle à manger*, lowered

Not voice, as he termed him 'Poseur ! Far-
ceur !—

Without doubt, *bel homme, mais !*—his terror

On turning, he faces the hero himself ! Tab-
leau !

As we pass laughing away to our floor.

The hero left *à onze heures ce soir*,

So no more we shall see M. le Noir.

Princess: Here comes
Boyet, and mirth is in
his face.

Boyet: O! I am stabbed
with laughter. Where's
her grace?

*Love's Labour's
Lost*, v. 2

16TH.

Who busy a minute's
mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a
toy?

Lucrece, line 213.

To the rooms where the Americans were
New Dutch have come, but we did not stare,
Having of some good manners a share.
I was still sitting in my silvery chair.
Nannie went to buy medicine for me,
Then from the lace *femme* a tie for Milly,
A birthday present from us to be,
Hoping she'd find it with robe agree.
The Dutch lady at dinner sat next to me ;
A brother and companion form the party ;
They adjourned to the drawing-room,
After dinner, but we flit soon.

17TH.

Let never day nor night
unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what
the Lord hath done.

2 Henry VI., ii. 1.

We read in the *Courier de Cannes*
That General McKirdy died here ;
Also the Duchess of Argyll, far from the Duke,
Is next her first husband in this churchyard
dear.

Madame Jacques says Madame de Cassem-
brodt

To wilful men,
The injuries that they
themselves procure
Must be their school-
masters.

King Lear, ii. 4.

Died a few days since in Paris
Of meningitis, a few days ill, then *tot*,
Her husband almost too late to see.

18TH.

Nannie went to Mr. Cheyne Brady's villa,
To Bible reading ; Rev. Patrick Minto there,
Who, when hearing her name, could only
stare ;
Then, shaking her hand, asked how did we fare.

19TH.

Nannie took some music after *déjeuner*
Into the salon, hearing conversation gay

On love and ornaments. The Russian widow
 Passed on the fun to Nan, who also was slow ;
 So M. de Ponlevoy said to Madame,
 That a wife's best necklace was her husband's
 arms.

21ST.

In the afternoon, went to Holy Trinity ;
 Sermons and hymns for the occasion ;
 For, it is true, General Crawford Chamberlain
 Has lost his wife ; there's no immunity
 From trouble. The earthquake in Mentone
 gave
 Her heart disease. She was born a de
 Wett.
 The General attends faithfully her grave,
 And all who knew her feel-regret.

24TH.

With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters ;
 With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
 Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag
 Of 'came,' and 'saw,' and 'overcame' ; with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried from off our coast, twice beaten.

‘ Britannia,’ and beginning of regatta ;
 The Gedges (from Glion) called after that ;
 M. de Ponlevoy left in the afternoon,
 And Madame's eyes were swollen at dinner ;
 Madame Plock soon arrived and sat next her.

25TH.

Every time
 Serves for the matter that is then born in t.

The Russian widow went to Nice ;
 The absentee appears once more ;
 His friendly bow does not cease,
 Though he sits now near the door.
 We took a turn on the *Croisette* ;
 Many carriages rolling there ;
 All in sunshine, trying to forget
 The last days' rain, and its care.

Mr. Brookes called after three,
 He told us Mr. O'Donoghue
 Died yesterday, aged eighty-two.

27TH.

True hope is swift, and
flies with swallow's
wings ;

Kings it makes gods, and
meaner creatures kings.

Richard III., v. 1

Kaiser's Geburtsdag in Germany ;

There will be feasting there ;

But in the morning the nobility

Adjourn to God's house of prayer.

The table was filled, and at opposite end

Sat the mysterious stranger ;

He seems to be Count Mougond's friend—

He might be a Park lawyer.

30TH.

There's a divinity that
shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we
will.

Hamlet, v. 2.

Nannie and Annie place me on the terrace,

Where I should view the *bataille en face* ;

Then Nannie left, to the Bradys to go,

Also visit Mr. and Mrs. Minto ;

From thence she proceeded to Villa Zephirs,

Where she must make her endeavours

For their disappointment to compensate.

They had called to know if we'd accommodate

Some of their friends, who wished to see

The battle of flowers in its full glee.

The day was glorious, and all went well ;

The fleet represented by a ship on wheels,

Mounted by officers gay and military bands ;

The *Pioneer*, *Marine*, *Chasseur* stands

Erect with flags and streamers flowing,

While folks with brilliant aim keep bouquets
throwing.

Foolery, sir, does walk
about the orb like the
sun, it shines every-
where.

Twelfth Night,
iii. 1.

FEBRUARY 1ST.

Attended the convention

In the German church ; then,

Returning, saw arriving

De Valois, looking tired, poor *femme*.

At dinner, however, bright and glad to meet

Us all, and with kind words all greet.

Ay, and more. . . .

A French crown more.

Measure for

Measure, i. 2.

2ND.

Annie took my letters to *secrétaire*,
 Then sang for the Cocos many a song,
 Which pleased them both *gar sehr*.
 Nan was at the Bradys long ;
 Was glad there the Dutch lady and friend to
 meet,
 Where many expounded the Word, 'twas a
 treat.
 Annie pushed my chair upon the *Croisette*,
 Keeping much behind the tribune,
 In case wild horses should prance or fret,
 We might reach a shelter soon.

Virtue preserved from fell
 destruction's blast,
 Led on by Heaven, and
 crown'd with joy at
 last.

Pericles, v. 3.

3RD.

We took a long excursion till four
 Up the *Croisette*, Golf Juan to view.
 The fleet was there no more.
 We saw a pretty villa ; 'twould do
 For us to take—would not be so dear
 As living in a hotel,
 And we could stay there the whole year,
 As the owner comes there to dwell
 In the summer ; so we have not determined yet
 What we shall do or where we shall go.
 We returned home down the *Croisette*,
 To see arriving Vicomtesse Tilliancourt.
 She came in to *table d'hôte*,
 Looking so handsome and gay.
 All friends looked pleased, we took note ;
 She's so merry and good, and has lots to say.

O hateful error, melan-
 choly's child,
 Why dost thou show to
 the apt thoughts of
 men

The things that are not ?
Julius Cæsar, v.

As a long-parted mother
 with her child
 Plays fondly with her
 tears and smiles in
 meeting,
 So, weeping, smiling,
 greet I thee.

Richard III., iii. 2.

4TH.

Went to French Temple. Rev. M. Bonnefon preached from
 Acts : ' Or, le bruit en vint aux oreilles de l'Église de Jérusalem ;
 et ils envoyèrent Barnabas pour passer jusqu'à Antioche.

Lorsqu'il fut arrivé, et qu'il eut vu la grâce de Dieu, il s'en réjouit, et les exhorta tous à demeurer attachés au Seigneur avec un cœur ferme. Car c'était un homme de bien, plein du Saint-Esprit et de foi, et une grande multitude se joignit au Seigneur.'

6TH.

Nannie walked to the Bocca to see
A furnished villa for her and me.
At table the Dutch lady, Madame Willink,
Told us she had white peacocks
And coloured on her park pond's brink,
And young peafowl she has in flocks.
Milly sent 'Der Streit der Nationen,'
By Sarah Jansen, 'für Polterabend zu dröhnen.'

How mightily sometimes
we make us comforts of
our losses ! and how
mightily some other
times we drown our
gain in tears !

*All's Well that
Ends Well*, iv. 3.

10TH.

After *déjeuner* Nannie went with Miss Aldridge
To tea, at Hotel Alsace-Lorraine, to Rev.
Paynter.

When tea was over Mr. Paynter and others
spent

Some time in addresses, which grew fainter,
When an old gentleman said with haste :
'Sirs, it seems to me you boast

Of human sinlessness ; that I condemn
As unbiblical.' It was a *contresens*.

Fortunately, they were anxious to know,
As everyone is, whether or no

Nan were one of their Mulvanys,
Of Tunbridge Wells and Mission Zenana,
Celebrated for talent and goodness blended.

So in this way the controversy ended.

Though Nan's relationship cannot be proved,
It came in convenient by what ensued.

11TH.

'A sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content

We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that
which we run at,
And lose by over-running.

Henry VIII., i. 1.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms,
which the wise powers
Deny us for our good ; so
find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

*Antony and
Cleopatra*, ii.

He that is proud eats up
himself ; pride is his
own glass, his own
trumpet, his own chron-
icle ; and whatever
praises itself but in the
deed, devours the deed
in the praise.

*Troilus and
Cressida*, ii. 3.

And prepares for the toil of the morrow.

But a Sabbath profaned,
Whate'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.'

ANON.

15TH.

A letter from Miss Angelo, saying she heard from the Lindos' nephew that the Miss Lindos died within a few hours of each other, the paralyzed one first and then Harriette. The latter had scalded her hands some time before, which made it trying for her to write. The nephew did not say of what she died. Madame Willink sent Miss Aldridge to ask Nannie if she would like to drive to a villa her father had built.

19TH.

Drove to Pension Belaire ;
It is far away from here.
The room they showed me
Was up the stair.
The view was nice, though I much fear
Its low price suits our present purse.
Though change is not nice, it might be worse.
It is not far from the Scotch church
And the pastor's manse ;
Better there than have a long search
For the first months, perchance.
We then drove past Hôtel du Parc
On to the next hotel,
Which is called, as a freak,
From the view, The Esterelle.
There dear Madame Willink goes to dwell.

MARCH 8TH.

Weather so brilliant belongs to the Queen,
Also, perhaps, to her son.
The *Britannia* arriving last night could be seen,
Her flag flying high. She had won

Light boats sail swift,
though greater bulks
draw deep

*Troilus and
Cressida*, ii. 3.

Blind fear, that seeing
reason leads, finds safer
footing than blind
reason stumbling with-
out fear: to fear the
worst oft cures the
worse.

*Troilus and
Cressida*, iii. 2.

Celerity is never more
admired
Than by the negligent.
*Antony and
Cleopatra*, iii. 7.

In the race at Marseilles.
 The ship's in the bay, in bright array,
 Decked out and polished so bright ;
 Her men, in working dress neat, revel
 In making the deck trim and tight.
 Each of them wore a fez, like a Turk,
 And jackets nice, white and clean.
 'Twas pleasant to see how swiftly they worked.
 The Prince was not to be seen.
 The yacht is long, the cajutes both grand,
 Lit by a skylight above ;
 We turned to list to the strains of the band,
 Playing some pieces with love.
 Madame Tscherin joined N., and they went
 To see if Wales' Prince should be there ;
 Success attended their steps, and lent
 Fresh spirits to chase away care.
 They saw him come up the cabin stair,
 Dusting himself very quietly then,
 One foot, likewise the other,
 Just like one of the poor working men.
 He spoke to the Captain, and then with his
 friend,

Crossed over the gangway to land ;
 All raised their hats. Some were there to
 defend

*Measure for
 Measure, iii. 2.*

(Of the detective band)—
 But Prince of Wales, with simplicity kind,
 Seems no danger to fear.

Is it not true ? Why should he mind
 When the King of Kings is near ?

O, what may man within
 him bide,
 Though angel on the out-
 ward side !

The care I had, and have,
 of subject's good
 On thee I lay, whose
 wisdom's strength can
 bear it.

I'll take thy word for
 faith, not ask thine
 oath ;

Who shuns not to break
 one, will sure crack
 both.

But in our orbs we'll live
 so round and safe,
 That time of both this
 truth shall ne'er con-
 vince,

Thou show'dst a subject's
 shine, I a true prince.

Pericles, i. 2.

 Annie was pushing me on the *Allée*,
 When the carriage royal passed by ;
 'That is our Prince,' to her I say ;
 The horses, how they did fly !
 Annie looked quickly, but at the wrong man,

Said she : ' He's too thin for him !'
 ' The one,' I said, ' with the brown hat on—
 Not he with the blue suit trim.'

9TH.

The Prince went to Mentone,
 The Emperor of Austria's visit to own.
 N. to Madame Willink went,
 And to Bible Reading ; the Mission sent
 A lady from India, who spoke ; she said
 How there the door is open now, for all ready.

Open the door, foolhardy
 king :
 Shall I for love speak
 treason to thy face ?
 Open the door, or I will
 break it open.
Richard III. v. 3.

10TH.

We went out to see the Regatta race ;
Britannia sails gracefully over the wave ;
 She distances all, with her Captain brave.
 What a beauty she looked as she faced the
 shore—
 Her sails like a grand eagle's wings, wide-
 spread !
 How nobly she walked as down she bore,
 And into Napoule's bay gliding sped !
 Leaving her rivals in hopeless dread,
 Though no mean rivals were they ;
Britannia won the triumph to-day.
 At 3.30 our guests come to play and sing,
 Madame Willinck, Miss Aldridge, M. Tscherin,
 Mesdames Swerdrup and Ponlevoy.

Lo ! as the bark that hath
 discharg'd her fraught
 Returns with precious
 lading to the bay,
 From whence at first she
 weigh'd her anchorage,
 Cometh Andronicus,
 bound with laurel
 boughs.

Titus Andronicus,
 i. 2.

11TH.

At French Temple, Pastor Bonnefon preached on Christ's
 silence and Herod's question.

Silence is the perfectest
 herald of joy.

Much Ado About
Nothing, ii. 1.

12TH.

A splendid day ! We sally forth,
 Nannie to paint on strand,
 The brilliant *bosquet* on her North

The worthiness of praise
disdains his worth.
If that the praised him-
self bring the praise
forth.

*Troilus and
Cressida*, i. 3.

It is certain that either
wise bearing, or ig-
norant carriage, is
caught, as men take
diseases, one of another
therefore, let men take
heed of their company.
I will devise matter
enough out of this
shallow to keep Prince
Harry in continual
laughter.

Henry IV., v. 1.

I'll go along, no such
sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splen-
dour of mine own.

*Romeo and
Juliet*, i. 2.

I am as true as truth's
simplicity,
And simpler than the
infancy of truth.

*Troilus and
Cressida*, iii. 2.

In a garden nigh at hand.
The Chamberlains were also there,
Looking out to sea.
Many yachts the race must share,
But all behind *Britannia*, in the lee.
The Prince, who was on board, in the race—
Had the pleasure thus to see
None with *Britannia* could keep pace ;
How contented he must be !
Returning late, we still saw crowds
About the Prince's yacht ;
She was moored and her sails in shrouds ;
In vain the Prince we sought.
We took our stand, upon a height,
Above those who were waiting,
And were rewarded by the sight
Of much that was elating.
Now sails in *The White Lady*,
With our brave Prince on deck ;
His sailors all stand ready,
With long rods to keep her in check.
Slowly but surely she steers in,
We see our Prince descend,
On his own yacht, *Britannia*,
Behold his Grand Duke friend—
Who, with splendour and much side on,
Effusively shakes his hand,
Gives himself airs, like a Don,
M., of R., the grand.
The Prince, attired in blue pilot cloth,
With a cap of same colour and hue,
And trousers white—in very troth
He looked simplicity's brew.

15TH.

Nannie out, and I'm writing all morn ;
M. de Creux called in the afternoon ;

Also Mr. Cheyne Brady, who took tea,
 And chatted most pleasantly.
 Then came Madame de Valois
 And sat awhile ; M., *va mieux elle croit*.
 In the evening the harbour blazed with light,
 Let us say in honour of *Britannia's* might.

17TH.

Frame your mind to mirth
 and merriment,
 Which bars a thousand
 harms and lengthens
 life.

*Taming of the
 Shrew*, Introduction.

When we had lunch, we saw yachts in the bay,
 All with their flags decked in battle array ;
 Held before them was the naval parade,
 And, to return it, yachts are not afraid.
 We roamed about for an hour or two,
 And then came in ; there was nothing to do,
 So to refresh ourselves we had some tea.

18TH.

Went to Holy Trinity ; Rev. W. Brookes
 Preached on Luke xii. 50.

Returning home, a carriage passed
 With the Prince of Wales, and seated
 Beside him, his usual adjutant—
 Commander Fortescue, of naval stamp.

He is as full of valour as
 of kindness ;
 Princely in both.

Henry V., iv. 3.

The Prince looked back to stare
 At my wonderful silvery chair ;
 And so I saw him well.
 He was coming from the ' Memorial.'

A peace is of the nature
 of a conquest ;
 For then both parties
 nobly are subdued,
 And neither party loser.
2 Henry IV., iv. 2.

Great illuminations of the yachts
 In the harbour began at dark,
 And lasted till in midnight sleep my thoughts
 Had waned. The *Britannia's* mark,
 Red, white, and blue up her masts,
 So very brilliant that electric-like it casts—
 A glory round. The men-of-war likewise
 With limelight illumine on all sides.

20TH.

A thousand more mis-
chances than this one
Have learn'd me how to
brook this patiently.

*Two Gentlemen of
Verona*, v. 3.

Nan, true to her promise to call on *jour five*,
Finds none, for Mrs. Collyer is sick.

We wait on the *Croisette*, then to Gonnet.

De Luylls met us, and introduced themselves,
The Baroness giving me a large bouquet

Of beautiful white anemones and mimosa.

Again to-day the *Britannia* has won.

21ST.

Madame Tscherin called, *pour prendre congé*.

Each substance of a grief
hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief
itself.

Richard II., ii. 2.

She's going on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem,
To spend there the Russian Easter Day :

She'll spend time at Alexandria and Cairo for
rest and calm.

The *Britannia* is out showing her evolutions

To the other yachtsmen. Three ladies
stopped,

It was always yet the
trick of our English
nation, if they have a
good thing to make it
too common.

2 Henry IV., i. 2.

Attracted by my chair and our parrots' fun.

We talked first in French, then into English
hopped.

23RD.

At the Scotch Church, Mr. Gibbons preached from 1 Cor. x. :
'The cup of blessing which we bless,' etc. The 'Sacrament' is
one of the names given to the ceremony of the 'Lord's Supper';
it meant swearing the oath of allegiance in the time of the
Romans. The 'Eucharist,' giving thanks, is another ; it is taken
from the Greek. The 'Breaking of Bread' another, but not a
correct one, for we are expressly told that a bone of Him shall
not be broken. Breaking of bread is an old Eastern custom and
a type of friendship. If you have partaken of bread with an
Eastern chief you are quite safe ; he will not only not injure you,
but he will protect you. The wine (blood) is denied the Roman
Catholics, yet it is the complete sacrifice, for without shedding
of blood there is no remission. The laying on of hands is by

many said to show the continuity of the Church. But nowhere is authority for it in Holy Scripture ; only the apostles could give the Holy Ghost by laying on of their hands—those apostles of the Lamb whose names are on the twelve foundations of the Holy City. Simon offered money that this power might be given unto him, and you know Peter's answer : 'Thy money perish with thee.' But is not the celebration of the Lord's Supper a far greater sign ? . . . From the time of the Passover, aye, much longer, the death of Abel was a type. The doctrine of the Real Body is unthinkable, for it can only be in one place, not in one hundred thousand places. Our Lord ascended with His Body up to Heaven !

25TH.

When passing the Gonnet the Ponlevoys came out,
And monsieur walked back with us, and about
Five Madame de Luyll called and brought a
book.
She is good, *gracieuse*, and amiable in word and
look.

27TH.

We went up the *Croisette*, past the Gonnet,
The Ponlevoys and Madame de Valois came
out
To speak, and monsieur walked with us to the
fisheries.

It so falls out
That what we have we
prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but
being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the
value.

*Much Ado About
Nothing*, iv. 2.

It is the bright day that
brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary
walking. Crown him?
—that ;

And then, I grant, we
put a sting in him,
That at his will he may
do danger with.

Julius Caesar, ii. 1.

He had been speaking to the poor aeronaut
Before he went up in the parachute and fell in
the sea
Under it, before the *Cercle Nautique*, and was
brought

Too late by man-of-war to land.

M. de Creux called with information from
M. Marnass as to the *Rheinische Hütten Gesell-
schaft*.

The end was that Nan only sold the half *davon*.
The whole business made her feel whole
daft.

VERSES BY PAUL YTRAM, UN HABITUÉ OF THE
PLAGE, 'SUR LA CATASTROPHE DU QUAND
MÊME' (*Capitaine Austenck-H'llon*).

And nothing pleaseth but
rare accidents.

1 Henry IV., i. 2.

EN un jour de plaisir quelle horrible
frayeur ! . . .

C'est pâques, c'est fête. Dans ce cadre enchan-
teur,

Que la rive Cannoise offre aux yeux éblouis

Une foule mouvante, aux gestes réjouis,

Se presse sur la plage, avide de spectacle.

Tout à coup des poitrines sort un cri de
surprise,

Et dans les airs s'élance, ne craignant nul
obstacle,

Un ballon sombre, noir, déplorable méprise !

Entrainant après lui dans sa course rapide

Un homme, un brave, qui se tient aux cordages

Et sourit à la foule acclamant l'intrépide.

Bientôt on pouvait voir à travers les nuages

Le ballon qui brillait comme un globe de feu,

Frappé par les rayons d'un soleil radieux.

Ce hardi capitaine, ainsi nouvel Icare,

S'était donc élevé et planait dans les airs,

N'ayant autour de lui, témérité suprême,

Que le vide immense, les espaces déserts.

Il peut porter bien haut sa devise 'Quand
Même.'

Mais pour cette ascension que le vent contre-
carre

Le public appréhende une fin déplorable.

Partout c'est le destin funeste, inexorable :

D'un côté c'est la mer, de l'autre la montagne.

A mote it is to trouble the
mind's eye.

In the most high and
palmy state of Rome,

A little ere the mightiest
Julius fell,

The graves stood tenant-
less, and the sheeted
dead

Did squeak and gibber in
the Roman streets . . .

As stars with trains of
fire and dews of blood,

Disasters in the sun ; and
the moist star,

Upon whose influence
Neptune's empire
stands,

Was . . . even the like pre-
curser of fierce events—

(As harbingers preceding
still the fates,

And prologue to the omen
coming on)—

Have heaven and earth
together demonstrated

Unto our climatures and
countrymen.

Hamlet, i. 1.

As is the sepulchre in
stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom,
blessed Mary's Son:
This land of such dear
souls, this dear, dear
land,
Dear for her reputation
through the world,
Is now leas'd out, I die
pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement, or
pelting farm,
Ah! would the scandal
vanish with my life,
How happy then were my
ensuing death.

Richard II., ii. 1.

This Percy was the man
nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd
in my affairs, and laid
his love and life under
my foot:
Yea, for my sake.

2 Henry IV., iii. 1.

Peut-être l'imprudent songe-t-il à sa campagne !
Le ballon se dégonfle aux yeux du promeneur,
De ce drame effrayant, muet observateur.
Et voici qu'il descend d'une allure effrayante
Au-dessus de la mer à la nappe brillante,
Et qui guette sa proie qu'elle va dévorer.
C'est la mort entrevue qu'on ne peut conjurer.
On voit l'aérostat tomber dans la mer morne,
Flotter à la surface en une masse informe,
Quant à l'aventureux, sans espoir d'aboutir,
Il lutte avec les flots tout prêts à l'engloutir,
Puis il disparaît. La mer à sa victime. . . .
Les pauvres qui courent au-devant des périls
Avec la flamme au cœur, des sentiments virils,
Recevez de nous tous le tribut légitime
Des applaudissements que l'audace rallie.
Folie certainement, mais sublime folie,
Qui vous pousse à braver les dangers les plus
graves,
Des illustres victimes ambitionnant le sort,
A croire en votre force, à mépriser la mort.
Elle vous place bien haut dans l'échelle des
braves,
Et sur la terre de France, où plaisent les
courageux,
C'est aux braves toujours qu'iront tous les
suffrages.

28TH.

Have more than thou
showest
Speak less than thou
knowest,
Lend less than thou
owest.

King Lear, i. 4.

Went to memorial service for Prince Leopold.
The Prince of Wales walked quietly in
And up the aisle to the reserved seat, we were
told,
The Grand Duke Michael and others with
him.
When the service was over he came down our
side aisle,

Henry the Fifth! thy
ghost I invoke:
Prosper this realm, keep
it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse
planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star
thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar. . . .
Henry VII., i. i.

And stood long talking on the terrace out-
side:
Then, mounting his carriage in royal style,
With Seymour Fortescue, his faithful atten-
dant guide,
He bowed and smiled kindly on us all.

29TH.

Capitaine and Madame Swerdrup called to bid
good-bye.

We'll always connect him with stars in the
sky,

There are a sort of men
whose visages
Do cream and mantle like
a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness
entertain,
With purpose to be
dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, pro-
found conceit.
As who should say, 'I am
Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips
let no dog bark.'
*Merchant of
Venice, i. i.*

For he can only sleep where a window shows
To the firmament; those lamps he well knows
Since boyhood's days. His wife calls
Their home his 'frigate' now, and tells
How he's Commander still, but, all the same,
With tears in her eyes, she admits he loves her
very name.

APRIL 1ST.

In the French Temple, Pasteur Bonnefon preached from
Eph. i. 3: 'Béni soit Dieu le Père de notre Seigneur Jesus
Christ qui nous à beni de toutes sortes de bénédictions spiritu-
elles.' 'Some have a pessimistic view of Easter; others a care-
less or optimistic. The latter think they are in no danger. The
real Christians are not led so much by their sentimental feelings,
but bless God for the risen Saviour.' The Pasteur said that,
instead of enlarging our hearts to the glory of God, there was
too much making of images and having *tableaux vivants* on sacred
subjects.

2ND.

A jest's prosperity lies in
the ear
Of him that hears it,
never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.
*Love's Labour's
Lost, v. 2.*

The Prince drives past in victoria with greys;
Opposite him his little Irish terrier Jack,
With whom he shakes hands while we at him
gaze.

3RD.

In the evening Nan reading aloud,
 We heard the voice of the crowd,
 And looking we saw 'Jelensacko,'
 With torches at each end, walking the tight
 rope ;
 To each end he ran and set them off
 As a Catherine wheel, piff ! paff !

4TH.

Time travels in divers
 paces with divers per-
 sons.

*As You Like
 It, iii. 2.*

We saw our Prince start home for London ;
 Ponlevoys came with Maréchal Niel roses as
 parting *don*.

Mr. Brady brought his niece, Mrs. Stokes,
 A daughter of Dr. Wharton, who attended
 J. L.; she spoke
 Well, played well, and looked elegant and
 well.

Now, like to whelps, we
 crying run away.
 Hark, countrymen ! either
 renew the fight,
 Or tear the lions out of
 England's coat :
 Renounce your soil, give
 sheep in lions' stead :
 Sheep run not half so
 treacherous from the
 wolf,
 As you fly from your oft-
 subdued slaves.

Henry VI., i. 5.

The others come later. Miss Coote sang duets
 with Annabel.

All Cannes is restless to part for a cooler clime,
 Like a flock of sheep, rushing as if from a
 crime.

Met M. de Creux ; he, too, leaves the day after
 to-morrow.

15TH.

A noise under our window !

A crowd of people, when we looked out ;
 Wonderfully like a theatrical show.

Diseases desperate grown
 By desperate appliances
 are relieved.

Hamlet, iv. 3.

In the moonlight two policemen shout,
 With drawn swords flashing, and *minuet* swings
 Flit backwards and forwards in gentle springs,
 Enclosing the poor youth, who says, ' Pardon,
 Messieurs.'

They say 'twas for murder that they him
 secure.

19TH.

He was a gentleman on
whom I built
An absolute trust.

Macbeth, i. 4.

Beaconsfield's Day. N. couldn't get primroses,
But with cowslips she hopes (one supposes)
That our object is gained, to honour the man ;
And for that we must do all that we can.

The Bainbridges leave for Lugano and Como.
The *Plage* is almost deserted.

Mrs. Orr-Ewing bade us good-bye, while Cannes'
blue dome

Looks more beautiful than aye, and balmy the
air.

Nevertheless, the Churchwarden leaves us to
fare

As best we may. Also Mintos leave on Mon-
day.

God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide and
lantern to my feet.

Henry VI, ii. 3.

There's something heartless in living this
way.

26TH.

We sat out listening, on *Allée*,
To the band, while Nan mounted Mont Cheva-
lier,

To continue her painting sketch.

She saw two blue macaws, which fetch
Long prices, in Countess Platen's garden.

She spoke to the gardener, who said
The beauties had cost francs four hundred.

28TH.

He that can endure
To follow with allegiance
a fall'n lord

Does conquer him that
did his master conquer,
And earns a place in the
story.

*Antony and
Cleopatra*, iii.

Two weddings in the church near ;
The first simple—not many there ;
The second grand, with carriages many,
The bridegroom an officer, forty if any.
As he looked at her he had a bright smile ;
She was tearful but pretty, and without guile.

The mother, too, shed tears.
 The *mistral* and clouds of dust were blowing,
 So that her veil in the air was flowing.
 Many officers were at the wedding.

MAY 1ST.

When fortune means to
 men most good,
 She looks upon them with
 a threatening eye.
King John, iii. 4.

The Marquise de Ribiera was buried this
 morn,

From the Villa del Sole. Noble ladies held
 The pall, and three schools walk in procession.

No flowers permitted. A gentleman old
 And a young cavalry officer
 Act as chief mourners there.

Another death is Monsieur Couvreur's.

2ND.

I had my chair pushed up the hill,
 Where Nannie is painting on Mont Chevalier.
 The light air and beautiful view, still

This England never did,
 nor never shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of
 a conqueror,
 But when it first did help
 to wound itself.
 . . . Nought shall make
 us rue,
 If England to itself do
 rest but true.

King John, v. 7.

Gave me more courage to mount the Observa-
 tory,

From whence I could see the macaw birdies.
 Coming down, gave French picture leaflets
 To little girls, who smiled for the gifts.

3RD.

Spite of cormorant de-
 vouring Time,
 The endeavour of this
 present breath may
 buy
 That honour which shall
 bate his scythe's keen
 edge,
 And make us heirs of all
 eternity.

*Love's Labour's
 Lost*, i. 1.

A carriage passed with a nun, two ladies,
 And a clergyman, who Nannie believes
 Might easily be Rev. J. J. Knox Fletcher,
 Our old curate in Taney Church—
 Now with flowing white hair, then brown
 And smart, with never a frown.

4TH.

Last Bible-reading of this season
 At Mr. Cheyne Brady's Villa des Zephirs;
 Speakers, Mr. Webber, Mr. Barclay, Mr.
 Marten.

A jewel in a ten-times-
barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal
breast.
Mine honour is my life;
both grow in one;
Take honour from me,
and my life is done.
Richard II., i. 2.

Rev. Minto, and Baron Türckheim, who cheers
With bright opening words the meeting.
High age and wisdom warms their greeting.
Later on Miss Brady showed her spider trap
Nests, white and so strange, she finds them with
flap
Lid, on the Mediterranean shore amongst
rushes,
And sells them for Missions, to such as
(Like ourselves) have hearts dual
For God's gifts in nature and things spiritual.

9TH.

Confess yourself to
heaven;
Repent that's past:
avoid what is to come.
Hamlet, iii. 4.

We went for Jean Baptist
To push my chair; as, for the chest,
It tries my two companions uphill.
N. painted her arch as frame, and to fill
It, the bay and the distant Point,
And to her I read aloud a quaint
Old story, called 'Dawn,' by Farrar.
'La femme de la Fayence Factorie' rather
Cultivated our acquaintance, seeing Nan so
often.
She showed their beautiful vases engraven.

O! fear him not;
His spell in that is out:
the king hath found
Matter against him, that
for ever mars
The honey of his
language.
Henry VIII., iii. 2.

10TH.

We had tea at half-past two, and oaten-cake;
Then went to Brougham Square for Nan's
sake,
As she worked again on Mont Chevalier.
The music was very fine, Beethoven's Sym-
phony
'Pastorale,' and his 'Hark, the Herald Angels
sing.'
At Hôtel des Princes N. overtook us with a
spring
In spite of her painting paraphernalia,
Reminding us much of the days in Westphalia.

Have is have, however
men do catch;
Near or far, well won is
still well shot.
King John, i. 1.

15TH.

Dost thou think, because
thou art virtuous, there
shall be no more cakes
and ale?

Twelfth Night,
ii. 3.

After lunch drove, in Dennis' carriage,
To St. Cassien, and had some badinage
With the hermit there, who, I regret to say,
Left the Duchesses of Rochefoucauld, who
laughed him away
And turned for protection in our direction.
We affably received him, not knowing his
defection—

The bottle and glass to be seen near his cell,
Another in the pine *allée*, and at the well.
Nan spoke to him, inquired what he did on
July 14,

When all the world dances the Farandole, e'en
Round the church, till morning light :

'Oh, moi !' dit il, 'I am not in sight,
For I am *tout le temps dans l'Eglise !*'

Let's teach ourselves that
honourable stop,
Not to outsport discre-
tion.

Othello, ii. 3.

Here his friend joined in, to set us at our ease,
And drew off the hermit to his own abode,
For fear we'd act as the young Rochefoucauld.
Nan then made a hurried sketch

To be honest, as this
world goes, is to be
one man picked out of
ten thousand.

Hamlet, ii. 2.

Of the lovely knoll, without the drunken wretch,
Who might have added interest in his monkish
garb.

24TH.

(Queen Victoria born
1819.)

O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy,
and set it down
With gold on lasting
pillars.

Tempest, v. 1.

Nannie painting me in our winter garden,
While I read 'Dawn' aloud, and sadden,
I fear, the general tone by it.
Mrs. Collyer called, as they are packed
And leave for Aix chaplaincy for the season.
She told us the nice old lady who without
reason

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance
dear.

*All's Well that Ends
Well*, v. 3.

Bade us good-bye last Sunday is Mrs. Menjies ;
She is eighty-four, and her son in the sixties.

EXTRACT FROM THE 'COURIER DES CANNES':

' Il s'est passé, ces jours-ci, à la Gare de Nice, un petit incident intéressant un de nos hôtes, et que *Le Phare du Lilloral* rapporte en ces termes :

" Le Comte François Pozzo di Borgo, venant de Cannes et allant à Monaco, se trouvait dans le couloir d'un wagon-salon pendant l'arrêt du train en Gare de Nice, lorsque la portière s'ouvrit et une dame âgée, qui voulait monter dans ce wagon, trébucha sur le marche pied. M. le Comte Pozzo di Borgo, en vrai gentilhomme, s'empessa de tendre sa main à la voyageuse et l'aida galamment à monter, mais en s'inclinant devant la personne qu'il venait de saluer, il reconnut l'impératrice Eugénie. Immédiatement après, M. Franceschini Pietri entra à son tour dans le wagon, et M. Pozzo di Borgo, en le saluant, lui racontait le petit incident qui avait failli arriver à l'ex-impératrice et l'honneur qu'il avait eu de lui tendre la main.

" M. Franceschini Pietri, ayant rapporté à sa souveraine le détail de cette rencontre, et lui ayant dit le nom du galant cavalier qui l'avait aidée à monter en wagon, l'ex-impératrice demanda qu'on lui présentât le petit neveu de l'ambassadeur Charles-André Pozzo di Borgo, l'accueil le plus aimable et conversa avec lui jusqu'à Monaco. Au cours de cet entretien l'ex-souveraine, sur la demande de son interlocuteur qui l'engageait à revoir la Corse, n'a pas décliné formellement l'invitation, elle a surtout paru s'intéresser vivement aux travaux du magnifique château que la famille Pozzo di Borgo a fait construire près d'Ajaccio avec les pierres des Tuilleries dont elle s'est rendue acquéreur.

" Cette rencontre de l'ancienne impératrice des Français avec le petit-neveu d'un homme qui fut un des adversaires les plus redoutables du premier Empire, ne manque pas d'emprunter aux circonstances actuelles un certain intérêt. Le Comte Pozzo di Borgo a passé tout la saison d'hiver à la villa Poralto, ou il est encore en ce moment."

30TH.

Our coachman, Dennis, drove us to Antibes,
 And by the Hôtel du Cap and Juan les Pins.
 Dennis is lovely ; he takes more trouble than
 one can believe
 To make the time pass with anecdote and
 romaunt *fin*.
 The lady and maid at Villa Cyclamens saved
 from drowning
 Two persons. Then another, half the neigh-
 bourhood owning,
 Is so mad she beats her servants on their
 heads ;
 The nun with whom we saw her, alone abides.
 And he himself, being many years coachman to
 O'Donoghue,
 Has much to recount, but it's clear he's loyal
 and true.

O good Gonzalo !
 My true preserver, and
 a loyal sir
 To him thou follow'st, I
 will pay thy graces
 Home, both in word and
 deed.

Tempest. v. 1.

JUNE 5TH.

N. called on Miss Hoste and Miss Lugard,
 While we attended the music and starved,
 Until when home we had muffins for tea,
 And read 'A Romance of a Dull Life,' decreed
 A very dull book indeed !
 Nothing dull, however, about the man at the
 band,
 Shouting, 'La très belle Sœur'; 'twas grand !
 Had I only the brain, your ear I'd demand.

Thou wilt be like a lover
 presently,
 And tire the hearer with
 a book of words.

*Much Ado about
 Nothing*. i. 1.

Many dream not to find,
 neither deserve,
 And yet are steeped in
 favours.

Cymbeline. v. 4.

10TH.

We went to French Temple. Pasteur Bonnefon preached
 from the words : 'Et Jesu dit à ses disciples, Avez vous compris
 toutes ces choses ? Ils lui repondaient : Qui, seigneur ? Et il
 leur dit, C'est pour cela que tout docteur qui est instruit dans le
 royaume des cieux est semblable à un père de famille qui tire de

son trésor des choses nouvelles et des choses vieilles.' There is a difference between old and young. The latter want to change everything. The language of the old is indulgent; 'le combat est vif entre eux.' It is well to listen to the word that never changes.

11TH.

When Fortune in her
shift and change of
mood

Spurns down her late
beloved, all his dependen-
dants

Which labour'd after him
to the mountain's top

Even on their knees and
hands, let him slip
down,

Not one accompanying
his declining foot.

Timon of Athens,
i. i.

Nannie went to the Protestant and Dollfuss
Asiles to look for a servant for us ;

One well recommended was there,

But to be hospital nurse she'd prefer

To attending one invalid.

N. also for a frame had need,

As she has a painting for those at home,

So by Rue d'Antibes she had to come.

12TH.

To business that we love
we rise betime,

And go to 't with delight.

*Antony and
Cleopatra, iv. 4.*

We drive at one to Juan les Pins,

Where N. paints as fast as she can.

Home again to muffins and tea.

The birds so bright, in high glee,

But very glad to get to their beds,

As driving too much tires their heads.

13TH.

Went to French Temple. Pasteur Bonnefon preached from the words: 'Heureux celui, qui mangera du pains dans le Royaume de Dieu.'

14TH.

Now, if these men have
defeated the law and
outrun native punish-
ment, though they can
outstrip men, they have
no wings to fly from
God; war is His beadle:
war is His vengeance.

Now, God be prais'd, that
to believing souls

Gives light in darkness,
comfort in despair!

Henry 1st.

Nannie painting at the Gonnet.

We sent a parrot for Frank to Erin,

And live in constant trepidation

That he'll ne'er reach his destination.

21ST.

N. went to the Gonnet, but did not paint.

Madame Daumas not well, inclined to faint.

Though it be honest, it
is never good
To bring bad news; give
to a gracious message
A host of tongues, but let
ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be
felt.

*Antony and
Cleopatra.*

Nor stony tower, nor
walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor
strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the
strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of
these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dis-
miss itself.

Julius Caesar, i. 3.

Modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise,
the tent that searches
To the bottom of the
worst.

*Troilus and
Cressida, ii. 2.*

Here is a dear, a true-
industrious friend,
And is not this an
honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha!
cousin, is it not?

Henry IV., i. 1.

I writing to aunt in New Zealand to-day
To wish her joy to the *nouveaux mariés*.
We drove up the hill to the observatory.
The one that is nearest to Vallauris.
When I had rested in the garden there,
Nannie and the maid helped me up the stair,
To a sweet sort of room, up on the height;
Many windows around to view the sight;
A parapet tower, with a glorious view
Of the mountains around Nice, and Antibes
too.
I sat at a window from which I could see
The Church at the point of the promontory,
Glistening white on the bay for many a mile,
Sweet and joyous it looks like a Christian's
smile.

Nannie was painting away against time,
While I made this faint attempt at a rhyme.

June twenty-first, summer commences,
In all I've seen of foreign calendars.
It is enough to try all our senses
When the twenty-fourth one remembers
Is Midsummer's day—the same in all lands—
I know not if in Allemagne or France.
There time must fly, with its vanishing sands,
From summer's commencing to midsummer's
dance.

22ND.

Nannie painting at the Gonnet;
A letter from L. Haughton to Nannie.
She heard at the Gonnet that Mr. Scott and
O'Donnell
Were all in America, and the Countess, *née*
O'Donnell,
Has a son after seven years' marriage; also

That the Leader-Temples come every year
or so

To Cannes. We sat reading on the *plage*
The cannoises seem to live in the water, to
nager,

I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys
that swim.
This many summers in a
sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth;
my high-blown pride:
At length broke under me
and now has left me
Weary.

Henry VIII., iii. 2.

In the summer, but I hear not in August,
When the seaweed bursts, and its iodine zest
Brings out boils and blains, to which they
object.

ST. JOHN'S EVE.

Went and watched a coal-ship unloading
From Liverpool; and later, bouquets making
For the festival of St John.

(Midsummer Day.)
Truth hath better deeds
than words to grace it.
Two Gentlemen of
Verona, ii. 2. 2.

In the evening bonfires and anon,
Boys jumping through the flames.

24TH.

Nannie went to the Gonnet to paint.
She heard that an Italian did assassinate
President Carnot at Lyons, where he was open-
ing

My lord, I found the
prince in the next room.
Washing with kindly tears
his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep de-
meanour in great sor-
row,

That tyranny, which
never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by upholding him,
have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drop.

He is coming hither.
But wherefore did he take
away the crown?

2 Henry IV., iv. 4.

The Exhibition, after a banquet at nine in the
evening,

And the President died at twelve o'clock.

Everyone looked terribly solemn from the
shock.

26TH.

The English coalship sailed this morning;
N. wished they had taken us, as adorning
The ship with our bright presence, would be
joy—

. . . Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun
shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in
Britain? 'T the world's
volume

Our Britain seems as of
it, but not in it:

In a great pool, a swan's
nest; prythee think,
There's livers out of
Britain.

Cymbeline, iii. 4.

To go there in secret and see old England like
a boy;

But not going to Britain, N. went to the
Gonnet,

While we watched the swimmers along the
 shore,
 Who lounge in the water an hour or more.
 At five o'clock we return to our door,
 Find inside a letter from Frank, as there
 He had received the parrot quite safe,
 Which to us was from fear an escape.
 He likes the bird, we are happy to see.
 Mary Frances is there, and her daughter,
 Lissie.

28TH.

Rev. Mr. Simpson called at one; he speaks
 well;

He had been in Madras ten years;

I am for the house with
 the narrow gate, which
 I take to be too little
 for pomp to enter.

*All's Well that Ends
 Well*, iv. 4.

He and his wife live in Villa Tour de Belle-
 Vue, on the hill at Antibes. He fears

Miss Hoste is ill, as she wrote for him.

We watched a thunderstorm fail to skim

Trust me, I am exceeding
 weary.

Is it come to that? I
 had thought, weariness
 durst not have attached
 one of so high blood.

Faith, it does me, though
 it discolours the com-
 plexion of my greatness
 to acknowledge it.

Henry IV., ii. 2.

Across the sea *on dil la mer le pousse*,

And for that reason, 'C'est un pays calm
 jusqu'-

'Au monotonie,' says Nannie. Fifty days, no
 rain;

Who could bear it but the strongest brain?

30TH.

Saturday, thirtieth, fine fresh air and blue sky.

The air is fresh, sky azure blue;

'Le temps n'est plus si lourd;

Past and to come seems
 best; things present
 worst.

Henry IV., i. 3.

C'est le temps que nous aimons le plus;

Wir sind nicht dagegen mais für.'

JULY 1ST.

Rev. David Simpson preached from Luke xii. 35: 'Let your
 loins be girded and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like
 unto men that wait for their Lord.' 'In one day President

Carnot was assassinated—called away so suddenly—also there was an explosion of fire-damp, when 230 miners were lost, and a ship foundered. “ Watch, then, for ye know not the hour when the Son of man cometh.” Our Lord speaketh to His people in parables. Sometimes they are stewards who are to take care of the good entrusted to their care ; sometimes it is a family expecting robbers to attack their home. The exhortation to all is to keep their lamps burning ; if they are burning dimly, we shall not have light when the Lord cometh. We should be so living, so trusting, that we may look for the coming of the Lord and love His appearing. Hezekiah loved life, and he had such dim notions of eternity that he feared to die. Christ’s death is the satisfaction for all sin. Most of us have lost those they love, and many of us have more dear ones on the other side of the grave than on this. To be ready for the Lord’s coming is not to have our lamps burning dim but bright.’ We stayed in for Sacrament ; the Rev. D. Simpson brought it to us. We came to Square Merimée ; the sun was very hot ; the mourning ceremony was over when we returned. An extra *Blatt*, giving a description of the funeral, which took place in Paris this morning, was posted up.

4TH.

Drove again to St. Cassien. Nan mounted
 The knoll to paint, and Dennis recounted ;
 To tell how Baron Turekheim supplies him
 with books
 And all *cochers*, weekly, on box or in nooks,
 And Dennis attends his meetings.
 Has heard also Wallis and Watson speaking.
 He even related stories out of literature
 Given him by the Baron ; with this art culture
 Time passed till Nan could arrive,
 And in the evening cool we homeward drive.
 Next day we vegetated — that is, watched
 fishermen

Truth hath a quiet breast.
Richard II., i. 3.

And fisherwomen mending their nets; we wished
them

Success, and a happy launch into the deep,
When other folks are fast asleep.

6TH.

The birds chant melody
on every bush.

Titus Andronicus.

Arranged with Dennis for another trip.
You must know that, out of the season,
The carriages are extremely cheap,
And Dennis is goodness itself for that reason.
A thirty-mile drive, with his swift ponies,
Seems nothing. To-day Simpsons to see
In their lovely Villa Tour de Bellevue.
They came out to greet us, and then we
Go on to Juan les Pins and watch the fleet
Manœuvre, as we sit in the heat,
But still under shade of the pines,
While Nannie her painting combines
With open-air treatment for her and us all.

Some are born great,
some achieve greatness,
and some have great-
ness thrust upon 'em.

Twelfth Night.
ii. 5.

11TH.

Nan painting and I sitting for her.

Later took a drive; too windy to paint.
We sought sheltered roads, but had a care
To see Sunnybank and Cannet.

'Tis not the many oaths
that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow
that's vow'd.

*All's Well that Ends
Well, iv. 1.*

Sunnybank is our English hospital,
Pitched on a sunny height. The capital
Has been increased by a performance
Given by Americans and English. Perchance
One will say we're not good friends, eh?
'Moi, je m'en doute cela, tout à fait.
A servant, called Françoise Sérène,
Came seeking situation, as she would fain
Have ours. She's not attractive,
But, having small choice, we're her captive.

The fault is not in our
stars,
But in ourselves, that we
are underlings.

Julius Caesar, i. 2.

12TH.

Annie went to the Countess Platen
 With a note. She replied she did want a
 red macaw,
 But as she was unexpectedly *geralen*
 To return to Germany, she wished she saw
 What she could do with all her own blue ones
 And other pets. This sudden recall disturbs
 all she planned.

Then all too late comes
 counsel to be heard,
 Where will doth mutiny
 with wit's regard.
Richard II., ii. 1.

14TH.

Fête Nationale de France—
 All the world gone to picnic and dance
 Round the Hermitage of St. Cassien
 To the Farandole strain.
 I wish we could see the assembly,
 For only a people fairly good and simple
 Would have heart to join in a fête
 Which, neither wicked nor rough, is great
 In the annals of this lovely land.
 Beautiful moonlight now shines on the sea, and
 grand
 With the soul-stirring music that resounds
 In the Place de la Liberté is the plash
 Of the wave in its ebb and flow and the flash
 Of the Bengal lights on sea and shore.
 At four next morning we hear the roar—
 Carriages returning from St. Cassien's maze,
 Mingled with the singing of the 'Marseillaise.'

Welcome these pleasant
 days,
2 Henry IV.

Giving full trophy, signal,
 and ostent,
 Quite from himself, to
 God. But now behold,
 In the quick forge and
 workinghouse of
 thought,
 How London doth pour
 out her citizens.
 The mayor, and all his
 brethren, in best sort,
 Like to the senators of
 th' antique Rome,
 With the plebeians swarming
 at their heels,
 Go forth.

Henry IV., v.

18TH.

Nannie painting ; I read and wrote,
 And at ten-thirty a wedding we note.
 It lasted long, more than an hour,
 As we read, talked, and lunched before it
 was o'er.

Later we drove all the way to Napoule.
 A beautiful day, the air nice and cool.
 We passed by the racecourse and the golf
 ground,
 Which lie close together, divided, we found,
 By a road through Napoule ; then crossed the
 railroad.

How can I describe the magnificent view ?
 The sea looking sapphire, so intensely blue,
 The cliffs round Marguerite and Honorat
 smile,

To gild refined gold, to
 paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on
 the violet,
 Is wasteful and ridiculous
 excess.

King John.

Like crusted gold settings to the olive-crowned
 isle.

Nan painted until time was up. Meanwhile
 A monsieur pleaded, no train could he find
 Till nine o'clock. ' Would our *cocher* ask ladies
 kind ?'

Good phrases are surely
 and everywhere very
 commendable.

2 Henry VI.

So the end of the matter was we took him on
 board ;

By our trustworthy Dennis he sat, and seemed
 happy.

The birds were content to see us return ; they
 might have been snappy.

28TH.

He that will have a cake
 out of the wheat must
 needs tarry the grind-
 ing.

*Troilus and
 Cressida.*

Annie at market. Mademoiselle Annali de
 Provence

Is much interested in that department. She
 herself

Is our neighbour on same *étage* ; she won't
 permit

Us to *toucher le piano* after eight o'clock. She
 sleeps direct,

And awakes hungry at one. Ah me ! she eats
 too much,

And desolate seems her room, though she's
 rich

We must not stint
Our necessary actions in
the fear
To cope malicious cen-
surers.

Henry VIII., i. 2.

O, no! the apprehension
of the good
Gives but the greater
feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth
never rankle more
Than when he bites, but
lanceth not the sore.

Richard II., i. 2.

And the Bishop visits her, and other priests;
She never does aught but go to market and
speak of food feasts.

The heat is very great, and I felt exhausted,
So the carriage was ordered to come instead
Of staying at home, and to the Cannes Observa-
tory high

For fresh air, from the sweltering haze to fly,
We ascend. I pitied the horses. Dennis
fetched water,
And bathed their faces and feet, and put on a
halter,

And long we encamped under the trees.

29TH.

Went to English Church. Rev. D. Simpson preached from
Luke xix. 41: 'And when He was come near, He beheld the
city, and wept over it. . . . If thou hadst known, even thou. . .'
It strikes us as strange that, just at the most triumphant time,
He had to weep. We are all given our time of grace to repent,
but if we do not accept the day of salvation, there comes a time
when, though we all say 'As long as there is life there is hope,'
one is left at last as it was said of Ephraim: 'Ephraim is joined
to his idols; let him alone.' When our Lord wept over
Jerusalem, knowing what was coming to pass, she had still forty
years' rest before the destruction came, and yet her fate was
settled then; so with us, if we neglect the call of God too long.

The cloud-capp'd towers,
the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the
great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit,
shall dissolve

And, like this insubstan-
tial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

Tempest, iv. 1.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none; be
able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use,
and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key;
be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for
speech.

*All's Well that Ends
Well, i. 1.*

30TH.

Not much to record. Signor Gulliole
Was polite in inviting, for whole
Sunday, Annie to join in a party his family.
Further, there was a people's ball on the *Allée*
Round the bandstand, and an inspiring jig.

AUGUST 1ST.

The fishermen's festival began to-day—
A sort of fife and drum and tattoo display.
The men and women went off from the *Pêche*
Tribunal

In an old-world dance, old folks and young,
and, *fiu!e*,

Farandole. Jacko had a wounded beak.

Nan had to slip in the food near his cheek.

It was touching to see how he could not lose
sight of her,

Winning would put any
man into courage.
Cymbeline, ii. 3.

And flew after her into next room, and crept
round her feet.

The fishermen's ball was very gay, judging from
the bright

Laughter and the stamping of feet when the
light

He that is giddy thinks
the world turns round.
*Taming of the
Shrew*, v. 1.

Farandole was played; they danced down the
stair,

And out, and then the small boys had their
share.

Checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of
actions highest rear'd.
As knots, by the conflux
of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine and
divert his grain.
Troilus and Cressida,
i. 5.

3RD.

Nan called on Mademoiselle Provençal;

She was asleep, but came to us in half an hour,
'elle

Avait eu beaucoup de chagrin'—both parents
paralysed,

And both died here: she had many offers, but
by her parents idolized,

She could not leave them, and nursed them to
the end.

4TH.

Jacko gave us a fright, flew down passage to
find

Nannie, and, dining-room shutters being hooked,
Flew against them, and slipped into the street;
we looked,

And she ran, and then came a man, in his
hand

Hope to joy is little less
in joy
Than hope enjoy'd.
Richard II., ii. 3.

Our Jacko; for which he got a *douceur* grand.

Miss Lugard came to tea and had a long chat.

Terribly hot, and I felt exhausted,
So went for a drive, fetching Miss Lugard
And Miss Taylor to another observatory,
And returned through Vallauris.

5TH.

Where words are scarce,
they are seldom spent
in vain;
For they breathe truth
that breathe their words
in pain.

Richard II., ii. 1.

Nan went out, and I played and sang hymns ;
Then went to the baths Nan and maid for a
swim

In the Mediterranean ; then they pushed my
chair

To the distant ' Reserve ' ; a band before *mairie*
Played late. The cannoise, men and women
and babes *chéries*,

Only turn out for fresh air after *neuf heures et
demie*.

7TH.

Neither a borrower nor a
lender be ;
For loan oft loses both
itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the
edge of husbandry.

Hamlet, i. 3.

N. went to speak with the agent about
Madame K. He told her ' on no account
To receive her, and never lend money,
No matter who should ask '—that sounds rather
funny.

12TH.

Our maid's birthday : she wore the ring with
the moonstone.

She and the new maid, Françoise, came to hear
Pasteur Bonnefon.

Text, Exod. xx. 8. The Sabbath' Day, what is it
thought of by some ?

A wearisome day ; by others a day of pleasure ?
But by Christians, a holy day—a day of joy to
treasure,

Heaven is above all yet ;
there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt.

Henry VIII., iii. 1.

For consecration to the Lord, a day of rest
without measure.

A slave-owner made his slaves work every
day,

But at last he found that more work did they
If they rested one day in the week. The
Sabbath

Was ordained for man. A traveller going far
Must rest sometimes to renew his strength, or
he'll mar

In common worldly
things, 'tis called un-
grateful,
With dull unwillingness
to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous
hand was kindly lent ;
Much more to be thus
opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal
debt it lent you.

Richard III., ii. 2.

Flattery is the bellows
blows up sin ;
The thing the which is
flattered, but a spark.
To which that blast gives
heat and stronger glow-
ing.

Pericles, i. 2.

All his treasured plans. So we have our
Sunday to renew

Ours. We are, however, ordered also to work
through

The six days. On our return met the Roman
Catholic Bishop, standing at our door ; he can
Speak English, and introduced himself to us,
Mademoiselle Provençal said he must
Know 'Qui touche le piano,' and he praised
Nan's playing.

13TH.

News from Tom ; he and Milly, merry
To leave on Saturday for Hardwick House,
Bury

St. Edmunds, to stay with Gery Cullem.

Oabsence, what a torment
wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour
leisure gave sweet
leave

To entertain the time
with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts
so sweetly doth deceive.

Sonnet xxxix.

Nan saw Miss Lugard off ; she was not jolly,
She dreads leaving Miss Hoste, but *elle*
tombe

Malade if she stays here through the full
aplomb

Of the summer's heat. Nannie, too, is ill,
But she dashes into the sea her *malaise* to
kill—

The breakers are strong, and long she battles.
Another summer, with goods and chattels,
We'll seek a more temperate climate ; here
Our brain goes on fire, and our nerves—oh
dear !

15TH.

There is a tide in the
affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood,
Leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage
of their life
Is bound in shallows and
in miseries.

Julius Caesar, iv. 3.

Time be thine,
And thy best graces spend
it at thy will.

Hamlet.

Our maid, Françoise, has a son in the band,
So she and Annie hurry, to wave a hand
To the triumphant Corps de Musique,
As it returns with its first prize, unique,
Won at Lyons. All Cannes in gala turned out,
To welcome them, and right about,
With banners flying, and playing,
They march to the *Marie sans* delaying.
We went out to drive through the beautiful
park
Of M. Cheris. A statue, there, of Jeanne d'Arc
Was erected to her by the English; Dennis
Can drive through, because, as he says: 'Je suis
d'ici,'
And besides, his *beau-frère* is caretaker there.
Some men beckoned to him from a public-
house door,
Among them the aforesaid *beau-frère*,
A glass to his health, and on to Pergamos,
Past Lady Alfred Paget's handsome *château*—
The Prince of Wales visits it; then we saw
Belvedere
The O'Donoghue's castle. I felt tired from the
air,
Our birds welcomed us home *gar schr*.

16TH.

Be patient, for the world
is broad and wide.

Romeo and Juliet.

Annie helped me to dress for the last time;
I felt very feverish till evening's chime.
Annie bade goodbye at 5.30; Françoise
Accompanied her *à la gare*, it was her choice.

17TH.

Françoise dressed me; we drove for olive-
Branches to seek with nuts on them and leaf.

Brevity is the soul of wit.
Hamlet.

We went by Cannet and Petit Juan ; when
Arranged in a basket, sent them off by the
train.

19TH.

Went to French church. The preacher a
stranger ;

His text : 'Soyez saint car je suis saint.'
More

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the
good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

*Measure for
Measure.*

Difficult to understand than the Pasteur,
dimanche passé.

Nan went to see Miss Hoste ; she had heard of
Agnes'

Safe arrival, but sea was rough to cross.

20TH.

Intended driving to Croix Garde ;
Changed our minds and went Boulevard
De la Croisette, till we could see the fleet.

Lay aside life-harming
heaviness.
And entertain a cheerful
disposition.

Richard II.

Saw the boy with one leg throw his crutch in
the sea and dive after it ;

Also watched Françoise talk to her son of the
Municipal Band—

An upholsterer by trade—the last left her of six.

Our drive was grand.

26TH.

I had my head turbanded after my orange-leaf
bath.

When Miss Taylor called in, we kept her to tea,
loth

To part till she related all of her mission work.
After service, Pasteur Meehem

Now, God be praised !
that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness.
comfort in despair.

2 Henry VI.

Helped me into my chair, *très obligeant* ;

The sun frizzling hot, the fool in the garden
sewing his patchworks.

27TH.

Monday; N. bought the *Annals de Provence* ;
therein,
Amongst much that is fine, much more that is
infantine.

29TH.

'Toujours le même beaux temps.' Nannie painting.

We took a drive with Mademoiselle Provençal
to her house in the country.

Miss Taylor went with us, and they went over
and round it.

Poor Rigner, who used to sew at his patchwork,
wounded

Some act that has no
relish of salvation in
it. . . .

Hamlet, iii. 3.

More are men's ends
mark'd than their lives
before :

The setting sun, and
music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets,
is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance
more than things long
past.

Richard II., ii. 1.

Princess : Sweethearts,
we shall be rich ere we
depart,

If fairings come thus
plentifully in :

A lady wall'd about with
diamonds !—

Look you, what I have
from the loving king.

Rosaline : Madam, came
nothing else along with
that ?

Princess : Nothing but
this ? yes ; as much
love in rhyme,

As would be cramm'd up
in a sheet of paper,

Writ on both sides the
leaf, margin and all ;

That he was fain to seal
on Cupid's name.

*Love's Labour's
Lost*, v.

A man by accident this morning, and was taken
to prison.

Nannie bathed in the breakers, which made the
girls scream.

31ST.

News from Tom. He and Milly
Expect to be home on Tuesday surely.

I read and pasted extracts in my book :
Then at N. and crowds in the water look.

EXTRACT FROM 'THE LADY OF THE LAKE.'

'Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace ; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain in lady's bower
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour
As I, until before me stand
This rebel chieftain and his band. . . .

'Have, then, thy wish !' He whistled shrill,
 And he was answer'd from the hill ;
 Wild as the scream of the curlew,
 From crag to crag the signal flew.
 Instant, through copse and heath, arose
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows ;
 On right, on left, above, below,
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe ;
 From shingles grey their lances start,
 The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
 The rushes and the willow-wand
 Are bristling into axe and brand,
 And every tuft of broom gives life
 To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
 That whistle garrison'd the glen
 At once with full five hundred men,
 As if the yawning hill to heaven
 A subterranean host had given.
 Watching their leader's beck and will,
 All silent there they stood, and still.
 Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
 As if an infant's touch could urge
 Their headlong passage down the verge,
 With step and weapon forward flung,
 Upon the mountain-side they hung.
 The mountaineer cast glance of pride
 Along Benledi's living side,
 Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
 Full on Fitz-James. 'How say'st thou now ?
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true ;
 And, Saxon—I am Roderick Dhu !'

Of all exploits since first
 I followed arms.
 Ne'er heard I of a warlike
 enterprise
 More venturous or des-
 perate than this.
 1 *Henry VI.*, ii. 1.

But there is a saying, very
 old and true,—
 'If that you will
 France win,
 Then with Scotland
 first begin':
 For once the eagle, Eng-
 land, being in prey,
 To her unguarded nest
 the weasel, Scot,
 Comes sneaking, and so
 sucks her princely eggs.
 Playing the mouse in
 absence of the cat,
 To tear and havoc more
 than she can eat.
Henry IV., i. 2.

Fitz-James was brave. Through to his heart
 The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start ;
 He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
 Return'd the chief his haughty stare ;

And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn The special head of all the land together;

The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt, And many more corrivals, and dear men

Of estimation and command in arms.

Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

Henry IV., iv. 4.

For the Roman eagle, From south to west on wing soaring aloft, Lessen'd herself, and in the beams of the sun So vanish'd: which foreshadow'd our princely eagle,

The imperial Cæsar, should again unite His favour with the radiant Cymbeline, which shines here in the west.

Cymbeline, iv. 5.

'Tis meet that noble minds keep ever with their likes, for who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?

Julius Cæsar, i. 2.

'I do beseech you (Chiefly that I might set you in my prayers) What is your name?

Tempest, iii. 1.

His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before.

'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.'

Sir Roderick mark'd, and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.

Short space he stood, then waved his hand;
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seem'd as if their mother earth
Had swallow'd up her warlike birth.

The wind's last breath had toss'd in air
Pennon and plaid and plumage fair:

The next but swept a lone hillside,
Where heath and fern were waving wide.

The sun's last glance was glinted back
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack;
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green and cold grey stone.

SEPTEMBER 1ST.

Witnessed the smoke from Golf Juan
On our drive. The fleet was in action—
Sham battle, etc. I often fear

It must be dull for man and officer,
When the winter season is over,
To lie baking, with no sheltering cover,
In that pretty but scorching bay.

Their time is divided—Marseilles,
Nice, and sometimes Genoa—but headquarters

Juan's bay; and for us poor ailing martyrs
The manœuvres of the warships make the
season.

2ND.

Attended the French Church. Pastor Guido preached from John ix. 25 : ' Il repondit, Je ne sais si c'est un pêcheur ; je sais une chose, c'est que j'étais aveugle et que maintenant je vois.' The first believer on whom a miracle was performed was a poor blind man. The Apostle Paul says : ' I know in whom I have believed.' To be a Christian you must believe in our Lord Jesus Christ. The mountaineer always takes a guide with him who knows the way. Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Man, proud man,
Drest in little brief
authority,
Most ignorant of what
he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like
an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks
Before high heaven
As make the angels weep.
*Measure for
Measure*, ii. 2.

Nannie called to see Miss Hoste. She was not alone—

Miss Taylor and Catrine were with her.

News from the Mintos ; their hotel burned down

At Beatenberg, four in the morning, also Hôtel Victoria, in the Engadine, same day as well.

Mademoiselle Provençal knew

The Pères were coming to see Villa Benison Dieu.

If they don't take it, she's willing to part
With it to anyone, even if not Prelate.

7TH.

That, sir, which serves
and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins
to rain,
And leave thee in the
storm.

King Lear, ii. 4.

Nature, crescent, does
not grow alone
In thews and bulk, but,
as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the
mind and soul
Grows wide withal.

Hamlet, i. 3.

The milk did not come ; took our tea without.

Did not taste bad—pure habit, no doubt.

I read, then sewed, *mon habit noir* ;

Nannie embroidered with blue *encore*.

We all went out about half-past three

To the Baths de Bottin. Nannie bathed in the sea ;

She paid for her bath, and then we proceed
To a *laiterie*, to buy milk which we need.

8TH.

Pleasure and action make
the hours seem short.
Othello, ii. 3.

Sent sundry stamps to Annie MacDonnell.

Our coachman called to know

If we to drive would go,

“ ‘ Le temps,’ dit il, ‘ fait si beau.’ ”

Nannie gave the young *portier*,

Who comes for the last time to-day,

A *pourboire*, and asked him who the next
should be?

A slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on
errands.
Julius Cæsar, iii. 2.

‘ An old one?’ said she. Answer: ‘ Yes,
thirty.’

At two we drove to Mandelieu;

Took Mademoiselle with us there too.

The sun shining through the smoke from the
wood,

Was a grand tableau; sun looked red as blood.

9TH.

Attended English Church. Rev. D. Simpson preached from Eph. iii. 14-19. ‘ We have,’ he said, ‘ made a general confession of our sins, but each of us must feel the sinfulness of our own hearts. Then we shall begin to understand the depth and breadth and height of the love of God. There must be faith before there is love.’ It was a very spiritually-minded sermon. There were about twenty-two in church.

At 4.30 we heard a parrot in the tree.

A little later Françoise placed Coco in window
to see

‘Tis well bethought,
She, questionless, with
her sweet harmony,
And other choice attrac-
tions, would allure.
Pericles, v. 1.

If the other would come, but I told her ‘twas
too cold

For Coco; so she replaced him, when told,

In the *salon* near. When dressed I felt rather
tired,

So put on white blouse, which is more admired,
And is not so tight as my flowered corsage ;
The heat makes me long for my things to be large.

IOTH.

Embroidering my skirt in wool of sky-blue,
While Nannie was painting from the window a view.

We then went out and up the Croisette ;
The scene was one not easy to forget.

The more fair and crystal
is the sky,
The higher seem the
clouds that in it fly.
Richard II., i. 1.

From the Esterels' land was clouded in smoke,
While from Californie a new fire broke :
And fire in clouds came pouring down
From the *Observatoire* to the forest's crown.

Thy greatest help is quiet,
gentle Nell ;
I pray thee, sort thy heart
to patience :
These few days' wonder
will be quickly worn.
2 Henry VI., ii. 4.

We turned down the way Tour de la Marbourg,
And looked at Pension Victoria ; we say
It would be convenient, a nice place to stay,
If we were obliged from here to go away.

I ITH.

Reading, then writing to Evelyn,
Who on the sixteenth will be birthday 'Queen.'
Drove in the afternoon near Californie ;
The fire still raging in forest we see :
A trick of *marchans de bois* to buy cheaply,
And very disgraceful, it seems to me.

When the sea was calm,
all boats alike
Show'd mastership in
floating.
Coriolanus, iv. 1.

We returned past Hôtel Métropole ;
The beautiful view thrills through our soul.
There the fleet is sailing, out o'er the blue sea ;
Happy the lot of those sailors, think we.

Overlooking the same we see Château Scott ;
For it they chose a beautiful spot.
As we returned, saw the fire was out,

When Caesar says, Do
this, it is perform'd.
Julius Caesar, i. 2.

Extinguished by soldiers and sailors, no doubt.
Took a turn through the *allée*, past the fair,
And extended our drive to Brougham Square :
Then finished to Evelyn my letter ;
Feel very tired, I wish I felt better.

14TH.

'Tis better to be lowly
born,
And range with humble
livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in
a glistening grief.
And wear a golden sor-
row.
Henry VIII., ii. 3.

In the afternoon went to the fair,
Looked at the things, but only bought there
A trumpet to please our birds ; but no air
This sweet instrument played here nor there,
And was too dear for this poor pair.
Ah ! I forget *les Arrêtères*,
Which cost twenty centimes, I declare ;
Then we departed from the Cannoise Fair.

15TH.

Some glory in their birth,
some in their skill,
Some in their wealth,
some in their bodies'
force,
Some in their garments,
though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and
hounds, some in their
horse ;
And every humour hath
his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy
above the rest.

Sonnet xci.

I took a bath in the house of de Clausel,
Which seems to agree with me well.
Nannie then went out to the *foire*,
When the bell rang, Coco said, 'Go to the
door !'
She had brought him nuts, and for each a
hoop,
Which 'tis to be hoped will teach them to stoop.
From Mrs. Bonnet, to Nannie, a letter,
Thanking for money, and for the better
Advice about Sondershausen Choir,
Which she thinks good as they could desire.
Next time N. brought some more pretty toys,
To please our four sweet 'little boys.'

16TH.

Upon the heat and flame
of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience.
Hamlet, iii. 4.

We heard on the glass the pattering of rain,
Which made all thoughts of church-going
vain.
We were disappointed, but read at home,

Knowing that once the rain has come,
It will come steadily down for some days,
Après so many months of delays.

18TH.

We came into the world
like brother and brother:
and now let's go
hand in hand, not one
before another.

Comedy of Errors,
v. 1.

I awoke in the morning *après une bonne nuit*.

The rain has departed, the sunshine I see.

'L'enterrement de M. L. Mayeur'—

The chief mourner *était son frère*,

'Un chef de musique; qui pleurait beaucoup.'

From our windows above we had the view.

Nannie went out, bought a Pagoda cheap,

For the vestibule, on the table to keep.

We all went out at the usual hour;

It was quite fine, no fear of a shower.

We met Miss Lugard in the Rue Bossu,

Looking somewhat tired from her journey, 'tis

true;

She went to visit a lady she knew.

We stopped for a while at the Petit-Paris,

Then on to change our books at Robaudy.

19TH.

When Pastor left, had a charming drive

To Cap d'Antibes—the air *si claire* we hope to
derive

Much that is *bon*. 'Le ciel est beau, mer
aussi.'

While at a short distance the white kiosk we
see;

We found there also *la figue de Berbarie*.

On our return Bilder and Tom's photography.

All places that the eye of
heaven visits

Are to a wise man ports
and happy havens.

Richard II., i. 3.

We took our afternoon promenade,

But light not the same, though also not bad:

The lovely sea of mother-of-pearl

Of yesterday had blue in its curl,

More are men's ends
mark'd than their lives
before :

The setting sun, and
music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets
is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance
more than things long
past.

Richard II., ii. 1.

While the sky was less mauve and reflection of
gold,

Not so brilliant as yesterday's told.

But N. paints the colours with might and main,
Not even frightened by Prince Galiyain.

20TH.

A peace above all earthly
dignities,
A still and quiet con-
science.

Henry V., iii. 2.

The book, copied out, of Winslow pedigree

Arrived this evening ; the old man did see
The postman coming, and took it from him,
Lest it should stick in the letter-box rim.

21ST.

Françoise to fish-market for *bouillebaise* :

N. bought fruit, proudly carried like a mace ;
Then to Gallantini's, where she met a poor
boy,

Who had come from Frejus to sell toys.

N. bought them all, giving more than he asked,
But the poor little boy was honest not masked ;

He said : ' Vous m'avez donnée trop,'

To which she smiling answered : ' I know.'

She gave him some bread, and some pamphlets
to read,

For all of which he was thankful indeed.

22ND.

I wrote to Miss Angelo in the forenoon,

Giving her an account of the fires, which so
soon

Made havoc among all the beautiful pines.

A card from Jemmy, with a few lines

To tell us the pictures had been sent off.

His mother has an asthmatic cough.

To be or not to be : that
is the question ;
Whether 'tis nobler in the
mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of
outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a
sea of troubles,
And by opposing end
them ?

Hamlet.

23RD.

We went to the English Church. The Rev. D. Simpson preached from Matt. xxii. 40 : 'On these commandments hang all the law and the prophets.' When the Pharisees heard that Jesus had put the Sadducees to silence, they sent a lawyer to Him, skilled in all the ritual and ceremonies of the sacrifices and offerings of the law, and they were thinking of these when they asked Him. Therefore their astonishment was great at our Lord's answer, showing that ritual and ceremony were not the chief parts of the law ; that they were at an end and the moral law alone remained, and when the lawyer agreed with Him and answered discreetly, He said unto him : 'Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God.'

God bless thee ! and put
meekness in thy mind,
Love, charity, obedience,
and true duty.

Richard III.

24TH.

Nannie went out *à l'heure bonne* ;
A letter for her from Susanne Kingdon.

25TH.

Love is not love
Which alters when it
alteration finds,
Or bends with the re-
mover to remove :
O no ! it is an ever-fixed
mark
That looks on tempests
and is never shaken.

Sonnet cxvi.

Nannie met two of the girls, Daumas *en ville*,
Their mother, they said, was not quite so ill
As she had been in the country.
Cannes seems better with her to agree.
Nannie had been to bathe in the sea,
It was certainly colder by one degree.

God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and
lantern to my feet.

2 Henry VI.

Après-midi we sat on the strand,
While Nannie painted the sunset from land.
And I read 'A Yellow Aster,'
Where science proved a disaster.
We then took a turn on the Croisette,
But before that, a friend I forget
If I mentioned before,
Passed under our windows, though not to our
door.

26TH.

When the Angelus rang, at midday,
I said to Françoise Sérène : 'By the way,

What hour does the bell ring three times
three ?' .

' That is the " Angelus," in French,' said she,
' But in *patois* it is *Ave Marie*.'

27TH.

Nannie was out in the forenoon to-day ;
Then about twelve came Monsieur Cocher,
When we arranged to take a drive ;
But when we at the Consul's arrive,
' Mademoiselle était va promenade ;
Il fallait la chercher, et bien d'après,'
Nannie found her in a shop in Grand Rue,
And kidnapped her quickly, without more ado.
We then drove off to the Croix des Garde,
Where we had *bou air*, and returned *pas trop*
lard,

For the post *colis*, which Miss Lugard
Wished to take with grapes to the station.
Later she brought us a present of some
Which would not fit into the box or drum.
It was so late she would not come in ;
The grapes were grand, but had a thick skin—
A delicious flavour of muscatel.

I wrote Mary Frances, to thank her well
For the nice work, ' Winslow Pedigree,'
Which I am glad to have by me.

OCTOBER 1ST.

Fresh, cool, and breezy, during the day ;
Nan out in the morning, as almost alway.
I mending my book, and sewing my dress—
Now and then giving the birds a caress.

2ND.

A visit from kind Agnes Lugard.
We found it, alas ! rather too hard,

Value dwells not in parti-
cular will ;
It holds his estimate and
dignity

As well wherein 'tis pre-
cious of itself
As in the prizer.

Troilus and
Cressida.

A heart unspotted is not
easily daunted.

2 Henry IV.

What's brave, what's
noble,
Let's do it.

Antony and
Cleopatra.

The heavens thee guard
and keep.

2 Henry IV.

She must leave so soon ere it grew dark.
 She looked at Nan's drawing, and was off like
 a lark.

She brought books and papers, and *London*
News,

We'll forth and fight,
 Do deeds worth praise.

Troilus and
Cressida.

With all the interesting latest views :
 For those who can't walk a very great gain
 To pass some pleasant hours and keep off pain.

3RD.

Raining all day ; did not *sortir*.
 A letter from Tom to say Mrs. D.
 Wished to know the prices in Cannes
 For furnished rooms three. We wrote : A good
 plan

Search out thy wit for
 secret policies,
 And we will make thee
 famous through the
 world.

Henry IV., iii. 3.

Would be to go to a *pension* first,
 Then search for what would please best or
 worst.

Nan wrote to Miss Freeth, in answer to her,
 In these good rooms, too much cockroaches'
 burr !

4TH.

The two letters posted in afternoon.
 I suppose we shall hear from them all soon ;
 We wonder what their answers will be
 About this sunshiny town on the sea.

5TH.

A letter to Nan from Ethel Marley.
 They had been in Cornwall very happy.
 Her sister is going to India soon,
 But only for a month, so I presume.
 She wishes to try if the climate will suit
 For her health, ere she try the pursuit
 Of her Mission—the Zenana, we hear.
 Being not strong, for her health they fear.

Receive what cheer you
 may :
 The night is long that
 never finds the day.

Macbeth.

Are these things, then,
necessities,
Then let us meet them
like necessities.

Henry IV.

In the afternoon we threaded our way
First through the obstructions over the quay,
Then along Boulevard de Midi.
There the father and son we could see
Taking their afternoon promenade.
They reminded us of the story we read
Of 'Edged Tools,' by Marian Crawford—
A fine sarcasm on the men alone.

6TH.

What, is the jay more
precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are
more beautiful?
Or is the adder better
than the eel,
Because his painted skin
contents the eye?

*Taming of the
Shrew, iv. 3.*

A funeral this morning of some Prelate,
To judge from the Bishop and from the state.
Nan went to fruit-market, and brought blue
parasol.
Ein Brief, von Herr Niess, enclosing a scroll,
Stating that 'Hoffmann, Ingenieur ist nach
Einsiedeln
Abgereist, mit seiner Familie.'

7TH.

Went to the French Temple. Pasteur Bonnefon preached from
Rev. xxi. 22 : 'Je n'y vis point de temple, car le Seigneur Dieu
puissant et l'Agneau en sont le Temple.' He said three repairs
had been done to the church—below for heat, above for light,
and within new acoustic properties, to enable people to hear
better. He also thanked the Rev. P. Minto for the loan of his
church, which he gave with a real Scotch hospitality. Mr. and
Mrs. Minto were in church, also the young French Pasteur and
Miss Taylor.

Mercy . . . is twice
bless'd :

It blesseth him that gives,
and him that takes.

*Merchant of
Venice.*

8TH.

Françoise becomes worse and worse in her
dress,
So that it's *vraiment* a distress
To see her so dirty. If she puts on her robe
grey
Pour sortir with us, when we make *entrée*
Off it goes for her calico blue.

She is cunning, and we can see through
 The intencion to force us to buy her a new
 One, but Nan settles her black dress for her,
 Which now in future indoors she must wear.
 Then she tells me quite coolly she has one
 herself,

And thus the whirligig of
 time brings in his re-
 venges.

Twelfth Night.

Thus showing her hand, which Nan, know-
 ing well,
 Has only lent the black dress, as long as she's
 here,
 So that dressing the French may not come too
 dear.

Nannie battled with breakers in the *après midi*,
 Then all of us wandered along by the sea,
 Meeting, as usual, twin father and son,
 Who much remind of 'Edged Tools,' with Sir
 John.

9TH.

Time's glory is to calm
 contending kings,
 To unmask falsehood and
 bring truth to light.

Lucretia.

Kindness in women, not
 their beauteous looks,
 Shall win my love.

*Taming of the
 Shrew.*

Mademoiselle Provençal brought to us
 A fine plate of 'urchins,' without any fuss.
 They had, like oysters, a flavour good,
 And with some bread are pleasant food.
 Saw notice *de mariage de* Mademoiselle
 Julie Mounier—though nice, not a belle—
 With *l'ingenieur* Monsieur Paul Jeancard.
 The latter I've not yet seen, *pour ma part*.

10TH.

Ah! what's more danger-
 ous than this fond
 affiance?

Seems he a dove? his
 feathers are but bor-
 row'd.

For he's disposed as the
 hateful raven.

Is he a lamb? his skin is
 surely lent him,
 For he's inclin'd as is the
 ravenous wolf.

2 Henry IV., iii. 1.

Françoise this morning as good as a play,
 In Nan's black dress looking quite *distingué*.
 She felt it, however, a little tight.
 Fine feathers make fine birds: she's not a
 fright.

11TH.

This forenoon spent at *fenêtre, en air*,
 Gazing as the church fills for the bridal pair.

Nannie is 'one of the many' who entered there.

Galantini was seen taking over armchair.

Ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes;
Recanting goodness; sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Timon of Athens,
i. 2.

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
Macbeth.

At least twenty carriages laden we see
Drive down the Croisette to the Mairie.
One hundred and fifty guests then appear,
Most in bright colours and in good cheer,
Here wedding-guests come in correct style,
Before the bride and bridegroom a short while.
The bride's carriage with flowers *bien décorée*,
The bridegroom's likewise, but not so gay.

At two-thirty we go out to drive;
Meet Mr. Cheyne Brady, and then arrive
At Châlet Syphres; see Mrs Brady.
When N. was leaving, she came to see me;
Then drive to the Manse, but the Mintos were out—

Left ten minutes ago, or thereabout.
Return then by Casino des Fleurs;
See three of the carriages waiting at door.

12TH.

Be to yourself
As you would to your friend.
King Henry VIII.,
i.

A letter from Tom. Parrots have arrived;
Were long *en route*, but now are revived.
A few speeches of birds to my memory lost,
Which I hope to mention by some other post.
Such lovely weather in this beautiful clime—
The sea like glass, and in colour pearly.
Wrote to Tom of descent from Ranfurly,
Otherwise Knox and Andrew, the Bishop surely.
Beside the immortal 'John,' who so truly
Rebuked 'Mary.' I told him also the Winslow crest

The hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.
Othello, iii. 4.

Was a lioness, with the request
He would look on the window to the right side
On that place he'll see the lioness ride.

We went to the band ; then Nannie took
 A steel buckle from shop, to have a look
 How it would suit in my hat with the plumes.
 When she returned we heard the last tunes.
 Then for a turn on the Croisette,
 And to change books we did not forget.

Better to leave undone,
 than by our deed
 Acquire too high a fame
 when him we serve's
 away.

*Antony and
 Cleopatra*, iii. 1.

13TH.

A charming letter from Loulie,
 Describing her visit to Brownhall fully.
 Nan went out and bought me a watch-guard,
 A sweet pretty one, with diamonds not hard.
 We sallied forth somewhat before three.
 When N. had left, the Bishop came up to me,
 He had been away to North Germany,
 But returned in time at the wedding to be.

Those friends thou hast
 and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul
 with hoops of steel ;
 But do not dull thy palm
 with entertainment
 Of each new-hatched, un-
 fledged comrade.

Hamlet. i. 3.

When Nannie came back we to Oiserie go,
 Where she paid for birds ; the fare is low ;
 Then to wood shop, a long delay,
 Showing boxes of *lavande* and orange gay,
 And of the sweet-smelling eucalyptus-tree.
 Our hands were scented the rest of the day.
 We found, alas ! on our return here,
 Cards of Mr. Simpson and his wife dear.
 My hat came first, with a green aigrette
 Combined with steel buckle I should regret
 To wear, as it looked rather tawdry,
 Being changed for *l'air comme il faut*—
 Dyeing the feathers, besides buckles and bows,
 Twenty-five francs ! How hard, no one
 knows,
 It must be for the rather poor
 To dress pretty well, and keep the wolf from
 the door.
 Françoise posted letter to Loulie when out ;

. . . Being sick, have, in
 some measure made me
 well :

And as the wretch, whose
 fever-weaken'd joints,
 Like strengthless hinges,
 buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit,
 breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms ;
 even so my limbs

Weaken'd with grief . . .
 are thrice themselves.

2 *Henry IV.*, i. 1.

Beseech you, sir, be
 merry ; you have cause.
 So have we all, of joy ;

Tempest, ii. 1.

Then we proceed to the birdshop again—
 Saw a handsome Australian Bird of Paradise,
 But I felt so ill my heart seemed to dance,
 So Nan took me down to the *laiterie*,
 For a glass of water and milk, you see.
 The latter we took as the water was free.
 When we came to Bottins, Nan fetched brandy,
 Which set my heart moving, 'twas good *can de*
vie,
 And lastly a bottle of porter she bought,
 At Priest's, some of which my cure has
 wrought.
 Before we went out I forgot to mention,
 A charming and friendly attention,
 From the bride's parents, a white satin *sachet*
 Embroidered in gold, a *bonbonnière*,
 Filled with sugared almonds, a nice souvenir
 Of the date and the wedding, of poor Julie
 Monnier.

An honest tale speeds
 best being plainly told.
Richard III.

From lowest place when
 virtuous things pro-
 ceed,
 The place is dignified by
 the doer's deed.
All's Well that
Ends Well.

14TH.

In bed in the forenoon, feverish and low ;
 Could not manage *déjeuner*, it was best so,
 So Françoise took paper, books, and letter,
 And inquiring found that Miss Hoste was
 better,

None can cure their harms
 by wailing them.
Richard II.

While Nan and I remained at home all day,
 I was so languid I'd not much to say.

17TH.

Après diner we had a ride,
 Calling for Miss Lugard beside,
 Then drove up to the Observatoire,
 The desolation from the fire to *voir*.
 Wonderful marvellous was the sight !
 Some places burned, as, with delight,
 The flames must have licked and curl'd round,

Julia : His little speaking
shows his love but
small.

Lucetta : Fire that's
closest kept burns most
of all.

Julia : They do not love
that do not show their
love.

Lucetta : O! they love
least that let men know
their love.

*Two Gentlemen of
Verona*, i. 2.

While others were green even to the ground,
Like an oasis in the desert bleak.
One place, the road succeeded to keep
The fire from spreading further across
To the other side ; at another the loss
Again broke out with raging power,
Sparing nor tree, nor bush, nor flower.

20TH.

Adriana : Look'd he or
red, or pale? or sad, or
merrily?

What observation mad'st
thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors
tilting in his face?

Luciana : First he denied
you had in him no
right.

*Comedy of
Errors*, iv. 2.

Miss Lugard and Nan saw a girl in Naat,
Who would suit me, at least they thought so.
Strange that the girls at each Observatoire
Should be *deutschsprechend*, it is hard to *croire*.

22ND.

O Lord! that lends me
life,
Lend me a heart replete
with thankfulness.

Henry VI.

' *Françoise est aller au marché,*
We're to have a favourite dish to-day—
The far-famed *bouillabaisse*, for our dinner,
And '*pommes de terre, en robe de chambre.*'
Nan went out, notwithstanding the rain,
While I worked, surrounded with our good
train

Of parrots and parakeets. *Françoise est sortie*,
N. bought book for Winslow pedigree.
Enjoyed the novelty of seeing Victorien Sar-
dou ;

King Henry : But what
a point, my lord, your
falcon made,

And what a pitch she
flew above the rest.

To see how God in all
His creatures works!

Yea, man and birds are
fain of climbing high.

Suffolk : No marvel, an
it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks
do tower so well :

They know their master
loves to be aloft,

And bears his thoughts
above his falcon's pitch.

Gloster : My lord, 'tis but
a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher
than a bird can soar.

Henry VI., ii. 1.

At his father's funeral *je l'ai vue*—
A charming face to fascinate the heart
' *Et, on dit, un esprit,*' to dazzle in his art.
A pleasant visit from Mademoiselle,
Who much of the bride and bridegroom could
tell.
The former's aunt and Mademoiselle Provençal
Were affected to tears, attribute to her father
all.

He wanted a son-in-law for his own society,
As he possessed no sons. Not even piety

Taught him to consult his poor daughter's
wishes,
So the outlook is very far from delicious.

Started to the Gare, the strangers to see,
And so witnessed the funeral of Graf Bobrinsky,
The Count who had been so very long ill,
Banished from Russia and court ; still
Stundist, faithful to truth and God's will.
A number of English followed in the train,
Among them the Webbers and General Cham-
berlain.

No ceremony that to great
ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown,
nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon,
nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one
half so good a grace
As mercy does.

*Measure for
Measure.*

Though usurpers sway
the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just,
and time suppresseth
wrongs.

3 Henry VI.

He was much respected as a Christian man.
By those who knew him at all well in Cannes.
His daughters, plainly dressed, followed the
hearse,
And his sister, Countess Platen, who, as he
grew worse,
Had postponed her departure, was also there.

On our return found printed card
Of meeting at Mr. Cheyne Brady's, to study the
Word:
These 'Stundist' meetings we enjoy, and go
there,
They soothe us much and drive away care.

25TH.

A singing bee flew into the room,
Which, when Françoise saw, dispelled her
gloom

Make use of time ; let
not advantage slip.
*Venus and
Adonis.*

'Une porcelaine rouge, "Porte de Bonheur,"'
Which will bring some good news, I am sure.
She cried aloud in great delight,
She danced and frisked outright
In her endeavours to come in its course,

While our laughing only excited her worse.
 When it touched her eye, 'It was a good sign !'
 Then from the post, Tom's letter—'twas fine
 To see her exultation, but not to compare
 With her joy in the *soir*, a *collis* was there,
 With sweet pretty slippers, two pair
 Knitted by Lissie ; each had her share,
 One fawn and pink, *l'autre* fawn and blue,
 With the prettiest pattern that I ever knew,
 But Françoise fussed at such a rate—
 Forgetting, 'They also serve who stand and
 wait,'
 As Milton said in his poem on blindness, grand
 and great.

Tidings do I bring and
 lucky joys
 And golden times and
 happy news of peace.
2 Henry IV.

26TH.

Went to Châlet des Syphres at two o'clock ;
 Took a man *en route*—Françoise would have
 had a shock.
 We paid for going from the station one franc,
 At which expense our poor hearts sank.
 The meeting, though small, *plein d'intérêt*.
 We commenced Romans, of which much to
 say.
 Mr. Minto was ill, so could not come.
 Count Bobrinsky was mentioned as having gone
 home ;
 He formerly used to appear on this scene.
 When we returned, wrote to Tom between
 The hours of six and eleven—to M. F., too,
 Asking advice as to what to do,
 When in due course I with sweet sleep was
 blest.

Be just and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou
 aim'st at be thy
 country's,
 Thy God's and truth's.
King Henry VIII.

30TH.

Fine weather to-day ; 'tis the exception when
 not
 In this rare climate and lovely spot.

Nannie went early to Perugini,
 The famous snow-white parrot to see.
 I worked in the morning at my *robe de chambre*.
 N. wrote to the Layards *après déjeuner*,
 And then, about *deux heures et demie*,
 We on the Plage after the post make a *sortie*.
 Our baby Coco is anxious to talk.
 Seeing Petite with a little one walk,
 With Nan's assistance into his cage,
 He said : ' I want a boy ! ' ' Why rage ? '
 Said Nannie. ' You have one.'
 ' Oh, Polly ! ' said he. Not badly begun
 For our baby Coco.

Nature hath fram'd
 strange fellows in her
 time :

Some that will evermore
 peep through their eyes,
 And laugh, like parrots,
 at a bag-piper.

*Merchant of
 Venice, i. 1.*

EXTRACT FROM 'THE LADY OF THE LAKE.'

' Who o'er the herd would wish to reign ?
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain—
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
 And fickle as a changeful dream ;
 Fantastic as a woman's mind.
 And fierce as frenzy's fevered blood. . . .
 Thou many-headed monster thing,
 Oh, who would wish to be thy king ? '

An habitation giddy and
 unsure hath he, that
 buildeth on the vulgar
 heart.

*King Henry II.,
 i. 3.*

NOVEMBER 1ST.

Heard of the death of Alexander the Czar.
 Though we never saw him, from near or far ;
 He was praised as a just and peaceable Prince.
 He suffered much, and the Czarina since,
 So that their palace is sad to-day.
 The Prince and Princess without delay
 Had started, but they will come too late,
 But may comfort the widow in her sad state.

The miserable have no
 other medicine,
 But only hope.

*Measure for
 Measure.*

2ND.

Was ill in the night, but better to-day—
 Vinegar cloth cools my head away.

Nay, but make haste ; the
better foot before.

King John, iv. 2.

I have heard of the lady,
and good words went
with her name.

*Measure for
Measure*, iii.

My state.
Like to the lark at break
of day arising,
From sullen earth, sings
hymns at heaven's gate.
Sonnets xxix.

God's goodness hath been
great to thee ;
Let never day nor night
unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what
the Lord hath done.

2 Henry VI.

Thou ever strong upon
the stronger side !

King John, iii. 1.

When I got ease, I fell asleep later.
Something I took disagreed, *peut être*.
Nannie was out, and came in *spät*.
She had gone to see the Paris train,
Met Miss Lugard, who waits, and then
They saw Captain and Mrs. Swerdrup arrive—
Madame in the same bonnet. How did she
contrive
To keep it so well ? True, I've had mine
For a much longer time.
We took a turn in the Rue d'Antibes first,
And then for some time sat at the coast.
In the evening a visit from mademoiselle ;
She had good news of her villa to tell.

4TH.

Was ill in the night, so could not go to *l'église*.
Nan stayed at home ; she would not please
To go without me to Church Française ;
So we read at home, our spirits to raise.
From Mrs. Dickenson a letter,
Saying they would arrive (Mie-Mie better)
On Friday from Marseilles in the train,
Hoping the sunshine will be a gain
For the latter, who is still very weak,
And is coming to Cannes some strength to
seek.

Afternoon, Captain Swerdrup and *Fran*
Called to see me. Both look so well now,
Blooming and young, against our pale faces.
The cold north air has some good graces.
They talk of only spending six weeks here,
And then proceeding to Cairo, but fear
Everything there may be too dear.

5TH.

Sewing to-day at my *robe de nuit*.
Après déjeuner Nannie went to see

If we shall stand still, in
fear our motion will be
mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here
where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

Henry VIII., i.

Agnes Lugard and the invalid Miss Hoste.
She took the latter the book she wished most
And the first volume of 'The Heavenly Twins.'
The first part is gay, and certainly wins
Many a laugh at the tricks of the twins,
But later the pathetic has its full due.

I sat on the Plage with Françoise ; saw General
And his niece amongst the returned 'Inter-
national.'

Mr. Bonham-Carter, looking well, comes up to
speak.

They have been in England, and returned last
week.

In this, the antique and
well-noted face
Of plain old form is much
disfigured ;

And, like a shifted wind
unto a sail,

It makes the course of
thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights con-
sideration,

Makes sound opinion sick,
and truth suspected,

For putting on so new a
fashion'd robe.

King John, iv. 2.

6TH.

Was ill in the night ; I've got a chill ;
I give so much trouble to Nannie still.
The latter departed this morning for town ;
She has nearly finished her pretty gown,
Which I admire, though the colour is brown.
I feel so chilly, it makes me feel down.

He that doth the ravens
feed,

Yea, providently caters
for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age !

As You Like

It, ii. 3.

At two Nan took spider trap-door nest
And a diamond buckle and two pins to post.
Loulie must fish them out with a long pin.
They are not contraband, and so it's no sin.
While we were out met Mintos and Carter,
And 'Le Beau' and Swerdrup a short time
after.

7TH.

A letter from Mrs. Dickenson to say,
Could not come yet, as Eugen Bungé
Had died on the second, rather suddenly,
Of influenza, being ill of days only three.

Heaven doth with us as
we with torches do :
Not light them for them-
selves.

*Measure for
Measure, i. 1.*

Agnes Lugard called *après diner*,
Bringing us a delicious bouquet
Of scented flowers—the sweet mignonette—

Which she from a gardener did get.
 She shares her treasures, leaving largest part
 With us, showing her generous heart.
 In the afternoon *nous sommes sortis*
 To Hôtel International, the Franks to see,
 But on the way met Madame Frank with a
 friend,
 And gave her the message Mrs. Dickenson
 sent.

8TH.

Mr. Brady called before dinner.
 He wished Nan would write Mrs. Willink and
 say

The quality of mercy is
 not strained ;
 It droppeth, as the gentle
 rain from heaven.

*Merchant of
 Venice, iv. 1.*

He would like to have the Dutch translation
 Of his tract on ' The Future ' she had made for
 that nation.

10TH.

It is not so with Him that
 all things knows,
 As 'tis with us that square
 our guess by shows ;
 But most it is presumption
 in us, when
 The help of Heaven we
 count the act of men.
*All's Well that
 Ends Well, ii. 1.*

In the evening late, Mrs. Dickenson
 Called, delighted with all Nannie had done ;
 Cheerful and excited, once more to be
 In the land of the sun, the charming *midi*.

11TH.

We went to French church. Pasteur Bonnefon preached from
 Rom. viii. 16. Everyone is a child of God as He is the Creator ;
 but to be a child of God through Jesus Christ is quite another thing.
 We are adopted sons with Jesus Christ, our elder brother ; we
 have inherited the Kingdom through Him, and the Holy Spirit
 has drawn us to believe in Him, and there is no condemnation
 to them that are in Christ Jesus. ' And I am persuaded that
 neither depth nor height . . . can separate us from the love of
 God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

12TH.

Agnes Lugard came at half-past nine,
 Her stamps with N.'s to exchange or join.
 Monsieur Pierre then took curtains down ;

Use every man after his
desert, and who should
scape whipping?

Hamlet, ii. 2.

The dust this produced might well cause a
frown,

But Miss Lugard with gentleness bore
This sad disturbance, which soon was o'er.

14TH.

Let's carry with us ears
and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Coriolanus, ii.

Mr. Cheyne Brady came in the forenoon,
But our dinner came, and he left soon.
He told us of the explosion of gas
Which took place near us ;
It happened at eleven last night,
We did not hear it, and were spared a fright.
He has received Madame Willink's translation,
Done for the benefit of the Dutch nation,
'Twas got up in good style and nicely bound,
But he cannot read Dutch ; he knows not a
sound.

Torches were made to
burn ; jewels to wear ;
Things growing to them-
selves are growth's
abuse.

Sonnet.

15TH.

The *mistrale*'s blowing a gale to-day,
So again in the house I have to stay.
Françoise fetched this morning from 'Inter-
national '
The rugs which Tom sent—they were in that
hotel.
They are very handsome and furnish the room,
so
The one (if we can call it so), the *plus bean*,
We over the sofa can throw.
The other, blue and orange, on my chair may
go.
Rain again, ah ! well-a-day, 'tis sad !
But here the sun so often makes us glad
That we most discontented must appear
To Almighty God, who gives us all good here.

It sufficeth that the day
will end,
And then the end is
known.

Julius Caesar.

16TH.

We will not from the
helm, to sit and weep ;
But keep our course,
though the rough wind
say—no.

Henry VI, iii.

A mournful letter from James Toole,
Who is now passing through a hard school ;
Maria in danger and Zumlohs gone,
They, too, must leave Goldschmieding soon.
They must wander ; it half breaks James's
heart

To leave the place ; yet, when they depart,
If they are nearer to Cassie and children,
They will be happier, 'twill be hoped, again.
Françoise took a note to Madame Swerdrup,
And the picture to Daumas, well wrapped up.

I am wrapp'd in dismal
thinkings.

*All's Well that Ends
Well*, v. 3.

17TH.

Raining nearly all the day again ;
Floods are affecting the line and the train.
A card from Mrs. Watts, by early post ;
Maud is much better, went out, so can boast ;
They hope to start on Monday *prochain*.
Françoise returned papers to Miss Lugard,
Brought history of Sir William Hoste, how he
warred.

Josephine thanked for picture, though not quite
done.

She said her engagement was broken off,
She, being the eldest, has work enough.
So long as her mother is laid aside,
She cannot think of being a bride.
Hortense is gone to her novitiate,
While Milly would be a rich old man's mate !
Mrs. Dickenson called, then Josephine left.
The former is low, of the sun bereft.

I do not think a braver
gentleman.

More active-valiant, or
more valiant-young,
More daring, or more
bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age
with noble deeds.

Henry IV., v. 1.

Exceeding wise, fair-
spoken, and persuading.

King Henry VIII.,
iv.

20TH.

We had a visit from Mademoiselle ;
She knew some cure for Nannie as well :

Radish syrup *et Laurier de Cerise*,
In order to cause the bronchitis to cease.

21ST.

Laurier de Cerise Françoise could not get ;
Because 'tis risky, the man would not let
Her have it, so must again demand
Mademoiselle to aid with heart and hand.
Read in the paper the Prince of Wales is ill,
With chronic bronchitis, but we hope still,
'Tis but a slight attack, and will swerve ;
The Princess, they say, too, has a crisis of the
nerves.

Fair ladies, you drop
manna in the way of
starved people.

*Merchant of
Venice*, v. 1.

O, the fierce wretchedness
that glory brings us !
Timon of Athens,
iv.

Afternoon, a great pageant at Notre Dame,
For the Czar's funeral ; in the church a cram.
The Corporation, the Military and Fleet ;
We saw all so well from our window—quite a
treat.

The Simpsons called while all were in *l'église*,
But could not wait to see the release
Of the notabilities, with Grand Duke Michael,
And the life-and-drum Admiral.
Read Sir William Hoste's life, and much ad-
mired

I had rather had eleven
die nobly for their
country, than one
voluptuously surfeit out
of action.

Coriolanus.

The wonderful energy he displayed ;
He seemed not to know the word ' afraid.'
The life of her father, lent by Miss Hoste,
is called ' Service Afloat,
Or the Naval Career of Sir William Hoste,
Bart.'

For Miss Angelo I copied extracts of notes from Captain
Hoste to Admiral Fremantle :

' H.M.S. *Bacchante*,

' Before Cattaro,

' January 5, 1814.

' . . . I cannot conclude this without acknowledging in the
warmest terms the active assistance I have received from

Captain Angelo, of Lieutenant-General Campbell's Staff, who was waiting in the *Bacchante* to join the Lieutenant and General at Zante. His zeal and ability have supplied many deficiencies on my part, and have considerably tended to the speedy reduction of the place. I have, etc.

' (Signed) W. HOSTE, Captain.'

Duty never yet did want
his meed.

*Two Gentlemen of
Verona.*

I do love
My country's good with a
respect more tender,
More holy and profound,
than mine own life

Coriolanus.

' H.M.S. *Bacchante*,

' Before Ragusa,

' January 29, 1814.

' . . . I beg leave also to mention the great assistance I have received from Captain Angelo, of Lieutenant-General Campbell's Staff, who accompanied me from Cattaro, both there and at this place. His ready and active services have considerably diminished the difficulties we have met with. The limits of a despatch will not allow me to enter further into detail. . . .

' I have the honour, etc.,

' (Signed) W. HOSTE, Captain.'

The *Bacchante's* chaplain, Mr. Yonge, writing from Trieste on February 26th, 1814, says :

' During the siege a Captain Angelo, aide-de-camp to General Campbell, who was a passenger on board the *Bacchante*, was sent into Cattaro with a flag of truce. The French General complained heavily of the use of rockets, and said it was a most unmilitary way of proceeding.

" "Why," replied Angelo, "do you know with whom you are contending? You are not engaged with soldiers, who do all these things in a regular, technical manner ; you are opposed to sailors—people who do nothing like other men—and they will astonish you before they are done with you."

' And astonished he was, I believe, for he was seen conveying the powder himself from a magazine which was not bomb-proof, for fear of the rockets.'

22ND.

In the afternoon we adjourned to the band ;
Met Madame Swerdrup, who gave us her hand.
She said her husband would not let her call,
For fear she a victim to influenza should fall.

He that of greatest works
is finisher,
Oft does them by the
weakest minister:
So Holy Writ in babes
hath judgment shown,
When judges have been
babes.

*All's Well that Ends
Well*, ii. 1.

The Watts soon join us on the *Allée*,
Where we all listen to the band play.
Later we met Mie-Mie and her mother,
While Nannie had gone on some errand or
other.

23RD.

'A crown, or else a
glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly
sepulchre' . . .
With this, we charg'd
again; but, out, alas!
We bodg'd again: as I
have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim
against the tide,
And spend her strength
with over-matching
waves.

Henry VI., i. 4.

We took a short turn on the esplanade.
Saw some ladies swimming, which was not bad
For the month of November, date 23rd.
They must be British; such a thing is unheard
Of—foreigners bathing so late in the year.
Even in this hot region, where the sun is
so near.

When we were at tea the landlord and Mrs.
Mounier

Came to say 'Adieu,' as they're going to Mar-
seilles.

Poor Mademoiselle Provençal came *après*.

We told her what the Mouniers say :

'But surely I hope you said you would not go
away !'

24TH.

Had a new bath this morning of thyme and red
wine—

We will not from the helm
to sit and weep,
But keep our course,
though the rough wind
say no,
From shelves and rocks
that threaten us with
wreck.

Henry VI.

Exhilarating, the effect fine.
At half-past one Nannie and I
Drive down the Croisette, where we descry
The Watts coming. Nannie descends,
The others get in, while she her way wends

To Miss Hoste's house and Perugini's,
Where she found a parrot which could speak
freely.

The sun shines hot : if we
use delay,
Cold biting winter mars
our hoped-for hay.
3 *Henry VI.*

Nous autres drove to Juan les Pins.
We saw the fleet there as we drove along ;
They also inspected *la fabrique de porcelaine* ;
Then assembled to tea at our villa again.

26TH.

' Nous sommes sortis environs à dix heures '
To hear the band play we make the tour.
We meet the Watts first, and later then
Mrs. Dickenson and Mie-Mie Henn.

Nannie went out *après déjeuner*
To see Miss Hoste, who was pleased to-day
With her new parrot, who was quite gay,
Laughing and talking Spanish away.

27TH.

God, our hope, will suc-
cour us.
2 *Henry VI*

Castroper Anzeiger from Jemmy Toole—
Account of a meeting which was quite full :
The anniversary of the three hundred years
Of the Lutheran *Gemeinde*—its hopes, joys, and
fears.

28TH.

The means that heaven
yields must be em-
braced,
And not neglected.
Richard II.

A visit from Mademoiselle Provençal,
Wrapped in a comfortable overall.
Though we were shivering with cold to-day,
We tried to persuade ourselves we were gay,
That fires were not good—oh, not at all!
Thus we deceive ourselves on this world's
ball—

With heraldry more dis-
mal : head and foot.
Hamlet, ii. 2.

While I had a rug thrown around me,
And Nannie looked cold as cold could be.
After tea I copied out heraldry
From a clear letter written to Milly.

29TH.

Good things should be
praised.

*Two Gentlemen of
Verona.*

Weather still colder than on Wednesday.
If this continues, what will the invalids say ?
Working this morning, and cutting papers ;
Pasting them in might give the vapours,
As some of the news is rather bad,
But good, to balance, should make us glad.
In the afternoon the Watts, with Maud,
Paid us a visit. The birds, with accord,
Were so interested they said not a word
About going to bed (as we often heard
When it grew dusk), but kept quite still,
As if they feared going against their will.

30TH.

For I am full of spirit,
and resolv'd
To meet all perils very
constantly.

Julius Caesar.

A true-devoted pilgrim is
not weary
To measure kingdoms
with his feeble steps.

*Two Gentlemen of
Verona.*

Nannie *est sortie* to Brady's chalet,
Adorning herself with boa and cape.
I hope she may from fresh cold escape.
Mr. Brady, Pasteur Marten, and others spoke.
I read Gery Cullum on 'Authority' ;
On the vexed question we plainly see.
Nannie arranging arms in her book
And monograms, which have a nice look.
While thus employed, our evening's gone by.
Occupation is good ; it makes time fly.

DECEMBER 1ST.

What infinite heart's ease
Must kings neglect that
private men enjoy !
And what have kings that
privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save
general ceremony ?

Henry V.

I took a bath of hay, sage, and thyme,
In order that I may be able to climb ;
But I felt a nervous agitation,
Perhaps not caused by the herby ration.
Early in the afternoon, at two or so,
We for our constitutional go

To have picture framed of Madame Willink's
house,
Also MacGuiness of Goldschmieding race-
course.

It was breezy on Boulevard du Midi.
On our return, hiding behind a tree,
Our Geneva acquaintance we clearly see.
Nannie then crossed to apothecary.

Later, on the *plage*, Cocher Dennis (Julien),
Whom we were pleased to see once again,
We also saw poor, mad Pequier,
Who seemed very sad and in a bad way.

Small cheer and great
welcome makes a merry
feast.

Comedy of Errors.

2ND.

Attended the French Temple. A strange Pasteur from Paris preached from Matt. v. 18. 'Que votre lumière luise ainsi devant les hommes, afin qu'ils voient vos bonnes œuvres et qu'ils glorifient votre Père, qui est dans les cieux.' Everyone likes to excel—the girl in her toilet, the officer on the battlefield, the advocate at the bar, the preacher in the pulpit, and let us not omit it. How are we to shine? By our Christian life, by not revenging ourselves on our enemies. There are a number who shine in this world and desire to have their name blazoned in newspapers. That is not the shining of Christians whom we are told of—Daniel, for instance. 'And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.' The righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the Kingdom of their Father.'

3RD.

Nannie called to see Mie-Mie Henn—
Ill with a chill from sitting outside.

Dr. MacDougal called and said: 'She must
abide

By medicine life may be
prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.
Cymbeline

In her bed, lest a relapse she should get,
From being out too late on the Croisette.'

4TH.

A letter from Mrs. Willink to Nan ;
She leaves on the 12th, viâ Paris, for Cannes.
Après midi, went to Brougham Square ;
Saw a beautiful girl, dignified, fair,
Like the beauties of old without frizzled hair.
She was with her father and sister there,
With her back to the horses in carriage and
pair.

How some of the people at her beauty could
stare !

That paragon's descrip-
tion, and wild fame ;
One that excels the quirks
of blazoning pens.
Othello, ii. 1.

However, not rudely, there was something so
rare
And refined in her look, as if she could not
bear

Certain, 'tis certain : very
sure, very sure ; death,
as the Psalmist saith, is
certain to all ; all shall
die.

Henry VI.

The fair, the chaste, and
unexpressive she.

*As You Like
It*, ii. 3.

Anything rude ; more like a picture, not care ;
She had much more the wise and *triste* air
Of one who had suffered, and looked a Psalm,
Or on whom her sorrows had ended in calm,
Which made her indifferent to beauty's palm,
And therefore o'er others cast a balm
Of sweetness and kindness as on us all.
The music was good, the trumpet-call
Did not upon careless listeners fall.

6TH.

Just before tea, in the twilight,
We had a visit from bridegroom and bride.
When they had left, after tea, feeling better,
We had the joy of receiving a letter

When good will is show'd,
though it come too
short,
The actor may plead
pardon.

*Antony and
Cleopatra.*

From Tom, but had to answer at once ;
Writing so quickly makes me feel like a dunce,
As also speaking French with a stranger ;
Fearing mistakes, I am in danger
Of being as silent as a deer-ranger.

8TH.

Afternoon, Nannie called on Mrs Bevington-Carr,

A lady of ninety-two, but bright, and could see far ;

A celebrated beauty in her day, her portrait hangs

In our National Gallery, and she is described in songs ;

Unregarded age in
corners thrown.

*As You Like
It*, ii. 3.

Yet alone with two serving-maids when old ;

She is aunt by blood to Sarah Grand—seems cold

Of them, but 'tis the heat they object to. Nan was asked

To fill their place as best she can. Her greeting : ' Come at last !'

Sounds not much to N.'s praise, but I am here.

Not that I loved Cæsar
less,
But that I loved Rome
more.

Julius Cæsar, iii. 2.

The Watts called while Nannie was away,

And still were here when she, bright as day,

Returned and chatted with them for a while.

9TH.

We went to the Scotch Church this morning. Rev. Patrick Minto preached an excellent sermon.

10TH.

Two important letters this morning for me :

Evelyn writes her wedding shall soon be—

On the first day of January.

The grace of heaven,
before, behind thee, and
on every hand, enwheel
thee round !

Othello.

The other from Mrs. Winslow we see ;

She would very much like to agree

To the purchase of Cloghan for Lissie,

So that question's settled, it's not to be ;

Perhaps it's best, as rent-payers might flee.

11TH.

We must take the current
when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Julius Cæsar.

Cocher having settled with another man,

We drive with his horse as fast as we can,

Round part of sea road to St. Cassien ;
 When we got there, they up the mount ran ;
 Later, to a place where corks are made from
 cork-tree,
 There they ran off the factory to see.

15TH.

Yesterday at the Bible class *au Chalet* ;
 Then Nan off to Maison Consolat,
 Where she bought a white shawl and jupon
 for me,

God be praised ! that to
 believing souls
 Gives light in darkness,
 comfort in despair !
 Henry VI., ii. 1.

Both made by Miss Hoste for Mission to Deep
 Sea

Fishermen, the profits of sale to be
 For it. She works them herself, lying in bed ;
 It must be a relief for her, I have said,
 So thus to do good in her sad state.
 I having a cold did not long wait ;
 Copied from book lent, the pedigree
 Of Hostes, Layards, and de Labillière,

. . . Admonishing
 That we should dress us
 fairly for our end,
 Thus may we gather
 honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the
 devil himself.
 Henry V., iv. 1.

Also Bourdillon, a pastor of fair
 Repute among the refugees ;
 But now I shall sleep, I hope, at my ease.
 I had just ceased and was taking a rest,
 When dear Madame Willink, a welcome guest,
 Came ; we made her stay with us to tea.
 She misses Miss Aldridge, and is lonely.

The rarest of all women.
 Winter's Tale.

Nannie left her back at the Villa del Sole ;
 Mr. Cheyne Brady had called to see were she
 wohl ;

Then asked us if we had taken any note
 Of the texts that Rev. MacArthur did quote.

The robb'd that smiles,
 steals something from
 the thief.
 Othello, i. 2.

He wished also to know how to address
 A Count in German. 'Hochgeboren ?' Yes.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1894.

Attended the Scotch Church. A stranger preached from Luke ii. 7 : ' Because there was no room for them in the inn.' The mistletoe is the mysterious emblem of the living branch, with its fruit on the bare and leafless tree. The little Child was a Divine Guest ; there was an unconscious stillness at the time—no wars. The Child was born not even in an inn, but in a stable, and He was laid in a manger. The world did not receive Him ; He came to His own, but His reception was not good. He might have revealed God in a different way. But no ; He wished to give us the spiritual blessing of love and unselfishness.'

After service Mr. and Mrs. Brady wished us all good wishes, and Miss Lugard followed us with her ' Happy Christmas.' We asked her to come on Thursday to meet Mrs. Willink. Miss Hoste sent us gifts. Madame Willink and Mademoiselle Petit-Pierre called, and we had tea and talk. The hotelkeeper, Madame Frank, sent us a small plum-pudding. Read ' The Huguenots in England ' in the evening.

Some say that ever 'gainst
that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's
birth is celebrated

26TH.

This bird of dawning
singeth all night long,
And then, they say, no
spirit dares stir abroad.
Hamlet, i.

The heavens forbid
But that our loves and
comforts should in-
crease,
Even as our days do
grow !

Othello, ii. i.

The loss of those three
lords torments my
heart :

I'll write unto them, and
entreat them fair.

Come, cousin ; you shall
be the messenger.

Henry VI., i. i.

Mr. Brady brought a book,

The ' Life of Miss Cusack ' ;

It interested us to have a look,

As first cousins of papa were ' Cusack,'

As also Sir ' Cusack ' Roney. Later,

Miss Alice Freeth called, without Edith ;

Then Madame Swerdrup, Mater

Dickenson, and Mie-Mie Henn with,

Later still, M. and Madame Frogier de Pon-
levoy ;

Then A. Lugard and Mrs. Willink as *dernier*
convoi.

29TH.

Went out in my *voiture*.

A strong gale blowing.

We wished many a good New Year ;

Amongst them, in robes flowing,

The R. C. Bishop, on the way.

Mr. Brady called in vain once to-day.

Ill blows the wind that
profits nobody.

Henry VI. But the gale so violent drove us home,
So the second time we arrived as he came.

30TH.

Pasteur Bonnefon preached from Rev. xxii. 20, 21 : 'Celui qui rend témoignage de ces choses dit : Oui, je viens bientôt. Amen. Oui, Seigneur Jésus, viens ! La Grace de notre Seigneur Jésus Christ soit avec vous tous ! Amen.' Proverbs says : 'All is vanity' ; but Christ says : 'I come quickly.' Mark the *rapport* between Him and His Church : 'Il dit : "Je viens bientôt." "L'Esprit et l'Epouse disent viens ! Amen. Oui, Seigneur Jésus, viens !'

While I was waiting, Pasteur Bonnefon asked me to wait in the vestry, but I explained it was too fatiguing to go so far.

'Tis but a base ignoble
mind

That mounts no higher
than a bird can soar.

Henry VI., ii.

31ST.

Nannie inquired of the sexton

Regarding *les objets en or* found,

To which the Pastor had drawn attention.

He said they were not found on Church ground.

Nan went to inform Miss Hoste,

Who, radiant, had just paid the cost

For reward. The bracelet was there !

We went after lunch up the Croisette,

Past *les dunes* and further

To Allée de la Liberté, and Mr. Brookes met,

Who wished us a happy New Year.

Home, Freeths and Mintos here,

And Miss Fraser and Mrs. Willink,

Therefore are feasts so
solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming in
the long year set,
Like stones of worth they
thinly placèd are,
Or captain jewels in the
carcanet.

Sonnet lii.

Joy, gentle friends! joy
and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!
*Midsommer Night's
Dream.*

Who showed us a very poetical
Picture she had painted, I think,
Of the desert and mountains,
The morning star distant far,
With the words underneath :
'I am the Bright and Morning Star.'

THE THING YOU LEAVE UNDONE.

The heart-ache. . . . Who
would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat
under a weary life,
But that the dread of
something after death,
The undiscovered country
from whose bourn
No traveller returns—
puzzles the will.
Hamlet, iii. 1.

It isn't the thing you do, dear ;
It's the thing you leave undone
That gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun—
Of the tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you did not send, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts at night.
The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way ;
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say ;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle, winning tone
Which you had no time or thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

The little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind ;
Those chances to be angels
Which we poor mortals find.
They come in the night's silence,
Each sad, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a chill has fallen on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,

They say miracles are
past ; and we have our
philosophical persons,
to make modern and
familiar things super-
natural and causeless.
Hence is it, that we
make trifles of terrors,
ensconcing ourselves
into seeming know-
ledge, when we should
submit ourselves to an
unknown fear.

*All's Well that Ends
Well*, ii. 3.

To suffer our slow compassion,
That tarries until too late.
And it isn't the thing you do, dear ;
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.

MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

EXTRACT FROM 'PUNCH' (December 22, 1894).

*To a Lady born so late in the year that she
nearly missed having a birthday altogether.*

Accept, dear girl, the season's compliments
For Christmas and the 29th December ;
Your birthday, most auspicious of events,
Is also Mr. Gladstone's, you remember.

I hold ambition of so airy
and light a quality, that
it is but a shadow.
Hamlet, ii. 2.

Yours was a close shave, but I'm bound to say
That February 29th far worse is—
And, worst of all, to come on All Fools' Day,
Like Bismarck—or the writer of these verses.

1895.

‘Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel.’—Ps. lxxiii. 24.

JANUARY 1ST.

A TELEGRAM came, which should have come
hier,

. . . Love, it is an ever-
fixed mark,
That looks on tempest,
and is never shaken;
It is the star to every
wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown,
although his height be
taken.

Sonnet.

To say Evelyn white silk and a veil would
wear.
She's now Mrs. Charles Edgar Delacour de
Labillière.

‘May she be happy!’ is our earnest prayer.

2ND.

From Frank to-day the *Strand Magazine*,
Which for us a double pleasure has been,
As we not only can enjoy it here,
But lend it to others, their spirits to cheer.

3RD.

I have written to dear Mrs. Shone,
Saying to her that we felt much alone,
Missing her usual Christmas letter,
Hoping, if ill, that she is now better.
Nannie gave Françoise *un porte bonheur*
From us, and the porter five francs *douceur*.
Ethel and Hilda here *dans le soir*—
Went home before dark, as they had to go far.
Letters from Effie and Cassie Zumloh;
Nous sommes sortis, for Nannie to go
To the Gonnet, with cards and seaweed,

Men judge by the com-
plexion of the sky
The state and inclination
of the day.

Richard II., iii. 2.

As New Year's greeting to 'Captain of the Frigate'—

And Madame de Ponlevoy also on the way ;
But Nannie stayed not, and without delay
We proceed up the Croisette awhile.

On our return could not suppress a smile
On seeing Captain Swerdrup coming near,
And then from his lips to shortly hear
He has been already to Square Merimée,
Madame Swerdrup's and his best thanks to say.
Nan called to see Mrs. Willink, too ;
She was out, but came later to say 'How do
you do ?'

These words become your
lips as they pass through
them,
And enter in our ears
like great triumphers
In their applauding gates,
Timon of Athens,
v. 2.

4TH.

Mademoiselle Petit-Pierre called to say
Madame Willink in bed, and there had to stay.
They had sent for doctor, who came to the con-
clusion
That she was ill, without any illusion.

5TH.

Wrote to Mrs. Vidal to congratulate
On their joy and happiness great—
Mabel Gosset having a son,
Irené Frankland—her work is done.
At three Nannie went to Mrs. Bond,
And I shortly after to my sorrow found,
When Mr. Wilson came to see me,
Madame Jacques appeared instantly,
And did not leave me a moment free,
But outsat the Scotch pastor, and made him
flee.

In all save that, mayest
thou prove prosperous !
Of all save that, I wish
thee happiness.

Pericles.

My brain, more busy than
the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to
trap mine enemies.

Henry VI., iii. 1.

I wrote a letter to Blanche Mardenbrough.
I did not go out, as the weather, I saw,
Was from yesterday's snowstorm chilled.
Got a box from Lucy, with Evelyn's wedding
cake filled.

6TH.

'My presence shall go with thee' (Exod. xxxiii. 14).

In the morning Nan went à l'église Française.
She met Mademoiselle Petit-Pierre,
Who asked her to call Madame Willink to see,
To keep her from feeling very lonely.
Mrs. Watts and her girls four
Amused themselves 'travelling by the fire'
To all the places they could desire.
Nan returned in about an hour ;
I then read sermons, and over ashes cower.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms,
which the wise powers
Deny us for our good : so
find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

*Antony and
Cleopatra*, ii. 1.

7TH.

A letter from Lucy to Annabel,
Saying the wedding went off so well,
With a list of Eva's presents and cheques,
And in all about sixty-two guests.
Evelyn took advice, wore white veil and *fleurs*
d'orange,
A bouquet of white flowers, while Lucy had a
mélange
Of pink ; she wore a white dress and white
chapeau,
Quite in accordance with a bridal show.
A letter in the evening from dear Mrs. Shone.
Her husband died in October ; with her
daughter alone.
Her son in India, the other at sea—
Could not with their father be.

My Nan shall be the
queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of
white.

*Merry Wives of
Windsor*, iv. 4.

Now cracks a noble heart :
Good - night, sweet
Prince ;
And flights of Angels sing
thee to thy rest !

Hamlet, v. 2.

9TH.

'Ye have not passed this way heretofore'
(Josh. iii. 4).

Nan went to Scotch Church at ten o'clock ;
there

They have service twice this week of prayer.
The subject of prayer is for missionaries,
Against the freethinking infidelities
And encroachments of R. C. and ritualism,
And each and every new schism.

10TH.

Love thyself last. Cherish
those hearts that hate
thee.

Corruption wins not more
than honesty :

Still in thy right hand
carry gentle peace,

To silence envious
tongues. Be just, and
fear not.

Let all the ends thou
aim'st at be thy
country's,

Thy God's, and Truth's :
then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed
martyr. . . .

King Henry VIII.
iii. 2.

Wisdom and goodness to
the vile seem vile.

King Lear, iv. 2.

Reading 'Autobiography of a Seaman'—
Lord Cochrane, later Earl of Dundonald,
A contemporary of Sir William Hoste, when,
As now, much discontent it does unfold,
With England's slow acknowledgment
For her son's great deeds of valour.
Cochrane's grand exploit met judgment
Worthy a criminal—banished from the floor.
N'importe, his descendants have held their own,
And the present Earl has his grandfather's
aplomb.

11TH.

Walked *dans ma voiture* with Nannie,
Mrs. Dickenson, and M. de Ponlevoy ;
Then attended the band on the *Allée*.

'Blessed with all spiritual blessings' (Eph. i. 3).

12TH.

Nan mounted Mont Chevalier,
To show the Watts the way
To see the Fayence ; meanwhile,
Her friend there, madame, time to beguile ;
Relates how Kneipp cure has wonders done,
And her husband for it is quite won.

. . . Wise men ne'er sit
and wail their loss,

But cheerly seek how to
redress their harms.

Henry VI., v.

They would both like to visit Wörishofen,
And will in summer, when Cannes's like an
oven.

'The root of the righteous yieldeth fruit'
(Prov. xii. 12).

18TH.

Sacred and sweet were all
I saw in her.

*Taming of the
Shrew, i.*

Nan went with Mrs. Willink to see
Pictures at the Woolfield Library.
At two we went to the Bible meeting ;
Mr. Brady read Romans ii. 6-16.
Mr. Webber took the doctrine of works,
Which most of the others opposed ;
Quotations were made from Shakespeare.
Coleridge, in reference to Whitfield,
Who was kept on a pillory most of his life.
Interesting to notice the views that appealed.
Mr. Luck and his daughter were there ;
He was very bright, thanked N. for a chair,
And said : ' I'm a clumsy fellow,
I hope I may soon be better.' So,
As N. only heard the latter part,
She replied gravely : ' I hope so.'

Now, understanding that
the curate and your
sweet self are good at
such eruptions, and
sudden breakings out
of mirth, I have ac-
quainted yon withal.

*Love's Labour's
Lost, v. 1.*

'The wisdom that is from above is first pure.'
(Jas. iii. 17).

19TH.

Nannie went to the Beau-Séjour,
And sat a long time with Sue. A slow cure
Will be hers ; she has to be carried about.
The shock of her husband's death makes us
doubt
Whether she'll ever be strong again—
But once before she seemed strength to gain.

The undiscovered
country, from whose
bourn

No traveller returns.

Hamlet, iii. 1.

'Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven' (Matt.
vi. 33).

Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so
divine,
That cravens my weak
hand.

Cymbeline, iii. 4.

20TH.

We had notice of Paul Seeböhm's death,
He had been suffering from pains in his head.

We went to the French Temple. Luke xiii. 1-6, was Pastor Bonnefon's text. 'Notre France! Notre pauvre pays!' he exclaimed. 'Our Lord, when offered a political position, refused, though He knew how to rule. We have a magnificent lesson here to keep ourselves always above these political agitations. We are to think of the salvation of all in France, Switzerland, and Germany. These poor Galileans were very unfortunate, but they were not greater sinners, our Lord says, than others; no more were the poor shipwrecked fishermen in last week's storms. If you are English or German you say, "Ah! poor France, if you had our constitution you would not be so often in trouble," but remember the men on whom the tower in Siloam fell were not greater sinners than others.'

Afternoon, Madame Swerdrup called upon us.

. . . Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live
in brass: their virtues
We write in water [*alias*
ice].

Henry VIII., iv. 2.

'No man can serve two masters' (Matt. v. 24).

28TH.

Alack, the heavy day!
That I have worn so
many winters out,
And know not now what
name to call myself,
O! that I were a mockery
king of snow,
Standing before the sun
of Bolingbroke
To melt myself away in
water drops!
Good king, great king,
and yet not greatly
good,
An' if my name be sterling
yet in England,
Let it command a mirror
hither straight,
That it may show me
what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his
majesty.

Richard II., iv. 1.

It began to snow early; in a short time
Some inches deep, the excitement was fine.
Everyone spoke to everyone round—
'This is not Cannes; it's Siberian ground!'
In Rue Bivouac 10, at our hall-door,
A statue was made in snow, by a sculptor—
A bust of Liberty on a snow pedestal.
Numbers of photographers used the festal
Occasion, to make pictures of this really
Good statue. That it was under our window
Was an agreeable pastime, watching it grow.

FROM THE 'COURIER DE CANNES.'

Depuis ce matin 7½ h., on ne se croirait plus à Cannes, mais bien en Sibirie. La neige, chose extraordinaire dans notre beau pays, à fait son apparition d'une façon assez brusque, et est tombée avec une violence telle que de memoire de vieux Cannois, on ne se rapelle pas en avoir vu autant. Ce temps rare ici, ne

doit guère nous étonner car de tous côtés, nos correspondants particuliers nous signalent des temps affreux. Dans le Nord, la couche de neige atteint des proportions considerable.

Chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the
frost from purest snow.
Coriolanus, iv.

'Be thou their arm every morning' (Isa.
xxxiii. 2).

FEBRUARY 2ND.

Mrs. Willink came and sat with us ;
We had muffins for tea, so thought we must
Send for Mademoiselle Petit to join our homely
meal.

... Come what come
may ;
Time and the hour runs
through the roughest
day.
Macbeth.

The snow is lying now five days, it makes one
reel

With congested head—such cold, after bloom-
ing roses

Four weeks ago ; and in this weather, when
everything freezes,

A flower-show—to which Nannie and Miss
Hillier sally

Forth. She is English, and with Sue Bungé,
who makes a rally.

Young Madame Jeancard had a stall
At the Beau Rivage bazaar, so some small
Things Nan and Miss Hillier bought of her.

... Sheha was never
More covetous of wisdom
and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall
be : all princely graces,
That mould up such a
mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that
attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on
her, ...

For tea and cakes ten francs ! They fare
But poorly for it, but they see all the
Bourbon-Caserta Princesses, full free,
And Duchesses Françaises innumerable.
Whilst away, Viscomtesse Tilliancourt called to
see me,

'Enchantée de me voir,' which was good, as
ah !

My broken French must even have tried her
kind

Heart and patient ears, but she stayed, blind
To all defects, and had a cup of tea ;

Holy and heavenly
thoughts still counsel
her :
She shall be lov'd and
fear'd : her own shall
bless her :
Her foes shake like a
field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads
with sorrow : Good
grows with her.
Henry VIII., v. 4.

But so she is, spite beauty great, and family tree.

She alone, of all strangers in the Gonnet, visits
Every day, the lonely, hopeless invalid, who
sits

Propped up with pillows, while the beaming
Countess comforts her last days, now coming.

‘The righteous shall hold on his way’ (Josh.
xvii. 9).

6TH.

Shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we
do minister
To our gross selves?
*Measure for
Measure, ii.*

Rain, but Nannie went to the meeting
At Villa del Sole, Major MacCarthy reading.
Weather being so bad, there were many absent.
Great display, naval and military, meant
As tribute to the dead Maréchal Canrobert ;
Met M. et Madame de Valois, as I venture in
my chair.

10TH.

Mr. Inwood preached from Joshua i. ‘The Jews had not courage to inherit all the land or they might have had it. God sees the tremor of the heart, therefore He says : ‘Be strong and of good courage.’ The secret of strength is the Lord, and the secret of courage is to keep close to the Lord. ‘Behold, as the clay in the potter’s hand. . . .’ The potter’s art is one of the most ancient ; it was in use then as it is now. I do not know any better illustration of the peril of self-will. Clay is a very unpromising-looking thing. No one goes into ecstasies over a field of clay ; we would not think of picking up a piece of it, but the potter thinks differently. He sees glorious possibilities. Mary Magdalen, Saul of Tarsus, St. Augustin, were all evidences of the potter’s work. It is well to remember these possibilities. Every costly vase was once a lump of clay. No matter how clever the potter is, he cannot do anything without the clay. Getting possession of it is often very difficult ; they have sometimes to crush the rock before they get at the clay. Then the

potter chooses the design. It may be a brown stone jar in a grocer's shop, or a beautiful vase in a royal palace. He knows how and where to place you, how much you require ; leave him to choose. He takes the lump of clay and in a few minutes shapes it with a swift motion ; it is put in the sun to dry, then into the oven. Each special colour requires its own special fire, and the potter knows exactly what time it should be there. So very many Christians have no backbone. The Lord wants some bright Christians—the more beauty, the more fire. Some of the saintliest have the fiercest trials. What loving parent would chasten a good child ? It is not because He wants to. Looking at the costliest vase, remember it was once a piece of clay like you. When we see a saintly soul we think, ' I can never be like it.' A vase while being perfected might say : ' I don't want to be burnt ; I don't like to be cut,' but God says : ' What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'

Golden lads and girls all
must,
As chimney - sweepers,
come to dust.

Cymbeline, iv. 2.

' Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.'

12TH.

Nannie left me with Sue ; Miss Hillier,
M. de Ponlevoy, M. et Madame de Valois joined
us there,

And also Countess Tilliancourt ; they all came
to the band.

N., after the meeting at Mrs. Willink's, called
on Mrs. Bond.

If all the year were
playing holidays,
To sport would be as
tedious as to work ;
But when they seldom
come, they wished for
come.

Henry IV., i.

Miss Hillier played and sang for us later ; she
has a voice

Sweet and powerful, and plays finely without
noise.

23RD.

Blue sky and fine weather. Went to see the
regatta.

Britannia won in a walk ; *Valkyrie* far behind in
a flutter.

We anchored opposite the winning-post ; we
had quite a *colerie*

Of pleasant friends. The gentlemen—Ponlevoy,
Swerdrup—had to leave

Alas ! 'tis true, I have
gone here and there,
And made myself a motley
to the view !

. . . Sold cheap what is
most dear.

Sonnet.

For private theatricals, to support the Society
against Cruelty

To Animals. The Princess of Wales has
arrived, and been greeted with fealty.

' He led him about ; He instructed him'
(Deut. xxxiii. 18).

27TH.

Mrs. Clayton Georges arrived with grandson.
When Nan came back, Mrs. Willink was with
her and a *don*—

A pink fluted lamp-shade, with black butter-
flies.

There's nothing ill can
dwell in such a temple.
Tempest, i.

Madame Willink has made it for me—a lovely
large size.

We lighted the lamp, and admired the effect,
Which beautified the room, and made rosy e'en
defect.

MARCH 1ST.

Words are easy, like the
wind !
Faithful friends are hard
to find.

Sonnet.

Mary Jane Clayton Georges, not seen since we
were

Children, called, and we had tea, and swam
fair

In happy talk, down the past river of time—
The once lovely Mary Jane Wallace, and still in
advanced prime.

2ND.

At nine o'clock Nannie hurried up the Mont
Chevalier,

And had a fine view of the start of *Britannia*.
A carriage passed with the Prince of Wales and

Aide-de-camps, who went off in a manned
Motor boat, following in the wake to St. Tro-
pez
To watch *Britannia's* fate. The Prince seems
to face
Many risks ; he must be a brave man, and have
faith.

7TH.

Woe to that land that's
governed by a child.
Richard III., ii. 3.

Vyvian's first exploit has been at Hôtel de
Louvre ; with
Matches he set fire to the mosquito curtains of
his bed ;
So now, with Nan, they've gone to seek Hotel
in dread
Of troublous consequences from the fire—prob-
ably St. Charles.
The Stewarts called—attractive people ; know
Dr. Reale,
And have a permanent villa in Lugano.

8TH.

Egypt, thou knew'st too
well,
My heart was to thy
rudder tied by the
strings.
And thou should'st tow
me after. O'er my
spirit
Thy full supremacy thou
knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the
bidding of the gods
Command me.

*Antony and
Cleopatra*, iii. 9.

After my long toilet in the morning,
Nannie, enthusiastic, starts off without warning
To see the *Britannia* and *Ailsa* start.
I sat in the window to watch, for my part,
And soon saw the *Ailsa* return, being towed
By a smaller boat, which sailors rowed.
She had broken something, so gave up the
race.
At two o'clock we went to the post
To see the *Ailsa*. She lay out before
The other ships. Her crew was bringing
A number of things, one long mast swinging
In the water to let her float o'er
To the ship. We then saw much more :
Count Bar di Como, from his ship *Fleur-de-Lys*,

Giving his sticks to his friend, we could see ;
Then the Earl and Countess Dunleath
Talking to a dapper *Fremder* underneath.

Prayers and tears have
mov'd me, gifts could
never.

When have I aught ex-
acted at your hands,
Kent to maintain the
king, the realm, and
you?

Large gifts have I be-
stow'd on learned
clerks,

Because my book pre-
ferr'd me to the king :

And, seeing ignorance is
the curse of God,

Knowledge the wing
wherewith we fly to
heaven. . . .

2 *Henry VI.*, iv. 7.

9TH.

Went to Scotch Church. Rev. P. Minto
preached,

Ephesians ii., God's approach to man.

Nannie and I talked to Miss Lugard

After church on the boulevard.

In the afternoon Nannie went

To the French Temple to hear account

By Baron Türckheim of his work

Amongst soldiers and *cochers* in his walk.

11TH.

Nothing can we call our
own but death.

King Richard II.,
iii.

Our little Moses died this morning

In Nannie's hand ; his foot was paining

Since Petite bit it a week ago. We have had

Him five or six years—a very bright little bird,

Which always sang so cheerily, and loved

Our first Coco so much, though he bit him
too.

And how delighted he was when our 'Captain'
to be

Arrived ! He clapped his wings for joy,

Thinking it was our old Coco come back.

And now he, too, is gone, poor boy !

After life's fitful fever, he
sleeps well.

Macbeth, iii. 2.

'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.'

12TH.

Mary Georges returned from visiting the
Stewarts.

They were sorry not to say good-bye, and
regrets

Were great to hear Moses was dead, and they
said,

An ill-favoured thing, sir,
but mine own.

As You Like It,
iii. 2.

Always to take a bird to the doctor, and get the
bone sawn
Off by him, otherwise wounded birds are
fatally gone.
Vyvian Drake-Brockman brought his music, to
happily
Sing 'Daisy Bell' and other songs, with a good
voice
And ear, 'Captain Coco' joining in with
vociferous noise.

13TH.

Your grandfather of
famous memory, an't
please your majesty,
and your great-uncle
Edward, the Black
Prince of Wales, as I
have read in the
chronicles, fought a
most prave pattle here
in France. . . . Your
majesty says very true.
If your majesty is
remembered of it, the
Welshmen did goot
service in a garden
where leeks did grow,
wearing leeks in their
Monmouth caps, which,
your majesty knows, to
this hour is an honour-
able padge of the
service; and, I do
believe, your majesty
takes no scorn to wear
the leek upon Saint
Tavy's day.

Henry V., iv. 7.

It is the witness still of
excellency

To put a strange face on
his own perfection.

*Much Ado About
Nothing.*

The 'Battle of Flowers.' A great show of
carriages.

The Prince of Wales was in one with stages
Of ladder-like gradation seats, and he was
Seated with his back to the horses.

He is certainly 'first gentleman of Europe'

In his avoidance of airs; yet to cope

With his amiable dignity all would lose.

A diplomat more subtle hard to choose.

Vyvian Drake-Brockman brought his portman-
teau.

Mary begged us to keep him, while she attends
the slow

Decline of dear Mrs. Wallace; and Captain
Georges is too ill

To be allowed to have him, but also unhappy
that we should feel

His boyish naughtiness, saying: 'You have no
idea what he is.'

17TH.—PATRICK'S DAY.

Someone sent us shamrock from Ireland.

Nan from our window saw the Prince con-
descend

An Irishman: a very
valiant gentleman, I
faith.

Henry V.

To pass through from Rue Bivouac ; we joined
her
To see him go on the Plage. Vyvian, 'the
rare,'
Or 'the bear,' rushed to Rumpelmayer to see if
he'd go there.

Vyvian went to St. George's Memorial Church
for

Youth is full of sport,
age's breath is short ;
Youth is nimble, age is
lame ;
Youth is hot and bold,
age is weak and cold ;
Youth is wild, and age is
tame.

Passionate Pilgrim.

Singing practice ; did not come back to lunch
till four.

We sent Françoise for him. On seeing her, he
said he 'bunked.'

When Miss Lugard called, he had painted his
face, and joked

From the windows the passers-by. We begin
to tremble !

Walking on the Plage, we introduce him to the
humble

And gentle little Comtesse Mongoud, with her
bonne.

Alack ! why am I sent for
to a king
Before I have shook off
the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd ? I
hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow,
and bend my limbs :
Give sorrow leave to tutor
me
To this submission.

Richard II., iv. 1.

Shortly after he sees his Russian friend, with
tutor, whereupon

He lies across, and draws them over to us in
bounds

To introduce them, saying: 'John, why don't
you shake hands ?'

22ND.

Vyvian off to choir practice, and at the Hotel to
study *Punch*,

And did not return till long after lunch.

We went to the Bradys' Bible meeting—

Thou didst well : for
wisdom cries out in the
streets, and no man re-
gards it.

Henry VIII., i. 2.

Quite a number there, also much speaking.

Even General Chamberlain there for first time.

Later, Constance showed us her water-colours
fine,

Painted for mission charity. Nannie wrote her
 Name on one. Nan and Vyvian at Rumpel-
 mayer;
 Invited to tea there by Mrs. Bond. Anxious
 care
 As to what new exploit our Vyvian makes
 there.
 I was rolled along the strand meanwhile,
 Watching the crowds driving up; time to
 beguile,
 In first style and study fashion all the
 while.

23RD.

And with mine eyes I'll
 drink the words you
 send,
 Though ink be made of
 gall.

Cymbeline, i. 2.

Nan and Vyvian have tickets for Sunny Bank
 Hospital Charity at the theatre, where rank
 And beauty deign perform, as amateur clan.
 The recital of 'Molly Maloney,' by American
 Lady, they thought the best—*avec finesse bien*
nuancée.

24TH.

Conscience! I'll not
 meddle with it, it is
 a dangerous thing, it
 makes a man a coward;
 a man cannot steal, but
 it accuseth him; a man
 cannot swear, but it
 checks him. 'Tis a
 blushing shame-faced
 spirit, that mutinies in
 a man's bosom; it fills
 one full of obstacles; it
 made me once restore a
 purse of gold that by
 chance I found; it is
 turned out of all towns
 and cities for a danger-
 ous thing!

Richard III., i. 3.

Miss Aitken called to know
 Why Vyvian had not been to show
 Himself at church, and ordered
 Him for to-morrow; so chartered,
 He went, and little did she know that the boy
 Of eleven thought her interest personal joy
 At seeing him. At first he 'thought her ugly,'
 But he's changing, and thinks her 'entrancing,
 especially
 When she throws back her head, squeezes up
 her eyes,
 And shows all her teeth; but I suppose it's not
 wise
 To imagine that she would think of a fellow
 like me?'
 Ah me! young ladies of eighteen, see

What folly you imbue, and under what garb,
too !

However, it occupies the child, and we've
nought to rue.

The Memorial Church takes his mornings,
And sometimes he plays for Watts his violin ;
Then plays halma. But the little villain,
If they play too well, won't finish the game,
And kicks and storms. 'Tis useless to blame
'The angelic chorister of St. George's'—his
name.

But for these vile guns,
He would himself have
been a soldier.

Henry II., i. 3.

26TH.

She is of so free, so kind,
so apt, so blessed a dis-
position.

Othello, ii.

Mrs. Willink brought me a fine oak
High armchair, with castors. I spoke
Warmly my thanks. In every way she is kind.
She and Miss Aldridge took Vyvian to find
Some amusement for him in a drive ;
Then came to us, and we had tea.
The Queen and Princess are expected, we see.

27TH.

To St. George's went Vyvian, but *en route* to
Watts.

He confided to us they were stupid in chats.
Miss Aitken brought the boy back at one.
Nannie went to Mrs. Willink's meeting, when,
Lucky for me, the piano-tuner came,
And acted like a charm on same
And on Vyvian, as also on parrots and macaw,
But 'Captain Coco' did not sing his 'Le
Voila !'

Devouring . . .
Of my instruction hast
thou nothing bated,
In what thou hast to say ;
so, with good life
And observation strange,
my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have
done. My high charms
work,
And in these fits I leave
them.

Tempest, iii. 3.

Which so delighted the *accordeur*
Last time. Visitors came, but soon vanished
through the door,
As our hero, Vyvian, got a mad fit on ;
They thought the wisest course was 'Begone !'

28TH.

Beautiful sunshine, just as it should have been
For welcoming to Cannes England's Queen.
Vyvian had gone to St. George's at half-past
nine,

While we in our Dennis carriage and pair fine
Drove up to St. George's, with many more,
Who placed themselves in church and before—
Quite an assembly, and I had a chair,

Thy greatest help is quiet,
gentle Nell;

I pray thee, sort thy
heart to patience.

Henry VI., ii. 4.

And later in church, but no Queen was there.
Madame Willink and Miss Aldridge present
too.

They then took Vyvian Le Croix des Gardes to
view,

While we went to hear the band play.
Françoise took papers without delay
To Maison Consolat. Ethel and Maud came,
And Captain Swerdrup without madame.
Vyvian returned with treasures laden.
M. Touche *une leçon* on violin *ihm zu geben*.

29TH.

Vyvian went to St. George's, then on to
St. Charles

Hotel, to return 'The Demon Cat' to his
snarly

Friend, an invalid man, no longer young,
Who fancies the boy, and wishes him not to be
hung!

I must be cruel, only to
be kind.

Hamlet, iii. 4.

We went to the châtelet, to Bible reading. Very
many

There, the General and Mr. Webber with us
arriving.

They—Mr. Brady, Mr. Barclay, and Pasteur
Martin—

Joined in the discussion; we went back with
Mrs. Willink.

I did not think thee lord
 of such a spirit:
 Before, I lov'd thee as a
 brother, John,
 But now I do respect
 thee as my soul.
 I saw him hold Lord
 Percy at the point,
 With lustier maintenance
 than I did look for
 Of such an ungrown war-
 rior. O! this boy
 Lends mettle to us all.
1 Henry IV., v. 4.

Vyvian off to buy stamps. Mrs. Willink helped
 Him to choose, which, when we heard, we
 dwelt
 With pleasure on the thought, for he is always
 A better boy when he's been with them some
 days.

30TH.

Vyvian went to Memorial Church,
 And we to Holy Trinity. Returning, in the
 porch
 We speak to Mr. Brookes, and through Rue
 d'Antibes
 For shade come home; not in time, however,
 we grieve,
 To save our Vyvian's Eton jacket and hat
 From being insulted by small boys. One flat
 Stone dinged the hat, and a gentleman protected
 Him from further harm. Ruffled, we detected,
 Was his mood, but Mrs Willink's and Miss
 Aldridge's visit
 Struck another vein. He listened about Anti-
 christ,
 And when they left, he got pen and paper,
 Writing down all he could remember
 For his mother; and was so good and gentle,
 Saying he was going to be good, and settle
 Down and change his life. Strange little
 Boy! His essay follows here, word for word
 and title:

Like doth quit like, and
 measure still f. r
 measure.

*Measure for
 Measure, v. 1.*

Signs have mark'd me
 extraordinary;
 And all the courses of
 my life do show
 I am not in the roll of
 common men.
*King Henry IV.,
 iii. 1.*

ANTICHRIST.

'Behold the day of the Lord cometh' (Zech. xiv. 1). Anti-
 christ is the name of the 'man of sin,' and a great enemy of the
 Lord's. He will be a King in Jerusalem, and reign there; many
 people will be deceived by him, excepting those who are
 recorded in Christ's Book of Life, and all those who do not

believe in antichrist will be martyred by him ; but all Christians, if they do not believe in him, and whose names are written in the Book of Life, cannot be touched by him. All the Jews will bow down to him, but the other tribes, which did not crucify Christ, will not bow down to the antichrist, thus fulfilling the prophecy of Christ—viz., ‘I am come in My Father’s name, and ye receive Me not ; if another should come in his own name, him ye will receive.’ But when all the martyrdoms are at their height Christ will come down and fight against antichrist, and conquer him, and all the dead people who believed in Christ, and all the living people (believers) also, will be gathered unto Him, and will meet the ‘Lord in the air,’ and they will come down again with Him for the judgment of the living, and He will reign with His saints for a thousand years on this earth. And then Satan, loosed from his prison in the bottomless pit, goes forth to deceive the nations ; fire comes down from God out of heaven and devours them. The rest of the dead are raised for judgment before the Great White Throne, the earth and heaven having fled away, and a new heaven and a new earth take their place—the Eternal State.

(Signed) VYVIAN DRAKE-BROCKMAN.

APRIL 2ND.

Gower is a good captain,
and is good knowledge,
and literated in the
wars.

Henry V., iv. 7.

Nan and Vyvian at the market buying fruit,
And he fetched himself ‘Three Men in a Boat.’
His granny is to arrive to-morrow at three.

We wandered off beyond the garden of the
orange-tree,

And rested near the ‘Cradle of Wisdom.’
Vyvian

Was playing among the boats, when the young
Russian

Graf ran to join him, and left the tutor to
chatter

Is he a lamb? his skin is
surely lent him,
For he’s inclined as are
the ravenous wolves,

Henry VI., iii. 1.

With Nan ; finally, Vyvian steps into the water,
Boots and all ; then the tutor thought it time to
recall

His charge, and they went home, and in due
course,
When the truant was tired, we followed, and
he's none the worse.

11TH.

When sauntering on the Promenade,
Mrs. Willink told us Mary Georges had
Arrived and was at our rooms—
Amusing collapse of Vyvian's 'booms.'
He lets all enter the *salon*, then draws Nan
Back, throwing his arms round her, and
Kissing her boisterously says: 'Don't tell
Gran.'

Never was such a sudden
scholar made;
Never came reformation
in a flood,
With such a heady cur-
rent, scouring faults.
King Richard I., i.

16TH.

Nannie met the Mouniers this morning ;
They seemed far from pleased at our notice
To leave in September, but were soon smiling
When they heard that a lady of the higher
vortex
Thought of taking the rooms. So pacified
Were they—and Vyvian, too, when I sewed his
cuff on

Women are angels woo-
ing:
Things won are done,
Joy's soul lies in the
doing:
That she lov'd knows
nought, that knows not
this—
Men prize the thing un-
gain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet,
that ever knew
Love got so sweet as
when desire did sue.
Therefore, this maxim out
of love I teach—
Achievement is command;
ungain'd, beseech:
Then, though my heart's
content firm love doth
bear,
Nothing of that shall from
mine eyes appear.
*Troilus and
Cressida, i. 2.*

At long last ! After this Mary and the Milnes
arrived
To tea ; as usual, I believe, we had muffins.
Captain and Madame Swerdrup come to say
good-bye.
Madame has no wish to return, adding, 'Quand
nous
Reviendrons c'est pour vous voir !' So with a
sigh
We part. Mary had brought us photo frames
and a bellows,
From the Woolfield Bazaar, and silk tie for
Vyvian.

20TH.

We went to the French Temple. Pasteur
 Bonnefon
 Preached from the sixth Psalm. He spoke to
 me
 Coming out, said Mr. Brookes had made it
 known
 To him that we found his church too far from
 Square Merimée.
 Mary called; she says she knew General
 Chamberlain
 In India. Nannie's old acquaintance, Mrs.
 Bellington-Ker,
 Has had a stroke. Dr. Battersby says: 'She,
 who was so sane,
 Had lately grown mistrustful and morbid.'
 Poor dear!
 At ninety-two, and very deaf and left alone;
 can we wonder?

Gaunt: Let Heaven re-
 venge; for I may never
 lift

An angry arm against His
 minister.

Richard II., i. 2.

24TH.

Hath there been such a
 time (I'd fain know
 that)
 That I have positively
 said, 'Tis so,
 When it proved other-
 wise?

Hamlet.

I went to Christ Church to the funeral service
 Of Mrs. Bellington-Ker. The Queen has been
 In Cannes to-day, and Princess Louise
 Met her at the station; all I regret not to have
 seen.

26TH.

Everyone's calling to bid good-bye. The sun
 is hot,
 And the sapphire sea, and the *ciel d'azur*—not
 What Northerners love this time of the year.
 N. has been off to pay the taxes, fifty-two lire,
 And there's news from New Zealand that Nora
 Mulvany
 Is now Mrs. Dolphe O'Brien of Waihee,

(Son of Judge O'Brien). Read also of the death

Our foe was princely ;
And though you took his
life, as being our foe,
Vet bury him as a prince.
Cymbeline, iv. 2.

Of Marian Malleson's youngest brother, Frederick

Drummond Battye. She had ten brothers,
Three of whom were killed on the battlefield.

28TH.

Madame Sainton, sister-in-law of Sainton
Dolby,

But mine, and mine I
lov'd, and mine I
prais'd,
And mine that I was
proud on; mine so
much,
That I myself was to
myself not mine.

*Much Ado About
Nothing*, iv. 1.

A handsome widow, called to see the rooms.
Her husband was adjutant to Louis Philippe,
And forty years her senior, 'but of all bride-
grooms

No woman could be so proud as she of him.'

MAY 2ND.

Oh that estates, degrees,
and offices
Were not derived cor-
ruptly ! and that clear
honour
Were purchas'd by the
merit of the wearer !

*Merchant of
Venice*.

Our good *cocher*, Julien Dennis
(Without him Cannes really were empty !),
Drove us up to St. Charles's Hotel, as Mary
Wished to show Nannie from her balcony,
The perfect view. We then all drove
To Golf Juan, and the lighthouse above.
Dennis led the horses and carriage round,
So that I the glorious views from the high
ground

Should more perfectly see, from every side.

When Mary, Nannie, and Vyvian had entered
inside,

Dennis told me the escape he had once with a
Dreigespann

With one horse in front : he had given them in
charge to a man,

And they got away. He caught the front
horse

But could not hold them, and, though none the
worse,

From lowest place when
virtuous things pro-
ceed,
The place is dignified by
the doer's deed.

*All's Well that
Ends Well*.

Carriage and horses had all gone over him, and,
said he :

‘I think of it every time I come here.’ All who,
free

From shipwreck, through the lighthouse come,
Bring an offering of a model boat—or a picture
some.

I remarked Dennis entered too ; I suppose
He, too, gives a thankoffering, and more the
older he grows.

Mary liked the drive and insisted on paying,
As her drive for me, so it went without saying.

True prayers
That shall be up at
heaven, and there
Ere sunrise.

*Measure for
Measure.*

3RD.

N. bought a hymn-book with music tunes,
The same as used in Holy Trinity pews.
Mary and Vyvian came to tea ; Mademoiselle
Had also called. Vyvian was sent for a spell
To read on the shore, but, as usual, deferred
To come till his granny was gone. Miss
Lugard,

And I did laugh, sans
intermission,
An hour by his dial.

*As You Like
It, ii. 7.*

Laughing, told us of him and another boy at
the bazaar

Selling. She noted down Captain Georges as
star

Amongst stamp-collectors, and Mary sent a card,
if not averse,

To introduce them to each other for old stamp
commerce.

4TH.

Went to the Scotch Church. Dr. M. Mitchell preached on
John xix. 30 : ‘Finished!’ A shout of triumph! What an
unspeakable relief it must have been to Him! It is also to us.
‘Finished!’ We have seen that it was prophesied that vinegar
should be given Him to drink. Not that alone, but other
prophecies were fulfilled, including that made in Eden : the seed

of the woman should bruise Satan. The types had all been: David, Solomon, Joshua—then the daily sacrifice, which ceased so soon after, and the destruction of the Temple.

Love and meekness
Become a churchman
better than ambition;
Win straying souls with
modesty again,
Cast none away.
Henry VIII., v. 1.

11TH.

We went to Mr. Brady's last meeting
For this season. I had been to St. George's in
the morning.

Mr. Brady came to us and gave me a book
As farewell gift. Heard of engagement of Else
von der Boeck

To Lieutenant Georg Schmidt, stationed in
Minden.

May they be happy, have Glück und Gelingen.
Sitting on the Plage, Vyvian was much inter-
ested

In the modesty of fearful
duty
I read as much, as from
the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious
eloquence.
*A Midsummer Night's
Dream, v. 1.*

By a little girl, on the bench seated,
Who was making figures out of paper.

12TH.

Mary, with Captain Georges and his wife,
Here to tea. He is taking Nannie's stamp
Album to study in Geneva—it is a life
Passion with him. He'll return it limp,
Covered, sealed, 'twill be safely delivered.

14TH.

Nan saw Mary and Vyvian off to Lugano,
To stay with Mrs. Stewart in her Villa;
Then mounted Mont Chevalier, to inspect
again

The service for Loulie. She saw it, but the
lila,

And scale of colour altogether, is not so
brilliant.

Then, to sale at the Ville de Londres—shops
All have names here, some even a Saint

In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
 With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
 Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
 For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Richard III., ii. 2.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
 Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast.

Richard III., iii. 4.

Or 'L'Enfant Prodigue.' She bought me a
fichu

A blue dress with *moiré antique* trimmed twenty-nine francs,

And cotton dress, seven francs, a parasol *écru*,

And so on. Then she inquired about Rose,

At the Villa St. Felix ; Miss Christie gave cause

To believe she was all we desire.

Mademoiselle Provençal called, to tell of the
 wire

About her Villa ; she has nearly settled with
 the monks,

They to pay her rent, as long as she lives, and
 when defunct

It's theirs. We thought it risky to make such a
 plan

Dependent on her death. She agreed, but at
 Cannes

One sees just such persons live very long.

N. called on Mrs. Black, found her, as ever,

Kind ; one daughter she saw, but the invalid had
 fever.

We engaged Rose. Madame Pelletier-Doisy

Called, so *tous est bien accompli*,

And the Marchese's rooms are our own,

In the Villa del Sole (*alias* sun).

She herself painted swans amongst rushes

On her doors, with some white and green
 bushes.

Coco caught its tail in the cage, saying :

'What a fright I got !' his knowledge displaying.

16TH.

Dennis wished we'd drive to Mont Vinaigre,

But we were not inclined so far to venture ;

He took us to Vallauris, and entered the pottery

So may the outward
shows be least them-
selves :
The world is still deceiv'd
with ornament.

*Merchant of
Venice*, iii. 2.

Coming out with two vases, tall and green,
So packed as by Mademoiselle not to be seen.
He tests my admiration truly—
And when she got out at Villa Fleury,
He smilingly made them a present to me.

The time will bring on
summer,

When briars shall have
leaves as well as
thorns,

And be as sweet as sharp.

*All's Well that Ends
Well*.

Hail, Rome, victorious in
thy mourning weeds !

Lo ! as the bark that
hath discharg'd her
fraught

Returns with precious
lading to the bay

From whence at first she
weigh'd her anchorage,

Come, *Andronicus*,
bound with laurel
boughs. . . .

Thou great defender of
this capitol,

Stand gracious to the
rites that we intend !

Romans, of five-and-
twenty valiant sons,

Half of the number that
King Priam had,

Behold the poor remains,
alive and dead !

These that survive let
Rome reward with
love ;

These that I bring unto
their latest home.

Titus Andronicus,
i. 2.

17TH.

Nan bought me three silk skirts, *vingt-cinque*
frances,

And now it's not Rose but Rosina we've to
thank

For accepting our service : *nous verrons*.

We met Dennis, who took us to the garden,

Where his wife is *concierge*. Poor Julien

Dennis ! he's always getting into trouble.

Picking flowers for me, his wife's grumble

Seemed not to affect him, he'd borne worse

From landowners in the fields of roses.

Good Dennis ! he cannot do enough for me,

To make me forget my malady.

22ND.

Tom sent me *Black and White's*

Account of Marian's brothers. It writes

As follows of this sympathetic family :

'The death of Lieutenant-Colonel Fred Battye has caused profound regret in military circles. He was known as a resolute soldier, and he is held to have merely fulfilled the destiny of his branch of the family, the members of which have rendered grand service to India. He was the last of four brothers, all killed in action. Quentin Battye fell at Delhi, and twenty years later Wigram Battye met his fate at Futtehabad while gallantly leading the Guides Cavalry, after being severely wounded. Richmond Battye was killed on the field of battle during the Black Mountain Campaign in 1868 ; and now Fred Battye had died, as he had always desired, at the head of his

regiment. All the Indian papers publish eulogistic notices of the gallant officer.'

The following letter also appeared in the *Standard*, sent to me by Mrs. F. P. Layard :

'SIR,

'The lamented death of my dear friend, Lieutenant-Colonel Battye, leads me to note what may be of interest to your readers in his history. He was the youngest of a distinguished family of ten brothers and one sister. The sister is the wife of a very well-known officer of the Indian Army, a writer of great repute on questions of historical interest. All the ten brothers entered the army, all but one, I believe, the Indian branch of the army. We are concerned with the career of four of them especially. Quentin, the second brother, was adjutant of the Corps of Guides in 1857, and held that position during the wonderful march of 650 miles which that regiment made through the hottest time of the year, when they travelled three marches in every two days, and arrived before Delhi when our fortunes in the siege were at their lowest ebb. The regiment had scarce had time to breakfast after its last march in when it was ordered to repulse an attack by the mutineers, and in this action the gallant Quentin Battye fell, dying with the words on his lips, "Dolce et decorum est pro patria mori." Little did I think, when I saw him at Lahore a fortnight before, in the flush of his youthful zeal, intelligence, and spirits, of so sudden an end.

'The three youngest brothers were all intimate friends of mine, and all have likewise fallen in action. Major Wigram Battye was killed at the head of the cavalry portion of this same regiment of the Guides in one of the actions of the Cabul war of 1880. He had been desperately wounded in a former campaign, and remained a lifelong sufferer. The next brother, Major Leigh Richmond Battye, was second in command of the 5th Goorkha Regiment, and was killed in 1890 while out with a party of his regiment in company with Captain Urmston, of the

Indian Army, looking for an additional water-supply. This act of aggression, committed by tribesmen of the frontier in time of peace, led to the last Black Mountain Expedition. Now Frederick falls, also with the Guides, the third brother who has been killed while with this regiment.

‘There are few families which have a nobler record of valour to show, and few families which have more to mourn in the loss of such stirring examples of British courage and gentle loveliness of disposition. I should have added that Frederick also was wounded many years ago, when a bullet ran round the base of the neck without inflicting any severe injury. It is men like these four brothers who have built up and, under God, maintain our supremacy in India.

‘I am, sir,

‘Your obedient servant,

‘H. E. PERKINS

‘(formerly of H.M. Indian Civil Service).’

Let it be so; and let
Andronicus

Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

In peace and honour rest
you here, my sons:

Rome's readiest champions,
repose you here
in rest,

Secure from worldly
chances and mishaps!

Here lurks no treason,
here no envy swells,

Here grow no damned
grudges; here are no
storms,

No noise, but silence and
eternal sleep.

In peace and honour rest
you here, my sons!

Titus Andronicus,
i. 2.

Hast thou, which art but
air, a touch, a feeling

Of their afflictions, and
shall not myself,

One of their kind, that
relish all as sharply,

Passion as they, be
kindlier mov'd than
thou art?

Tempest, v. 1.

24TH.

Miss Taylor, Miss Morgan, and Miss Luard,

Missionaries, called. The former heard

She must return home. We drive

With Dennis to Golf Juan. Arrive

At Martin's house with wool for crochet

And books to amuse the sick girl by day.

Dennis, of course, gathered some roses in a
field;

They smelt like attar of roses, and agreed

With the bouquet at home that Daumas had
brought.

Certainly the French have unusual kind thought

For the afflicted and weak—no desire to push
them aside.

30TH.

Isabelle Martin came with quite a forest of
flowers

And a very pretty blue vase of Vallauris ware,

Also such a graceful jug. Visitors came in,
So I had a regular levée. Meanwhile, N.
writing

At the post, the General and his sister drove up.
Nan excused herself introducing mademoiselle
so abrupt.

Not being acquainted herself, his sister later
Joined, and gave her a small piece of blotting-
paper,

N., thought, for her card, and said, 'Thank
you.'

General Chamberlain said : ' She is quite deaf,
poor creature !'

Make the doors upon a
woman's wit, and it
will out at the case-
ment ; shut that, and
'twill out at the key-
hole.

*As You Like
It.*

So Nan only smiled her thanks. He wanted
To know ' Were we going to remain at
Mouniers ?' N. said : ' No, Villa del Sole (*alias*
sun),

For the next season, if we don't succumb.'

JUNE 4TH.

For Mont Vinaigre, in the Esterels,
At last we start ; otherwise Dennis rebels.

Miss Lugard was with us, and merrily,
At a grand pace, our Dennis speedily
Whirls us through unsurpassable scenery,
Woods and pleasant roads, till, weary,
The horses pull up at the forester's cry—

To be honest as this
world goes is to be one
man picked out of ten
thousand.

Hamlet, ii. 2.

A handsome man, with keen, courageous eye ;
His wife delicate ; his daughter in her teens—
He has taught them both to shoot, for it would
seem

The lonely eagle-like nest has dangers around ;
At the forester's lodge we lunch,
And then through loose stones crunch

O, constancy, be strong
upon my side !

Set a huge mountain
'tween my heart and
tongue !

Julius Cæsar.

Their way, our Nan and Miss Lugard,
To the very highest point, and for reward,
Unrolls before their eyes a panorama grand,

Till we reached the Nice road,
Still sixteen leagues from our abode.

Good Dennis ! what joy these drives afford !
And he thinks them out, that we may hoard
Happy memories for years to come
Of this fairyland—luxurious heat of sun,
And every tone of blue, from turquoise to
sapphire,
The olive's gentle grey, the sunset's ball of fire.

Lean penury within that
pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends
not some small glory.
Sonnet.

25TH.

The day is hot ; the sky is blue ;
The air is fresh, which does good, too.
Nannie was out in the morning, *früh*,
At dressmaker's, and buying something new.
We went out after tea, sat a while on the *Allée*,
Saw François, our coachman of last summer
day.

A wretched soul, bruis'd
with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we
hear it cry ;
But were we burden'd
with like weight of
pain,
As much, or more, we
should ourselves com-
plain.

Comedy of Errors.

He spoke of his dear little girl who died,
A sweet little angel he had cherished with
pride.
'She was only three-and-a-half year,' he said,
'A very short time, and now she is dead.'

26TH.

I took a sea bath in the house, and Nan
In the sea. After tea sat watching the fisher-
men
Mending their nets, in the cool Allée de la
Liberté.

28TH.

Took tea with Mademoiselle Provençal.
Madame Mounier and the docile
Bride, Madame Jeancard, were there.
The rooms looked so cool and bare,

I am a woman, when I
think I must speak.

*As You Like
It, iii.*

Advise the duke, where
you are going, to a
most festinate prepara-
tion: we are bound to
the like. Our posts
shall be swift and in-
telligent betwixt us.
Farewell, dear sister.
Farewell, my lord of
Gloster.

King Lear, iii. 7.

Not that the summer is
less pleasant now
Than when her mournful
hymns did hush the
night,

But that wild music
burthens every bough,
And sweet grown common
lose their dear delight.

Sonnet.

Nevertheless elegant. Now, our Dennis away,
We drove with François to Mandelieu,
Where we stopped to greet his handsome niece,
A young woman who brought each a peach—
Very fine fruit. Mademoiselle à *promis*

To look out for her, and see,

If she could supply her with all

She wants at the market stall.

She's starting life, only two years married.

I gave her a roll of tracts and we hurried

On to Pergamos, where preparations

For a fête were going on. With patience

Mademoiselle and I sit in the carriage,

While Nan and Rose make a pilgrimage

Through the town, and François sponges

His foaming horse down, which with joy
plunges.

For us all, 'Il fait tellement chaud,'

'Oh! la! la! comme il fait chaud! C'est
trop!'

JULY 1ST.

Pasteur Bonnefon preached from Matt. vi. 9: 'Ton nom soit sanctifié. En son nom prions nous. Eh bien! dans ce nom, quelle puissance! C'est le nom du Père celeste. Il faut que nous parlions de ce nom avec un certain soin, un certain attendrissement, le nom de Dieu. Le respect du nom de Dieu, que le nom soit sanctifié, notre Père tout puissant. Le nom de notre père, le nom de notre mère, le nom de tout que nous aimons est important. Mais tout cela n'a pas l'importance du nom de Dieu. 'Que Ton nom soit sanctifié dans la pauvreté.' Il est facile dans la prospérité, mais dans la pauvreté. On doit savoir l'importance de sanctifié le nom de Dieu. A tu profané de nom de Dieu? Combien y-a-t il de chrétiens qui adore le nom de Dieu? Le nom de Dieu soit respecté.' How many times in a day, in an hour, in a minute do we hear His name spoken lightly? I was stupefied to read of clergymen writing of the

name of God, without respect. Then the frivolity in conversation in society ; we so often hear, 'Ah, mon Dieu !' When you so often speak of God in this light manner, you cannot say, 'Hallowed be Thy Name.' It is a profanation of the Name of God and the conscience would forbid it. The Jesuits think they may do all sorts of atrocities in the name of God, because they think the end justifies the means. *Témoignons notre respect pour le nom de Dieu ; si nous aimons Dieu nous montrons le respect et l'amour qui on doit à notre Père celeste. Que son nom soit sanctifié !*

If he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and
be his fellow so.

Revolt our subjects? that
we cannot mend ;

They break their faith to
God, as well as us.

Cry woe, destruction,
ruin, loss, decay,
The worst is death, and
death will have his day.

Richard II., iii. 2.

I turn my back . . .
There is a world else-
where,

Coriolanus, iii. 3.

The amity that wisdom
knits not,
Folly may easily untie.

*Troilus and
Cressida.*

2ND.

This is Mademoiselle Provençal's birthday.

She came to see us and we pressed her to tea

And plum cake, in honour of the day ; she is
nervous

Starting for her summer trip ; but why make a
fuss ?

The moonlight will be beautiful

To-morrow night, to travel suitable.

Mesdames M. and J.

Spend every day in the cool court

Of their country villa, and return at night.

'Et les deux messieurs ?' For *loin d'ici*—all's
not right—

The father discontented, *et le beau fils*

Means to desert his gentle spouse.

4TH.

Nannie went to the market and bought

From Madame Rostand, Françoise's bright

Niece, who is, withal, so soft and womanly.

Here are so many interesting persons, truly ;

It is a constant surprise to us ; for the race

Taken on the whole is hard, judging by the
face.

But, as Shakespeare says, 'The face deceives' ;

The Bible judges by the gait, and Nan in the voice believes.

Miss Lugard wants us to go with her to Arossa,
But Blonde Wilkenson says it's too high for
paralysis ;

There's a divinity that
shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we
will.

Hamlet, v. 2.

Besides, Nan has had news from the Dr.
Belegou,
Who says the greatest relief for me is Lamalou.

17TH.

A letter from our former maid, Lina Veith,
Sending photo of her as Braut and her
Bräutigam.

Had a visit from Rev. D. Simpson ;
Described his life as head of an institution,
With his first wife, in Madras.

No ceremony that to great
ones 'longs
Becomes them with one
half so good a grace
As mercy does.

*Measure for
Measure.*

There were two hundred and fifty soldiers'
orphans of all class.

Master, I marvel how the
fishes live in the sea.

Why, as men do a-land :
the great ones eat up
the little ones. I can
compare our rich misers
to nothing so fitly as to
a whale ; a plays and
tumbles, driving the
poor fry before him,
and at last devours
them all at a mouthful.
Such whales have I
heard of on the land,
who never leave gaping
till they've swallowed
the whole parish,
church steeple, bells,
and all. A pretty
moral.

But, master, if I had been
the sexton, I would
have been that day in
the belfry.

Why, man ?

Because he should have
swallowed me too ; and
I would have kept
a-jangling of the bells,
that he should never
have left, till he cast
bells, steeple, church,
and parish, up again.

Pericles, ii. 1.

His wife was the superintendent
And he the chaplain, and bent
On making them happy and content.
I copied the account of Colonel von Knobels-
dorf

In *The Christian*. Afternoon, we saunter off
To watch in this stilling heat
Boys and men climbing for boots
Up a greased pole. One succeeded,
How it is impossible to believe, but the deed
Was done. I feel nervous and ill from the
great

Drought and dusty heat. The trees seem with
sleet

To be covered, so very white is the dust.

Polly bit Petite's foot, and Nan took him to a
vet.,

Who cut it off, but left the bone sticking out.

At once she went to a second, who cut
It off better, and covered the skin over, so now
We hope from mortification it's saved somehow,
And we can start for Lamalou this evening.
We gave Pierre the key before starting.

18TH.

Our Coco had a great deal to say,
And sang his whole *repertoire*.
A French diplomat, with *portefeuille*,
Evidently was disturbed, but, hearing
That we were not going to Paris,
He was content, and we covered Coco up.

At Marseilles we changed *des voitures*.

... Look how the floor
of heaven

Is thick inlaid with
patines of bright gold :
There's not the smallest
orb which thou be-
hold'st

But in his motion like an
angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-
eyed cherubims ;
Such harmony is in im-
mortal souls ;

But whilst this muddy
vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in,
we cannot hear it.

*Merchant of
Venice, v. i.*

I was carried by two men in a *chaise à porteur*
From one train to where the other lay.

At Tarascon again a long delay,
And at 4 a.m. arrive at Montpellier.

Waiters half asleep ; waiting-room *empilée*,
With chairs on tables, and being scrubbed,
And in this disorder the panes we drubbed
For quite two hours and a half—

Tea and rolls, when the baker came, our only
salve.

19TH.

Arrived at nine at Lamaleu-le-Bas ;
Were taken to the Grand Hôtel de la Paix.
Dr. Belegou came to see me soon ;
He is a fine aristocratic man.

He says my heart is very sound,
But I am sensitive to touch or wound
In a most exaggerated form.

I am to take the waters at ten in the morn,
To descend into the bath at four, and at five
Drink again, join society, and be very much
alive.

Your lordship is the most
patient man in loss, the
most coldest that ever
turned up ace.

It would make any man
cold to lose.

But not every man
patient, after the noble
temper of your lordship.
You are most hot, and
furious, when you win.
Winning will put any
man into courage.

Cymbeline, ii. 3.

I have no other but a woman's reason,
I think him so because I think him so.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, i.
These were the instructions of the great man.
Nan fetched the water from the source.
At three-thirty to the church we went, of course ;
It was well filled, though the heat is great.

The Pasteur preached from Phil. iii. 20 : ' Pour nous, nous sommes citoyens des cieux.' Death, he said, comes to all, to the rich and to the poor, and we do not live to God as we should, but, *grace à Dieu*, we have a citizenship in heaven, where all who trust in Christ shall dwell with Him. A mother may forget her child, the son of her womb, but He will never forget us. The singing was led by the sextoness, who has a powerful voice, and we all joined heartily in the song of praise. We asked permission to pass through an avenue of trees, and thus return by a shorter route to the Capus.

20TH.

Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee? . . .
O ! that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.
O ! say thou for her, who hath done this deed? . . .
O ! thus I found her straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.
Titus Andronicus, iii. 1.
We went to the baths ; then to rest
I lay down, *au régime*, had breakfast,
Read, worked. Dr. Belegou came.
The ordeal is to be the same,
And he says 'tis for rheumatism excellent.
So Miss Nan with me must make the descent,
Where we all sit in a circle for three-quarters
Of an hour, with water up to our chins, and martyr,
As English, the natives with our French.
But we profit, and every word we can wrench
Adds to our small vocabulary. The priests
Are very conversational at table. The profits
Of this house, we think, must be theirs ;
For shareholders' we take their possessive airs.

22ND.

' Captain Coco ' had his first promenade
En voiture. He liked it, but he was afraid—

Queen Margaret: Your
eyry buildeth in our
eyry's nest.

O God! that seest it, do
not suffer it!

As it was won with blood,
lost be it so!

I cannot blame her. . . .

Gloster: She hath had
too much wrong, and I
repent

My part thereof, that I
have done to her.

Richard III., i. 3.

Quite unlike in this respect our first bird,
Who insisted on mounting the chair,
And would not be held. The fine air
(Lamalou being six hundred feet above the sea)
Makes the heat endurable, so we
Rejoice that we came, and the Usclade
Fortifies. The proprietor of Hôtel du Nord
Offered to show us the park, then took
Nan into the hotel and showed the prices in the
book

And the splendid *salle-à-manger*—
All in case we wished to *changer*.

27TH.

The doctor called; says Munkacsy is
Here, and asked, 'Would Nan like to visit
Him?' She said, 'No.' He has a white
Beard now, and they think the fight
To cure his poor paralyzed hands a success.
We said we had known him three years or
less.

The very substance of
the ambitious is the
shadow of a dream.

Hamlet.

Our friend had bought his first picture,
But so very long ago, and he'd sure
Have forgotten our existence.

28TH.

Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest
face I ever look'd on.

Henry VIII., iv.

The pretty girl with her mother, as we call
Her, in the bath, are two nuns of St. Vincent
de Paul.

At the Usclade we recognised the truth.
The girl has a perfect face, gold beneath
Her cap we see the cropped hair, eyes blue,
Straight small nose; complexion of hue
Blonde, spotless, with gentle rose; mouth
grave,
Most beautiful; the whole sweet and brave.

Never before and never again shall I, I
 suppose,
 Meet with anything so rare. The same thought
 arose
 In other minds, for they asked her why she,
 So young and well, was there. Simple and
 free
 She replied: 'I'm not eighteen, but twenty-
 eight,
 And my arms are inclined to be paralyzed.'

It seems she hangs upon
 the cheek of night
 Like a rich jewel in an
 Ethiop's ear;
 Beauty too rich for use,
 for earth too dear!
*Romeo and
 Juliet, i.*

AUGUST 1ST.

We went up the steep path, pushed by the
 conductor,
 And then on to Lamalou-le-Haut, for
 There is a pretty park near. Nan and the
 widow
 Took a walk; I with the man in the white coat
 And the tall old gentleman, sat before the
 hotel
 In the afternoon. Others went to the Casino
 and to the well.
 The man in the white coat came to speak to me
 And interview the parrots. It was time
 Then to attend the bath. The two nuns come
 Each time with us, which is a treat.
 A Spaniard comes, to sell such sweet
 Uncommon silks, black lace mantles,
 Scarfs, and Indian things, and sandals.
 We bought some trifles; afterwards, music in
 Saal.

I sat me down.
 Devis'd a new com-
 mission; wrote it fair.
Hamlet, v. 2.

Though all things foul
 would wear the brows
 of grace,
 Yet grace must still look
 so.
Macbeth.

2ND.

Some man from the Hôtel de France
 Asked me to translate for him—a chance,
 No doubt, as few, in fact no, English are about.
 He showed us his beautiful stamp album.

. . . Have given you
 here a thread of mine
 own life.
Tempest.

At the Usclade Spring there is a Zoo. I got
 out
 And inspected the birds and the animals.
 The peacock, fanning his tail with rustling
 thrill,
 Takes my fancy best. To the Bath *Établissement* we went
 With the nuns. Meanwhile an assortment
 Of lovely things have been bought by some
 From the Spaniard. M. et Mme. Laurent de
 Montlaçon
 Have gone ; they were *très gentils* and *amusants*.
 A stranger seeing me eat lobster said to his
 wife
 In an undertone, ' Bravo Ataxie !'—' My life !'

4TH.

We went to church. The Pasteur preached from Col. iii. 17 :
 ' Et quoi, que vous fassiez en paroles, ou en œuvres, faites tout
 au nom du Seigneur Jésus, rendant par lui à Dieu le Père.'

But a good heart . . . is
 the sun and the moon,
 or rather the sun and
 not the moon, for it
 shines bright, and never
 changes, but keeps his
 course truly.

Henry V.

We in the garden after dinner were seated,
 Chatting with the lovely nun and her comrade
 sister.

10TH.

The Doctor called and ordered Nan medicine,
 And to keep quiet to-day. M. de Castlebon,
 Also the Spaniard, came to inquire for Nan.
 Coco was trying to bite her. She said : ' Coco,
 can
 You bite your dear Nan ?' ' You're dear Nan,
 you are !'
 Said he. The Doctor called again to-day to
 hear ;
 And Madame Gros sat with her, and Monsieur
 De Castlebon came to the window to inquire

Again. I was helped into the *jardin* to my corner.

Madame Mondrew, Madame Jubian, the Countess Dulong were

In the hall as I passed. Madame Jubian showed me

A written sentence, her husband had *écrit* :

‘Hearty wishes for the recovery of the English lady.’

The German maid came and sat near to protect me.

I found it hard to speak German, and fear failing memory.

The current, that with
gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being
stopp'd, impatiently
doth rage :
But, when his fair course
is not hindered,
He makes sweet music
with the enamell'd
stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to
every sedge
He overtaketh in his
pilgrimage.

*Two Gentlemen of
Verona*, ii.

14TH.

A lady told us the gentleman with the tall black servant,

In gorgeous oriental garment,

Is General Allegro, from some place in *Afrique*.

Nan bought *La Liste d'Étrangers* to seek

Further information ; we've little else to do.

Rose gives us some uneasiness ; we rue

Sacrificing ugly age for youthful beauty.

Françoise was at least safe and did her duty.

N'importe, there's a protecting hand above,

And all the French here are full of pity and of love.

Be merry, gentle ;
Strangle such thoughts as
these with anything
That you behold the
while.

*Winter's
Tale*, iv. 3.

A woman's gentle heart,
but not acquainted
With shifting change, as
is false women's fashion.
Sonnet.

18TH.

We went at three to the French Temple. The Pasteur preached from John xiv. 15 : ‘Si vous m'aimez, gardez mes commandments.’

19TH.

We walked—that is, I in my chair—the road
To Poujol ; an avenue of plantains gave shade.
We passed a very old church with curious
porch,

He that hath learned no
wit by nature nor art,
may complain of good
breeding, or comes of a
very dull kindred.

*As You Like
It*, iii. 2.

With numbers of tombstones like miniature churches.

It is beyond the park where the Vernier waters flow.

We had the birds, so feared to cross the bridge below.

In the evening I sat in the garden ; Nan was in the *salon*,

Showing her stamp album to Madame Charbon.

20TH.

Nan had a letter from Comtesse de Wratislaw, About our late lodgings at Cannes—if any flaw ? We drove with Madame Charbon and her child

To Colombières, its cascade and its château revived.

We found Commandant Frager painting the court,

And the square tower of the Marquis de Caylure.

21ST.

Nan is so feverish, we sent for the Doctor again,

He ordered her to keep quiet ; that is the main

Thing. Everyone is very kind in inquiring.

Rose fetched milk and goffers, as dining

Is out of the question. The goffers *sont*

Cuit, near the well by a *chique Parisien*.

They are most delicious, and we indulge

In them every day and watch 'the much-

Watched process,' so many weary waiting.

22ND.

General Allegro, Governor of Gabes,

The one aforementioned, is *descendu*

Like as the waves make
towards the pebbled
shore,
So do our minutes hasten
to their end ;
Each changing place with
that which goes before,
In sequent toil all for-
wards do contend.

Sonnet.

The courtier's, soldier's,
scholar's eye, tongue,
sword :

The expectancy and rose
of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and
the mould of form.

Hamlet.

At Hôtel du Nord. The black valet,
 His servant, wears a rose silk jacket,
 Red boots, fez, white trousers—quite a picture.
 M. Mondrew, the Roumanian, left as eight
 struck ;
 He sent us his *adieu* by Madame la Pro-
 prietaire,
 He hopes to return next year and bring his
 stamp *repertoire*.

SEPTEMBER 1ST.

Sat lower down at table, so could speak
 English
 With M. Jubian, and with his wife our childish
 French. The Priest, de Castlebon, sat at Nan's
 right
 Hand. The Catterels' daughters and sons came
 for a sight
 Of their parents. One is a sergeant in the
 army.
 M. de Castlebon is blond and French, and
 though from Paris
 Looks so German. The Jubians wait to leave
 till morning,
 Going by Bedarieux. They live near Cette, at
 Marzillan.

This the noble nature
 whom passion could not
 shake?
 Whose solid virtue the
 shot of accident,
 Nor dart of chance, could
 neither graze nor
 pierce?

Othello, iv. 1.

Jules, the *garçon*, knocked a plate on the head
 Of Monsieur de Castlebon, and then put his
 hand
 On the place to cure it. The act was so
 unsophisticated
 That all who saw it had to laugh, even the *soi-*
disant
 Priest himself. The Countess and he were
 talking
 Of losing money at some game of horse-racing,

His life was gentle, and
 the elements
 So mix'd in him that
 Nature might stand up
 And say to all the world
 'This was a man.'
Julius Caesar, v. 5.

At the Usclade. Nan turned to him and said,
 'Et vous
 Permettez cela, Monsieur?' 'C'est une affaire
 de goût—
 I'm French,' replied he. Other priests are less
 true.

2ND.

'Representation Extraordinaire, donnée par
 L'incomparable et sans rival Illusioniste, Ver-
 beck,'

To be held in the *salon* to-day. Nannie out
 For the first time, for a few minutes about.
 The young lady who sits next M. de Castlebon
 Told me that the *séance* was not much fun.

O, there be players, that
 I have seen play,—and
 heard others praise, and
 that highly,—not to
 speak it profanely, that,
 neither having the
 accent of Christians,
 nor the gait of
 Christian, pagan, nor
 man, have so strutted,
 and bellowed, that I
 have thought some of
 Nature's journeymen
 had made men, and not
 made them well, they
 imitated humanity so
 abominably.

Hamlet, iii. 2.

Our purses shall be proud,
 our garments poor;
 For 'tis the mind that
 makes the body rich.

*Taming of the
 Shrew.*

The husband and wife were quarrelling—
 Which was unpleasant for the public feeling—
 And dissatisfied with the amount of money
 received;

So fortunately we were not well enough to be
 deceived.

We are lower down at table, opposite the
 Countess

Dulong and M. de Castlebon. The latter has
 invested

In a purse in memory of Lamalou l'Ancien.

He'll be missed at table by all who him ken.

Great excitement at L'Establissemens des
 Bains—

The blind lady fell into the bath.

Bertha, the head woman, jumped in, clothes

And all, after her, and rescued her from the
 ugly dose.

16TH.

Bath life has little variety to note down—

Friendly intercourse, small *contretemps*,

Indigne serviteur.
Henry V., v. 2.

Such as Rose's tantrums.

Rather serious, too, at times ; she comes
 To tie a silk scarf round my neck,
 And adds : ' Je peux vous étrangler avec
 Ceci.' ' Tant pis pour toi,' ai-je répondu.
 At other times I stopped her through *pas du tout*.

All the guests do much to keep her in control ;
 The De Blessons, Isabeys, Jubains, themselves
 enroll

To protect us ; the Lazards, too, but they're
 Not in this house, come often and stare
 At our window, as they say, 'like lovers,'
 To wave a greeting, and *Numero Cinq's* a
 friend we discover.

Two 'Little Sisters of the Poor' came in to
 beg

At *table d'hôte* ; all gave, but not a sou was in
 our bag.

Le savant priest overdid himself with solicitude,
 Attributing, perhaps, our polite bow to angry
 feud,

When priests are more in
 word than matter . . .
 Then shall the realm of
 Albion
 Come to great confusion.
King Lear, iii. 2.

Held forth a long discourse of *l'origine de l'ordre*,

Something about a man refusing money, his
 bread turning into stones.

We listened lovingly, and at the end we made
 no bones

About it, but said : ' Nous avons deux cousines
 dans cet ordre ;

One quite near, in France, at the town Bor-
 deaux.'

Tableau ; dead silence ; awkward pause. The
 Baron

Must have given a questioning look to another
 Canon,

For he said : ' Oh yes, many ladies of title

Time shall unfold what
plaited cunning hides.
King Lear, i. 1.

Are amongst those sisters.' Our *savant* subtle,
Alone was speechless, had not a word to say,
And will remember us for many a long day !
The De Jeans, a Senegal family, attract
By their interesting conversation, in fact,
The jealousy of Mesdames Dulong and Bonnet.
Who planned the plot I know not, but the
voisin

Of Nannie and the Senegals, Baron Vinoll's
Place, was removed to bottom of the table rôle,
So he would not come. The Senegals made a
fuss,

And he appeared, poor dying man, in full dress,
Triumphant, and the priests and we
Welcome him back, and he smilingly
Greets all, and for us a few English words.
Leaving the table, he said, 'Sleep well,' and
gently beams.

Go, some of you,
And bring these gentle-
men where Hamlet
is . . .
Heavens make our pre-
sence
Pleasant and helpful to
him !

Hamlet, ii. 2.

'Oh,' said Nan, 'we say in our country,
"Pleasant dreams."'

'Then why don't you stay, and I could learn
English ?'

Next evening, leaving, he said, 'Sweet dreams.'
I wish

The Senegal De Jeans had left before crossing
swords

With Bonnet or Dulong. Baron Vinolls asked
Nan

To give him stamps for his little girl. From
Cannes

She promised to send them. He came to the
window

And gave his address at Versailles, to show
How he thanks her : 'How happy she'll be, you
little know !'

The Charbon boys came to part with Coco,

Who said : 'I want to go to bed.' N. put him
in, so,

When in his cage, he said : 'Lock the door.
That's very good.'

Take no unkindness of
his hasty words.

*Taming of the
Shrew, v. 3.*

He is a nervous bird, and wounds those who
would

Love him, as many a little boy has confessed,
With tears in his eyes and wounded finger
oppressed.

20TH.

They complained at the Temple that
Hymn-books were wanting. We ourselves felt
the fact,

And, remembering that le Pasteur Bonnefon
At Cannes had changed the collection

So by his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my
books he furnished me
... with volumes that
I prize above my duke-
dom.

Tempest, i. 2.

There—happy thought !—we'll ask him
For the old books ; he's sure to give them ;
And concierge (*alias* sextoness) is one
Who will value intensely the welcome *don*.

24TH.

We started towards evening, when packed and
dressed.

It's too soon to return where with heat we're
distressed ;

But expenses are great, and the commissaire
says

We'll rue it if we don't soon get rid of *bonne*
Rose.

Baron Vinolls waited, dear soul ! below the
bridge,

A last farewell to give as the train moved over
the ridge.

What a pity we never shall see him again !

He says he has been coming for six years in
vain ;

I fear this is his last. They say his wife died
Since last year. Of Lamalou he never denied
Its good. 'It had done him no harm'—rather
faint praise.

At five o'clock a.m. we arrived at Marseilles.
I was carried on a common chair by porters
To the buffet, and we had tea. After this fare
We start at seven for Cannes, and hot and tired
we were.

28TH.

Still very tired. Mademoiselle Provençal came
to admire

Never anything can be
amiss,
When simpleness and
duty tender it.

Our rooms, and rejoice that we still have rooms
on hire.

*Midsummer Night's
Dream, v.*

Went out in my chair in time to see the
Minister of War

Returning from l'Isle Marguerite, past the
square.

29TH.

We went to church. The heat is great. Rev. D. Simpson
preached from Heb. i. 10 : 'Are they not all ministering angels
sent out to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation ?'
He mentioned all the places where angels' visits are recorded in
Holy Writ.

Miss Lugard and Mrs. Simpson greeted us.

The Countess Wratislaw at five to thank us
came

For letting our boxes be moved
To the new lodging. About a servant she
proved

Kind ; gave her card for the *Auxvilliaire*.

She loves homœopathy, was much amused by
Coco's 'dare.'

She is tall and slight, with aristocratic features ;
Past seventy, but lithe — peculiar but noble
creature.

30TH.

Rose made a scene —

He's mad that trusts in
the tameness of a wolf.
King Lear, iii. 6.

Was like a virago,

Not like a queen ;

Ran up to the concierge

In the fourth story,

Had her forty francs,

And departed in fury.

Her grandparents, hearing of her threatened
advent,

. . . To hide as from pur-
suit. Now we go in
content

To Liberty and not to
banishment.

*As You Like
It*, i. 2.

Took train to Marseilles to avoid the event.

The Countess Wratislaw called pretty early

To notify Nannie that she was fairly

Ready to have our things *déménagées*.

They and the concierge *font aller arranger*.

When N. and C. returned, came mademoiselle,

Delighted and pleased, one could easily see,

To be of use by staying with me

Till Nannie went to the Auxiliary

To search for a servant with the Countess's
card.

Non nobis.

Henry V., iv. 8.

But they had none, which is rather hard.

Then she proceeded to the Hospitalier,

Where a man told her he'd not delay,

But send a girl, a native of Cannes,

Which was very kind of the said man.

At Maison Blanche she heard of some others—

English or French, they are necessary bothers.

Tedious as a twice-told
tale

Vexing the dull ear of a
drowsy man.

King John, ii. 4.

Mademoiselle Jeanne came from Golf Juan to
hire,

But burnt children often dread fire ;

She was also too small to suit the place.
 Her story was strange, as also her face.
 We then had a visit from mademoiselle,
 Who kindly came to see if we got on well
 Without a *bonne*, so we said the concierge
 Was willing to help me till we should emerge
 From the difficulty and look around
 For one, perhaps, from Switzerland bound.
 Then she left, her kind heart relieved
 By the good news which she had received.

OCTOBER 1ST.

Well, you are a rare
 parrot-teacher.

*Much Ado About
 Nothing*, i. 1.

And all the ruins of
 distressful times
 Repair'd with double
 riches of content.

Richard III., iv. 4.

A man came by appointment soon after three
 To push me up, bright Polly to see.
 We took the birds also in the chair—
 Polly so pleased, her eyes white and fair.
 We then proceed to the *laiterie*.
Lait chaud could not have at half-past three,
Lait froid had to take and be content ;
 Then to the Croisette we quickly went.
 Took a short turn, returning better.
 The concierge gave me from Tom a letter ;
 Then Miss Lugard paid us a visit
 Bringing with her her younger sister.

2ND.

Excitements to the field,
 or speech for truce,
 Success, for loss, what is,
 or is not, serves !
 As stuff for these two to
 make paradoxes.

*Troilus and
 Cressida*, i. 3.

Nannie est sortie ce matin deux fois,
 Toujours assoupissement ; c'est curieux,
 But not disagreeable, so it will do.
 I feel the excitement of Lamalou
 Has quite worn me out, and I must sleep
 through
 Day and night. Were it not for *moustiques*
 I would not object to this, Nature's last freak.
 Anna Gallaverner came with Madame Pierre
 To hire with us. We liked her *schr*.
 She was cook to Miss Percival for five years.

Quarante francs too little, so we parted with fears.

Though she said she would come on *Samedi* to try,

He doth rely on none.

*Troilus and
Cressida*, ii. 3.

She left word with concierge, not on her to rely
As she had to pay a good sum for her rent.

Monsieur Pierre came later, to excuse the girl
he had sent.

3RD.

Mademoiselle Provençal *est venue*

With a young wife, who we hope will do,
Though she is Italian and we prefer French ;

Yet she is fair and will not entrench

Her Italian on us, as she's been long here—

Is *belle-sœur* to Madame Mounier's servant,

Which in itself is a *garant*

Of respectability. All the same,

We hope she will not play the game

And when they from thy
bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee,
with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue
may with a mortal
touch
Trow death.

Richard II., iii. 2.

Les autres have played, and that good will come.

As I am so *faible*, I require some

Strong girl to help me, and to be very tall, too ;
In both respects I think she will do.

We went out after half-past three,

Through Rue d'Antibes a baker to see,

Then we returned by Hôtel International,

To ascertain if Madame was well.

Her baby was born a fortnight since ;

She looks quite happy with her young Prince.

4TH.

Madam and mistress, a
thousand good morrows.
O! give ye good even ;
here's a million of
manners.

Sir Valentine and servant,
to you two thousand.

I thank you, gentle serv-
vant.

*Two Gentlemen of
Verona*, ii. 1.

Jeanne came this morning, is gentle and staid ;

We hope against hope she may prove a good
maid,

As our experience of the two last,

Between badness and madness, could scarce be
surpassed.

Nannie went seeking provisions this morn ;
 When she returned she helped me to adorn,
 And showed the maid how to dress my hair—
 To-morrow we hope she'll do her share.
 In the afternoon was helped to the garden,
 Where I sat and slept (I beg your pardon),
 But since I returned to the sea-air of Cannes
 I can't keep awake by any plan.
 Nannie went out to post my letter
 To Tom, before one o'clock—'tis better.
 Then later she went out shopping again,
 Returning so late that the parrots complain.
 Mr. Simpson called at half-past five ;
 Such visits are pleasant and tend to revive.
 In talking of experiences strange,
 He said his mother died very young,
 And for some time was much distressed
 In mind ; she was dying of disease in the lung.
 She prayed, and her husband, a pious man too,
 Prayed with her, that she might find rest.
 One day she called : ' David, husband, come
 here,

If I did think, sir, I were
 well awake,
 I'd strive to tell you. We
 were dead of sleep.
Tempest, v. i.

It was a vision, fair and
 fortunate . . .
 And this way have you
 well expounded it.
Julius Cæsar, ii. 2.

' I've had a vision, and I am blessed.'
 She could not relate the vision she saw.
 Depression all gone, she was filled with joy
 Which remained to the last, a few days later,
 Without a shadow or an alloy.

5TH.

O let me not be mad, not
 mad, sweet heaven !
 Keep me in temper ; I
 would not be mad.
King Lear, i. 5.

Rose came at last to fetch her clothes,
 And some of her temper to concierge disclose.
 Nannie went marketing early to-day.
 I had a bad night, so made rather delay
 As to rising. Everything was late ;
 Our breakfast, instead of seven, was at eight.
 After dinner, at about half-past three,
 Avec Jeanne nous sommes sortis,

And this fell tempest shall
not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit
on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's
transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this
mad-bred flaw.

2 *Henry VI.*, iii. 1.

Losing a mite, a moun-
tain gain . . .
The good in conversation
(To whom I give my
benison).

Pericles, ii.

For do but note a wild
and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and
unhandled colts,
If they but hear per-
cance a trumpet
sound,
Or any air of music touch
their ears,
You shall perceive them
make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd
to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of
music.

*Merchant of
Venice*, v. 1.

Ay, madam, with his eyes
in flood with laughter :
It is a recreation to be by.

Cymbeline, i. 7.

But had to make a round about way,
As rue Oustinoff *était fort déchirée*.
And having had so long a delay,
In going round to seek for the *lait*.
The sun had just set before our return,
While light clouds were lit from the sun's last
bourne.

When preparing for tea, kind Miss Charlotte
(Miss Lugard's sister) came with papers a lot.
Nannie and I asked her to remain.
Though deaf, her company is always gain.

6TH.

Did not go to church, as I did not feel well.
Nannie went to the Temple Français ;
She got a fright, she could not quite tell,
She feared that the Bonnefons were gone.
I sang some hymns at the piano.
This unusual fact dear Coco excited so,
That when I ceased, he said : ' Very good !'
Music always puts him in a happy mood.

Nannie went to Miss Hoste, a visit to pay,
While I am placed in the garden to stay.
Then had a visit from Mademoiselle,
Whose kindly presence I welcome well.
When she left the Simpsons appeared,
And were soon by Nan's bright presence
cheered.

Mr. S. held the service in Christ Church to-day.
They had cakes and wine, for tea could not
stay.

Fearing to be late for the next train—
Mr. S. just caught it last Friday with pain.

Miss Provençal said she had met Rose,
 Who to visit her at once did propose.
 It was so like her *fierte* ; she'd go if she chose.
 She ne'er knew her place, which this plainly
 shows.

7TH.

All pomp and majesty I
 do forswear.

My manors, rents, re-
 venues, I forego :

My acts, decrees, and
 statutes, I deny :

God pardon all oaths, that
 are broke to me !

God keep all vows un-
 broke, are made to
 thee !

Make me, that nothing
 have, with nothing
 griev'd ;

And thou with all pleas'd,
 that hast all achiev'd.

Richard II., iv. 1.

His face was as the
 heavens : and therein
 stuck

A sun and moon ; which
 kept their course, and
 lighted

The little O, the earth.

*Antony and
 Cleopatra*, v. 2.

Women are soft, mild,
 pitiful, and flexible ;

Thou stern, obdurate,
 flinty, rough, remorse-
 less,

Bid'st thou me rage ?
 why, now thou hast
 thy wish

Wouldst have me weep ?
 why, now thou hast thy
 will :

For raging wind blows up
 incessant showers,

And, when the rage
 allays, the rain begins.

These tears are my sweet
 Rutland's obsequies,

And every drop cries
 vengeance for his death.

Henry VI., i. 4.

Clerk came for the rent,

But he was sent

Away, till the stove should draw.

He and another came and then saw

But did not conquer.

As it smokes yet,

No rent can they get,

Till all is righted,

And fire can be lighted,

Bright, clear, and sure.

8TH.

Jane went to buy meat—

Some veal—a treat

It might prove,

If not on gas-stove.

The day is so wet

That I cannot get

Out—a *Gewitter* all day.

The rain makes no delay

In flooding the streets and *allées*.

A letter from Sue, a sweet *billet-doux*,

Which Nannie replied to by card ;

Then took to the post, when rain not so hard.

It is so dark at half-past two that the birds
 three

Demand patiently their beds,

And I must cease to write,

As it is almost dark as night.

9TH.

Thunder and lightning all the night ;
Rain dashing down till morning light.

Much more, in this great
work should we survey
The plot of situation, and
the model ;
Consent upon a sure
foundation ;
Question surveyors, know
our own estate.
2 *Henry IV.*, i. 3.

Of weather Nannie wrote to Constance a card,
Declaring that by heat Cannes no longer was
marred.

She also gave more information
Of Lamalou and its situation.

10TH.

Countess Wratishaw called *après déjeuner*.

She came the latest news to say.

The servant who had been at Nevada

Would be willing to come with us to stay

For forty-five francs, but it is too late.

We like our present girl, so perhaps she's our
fate.

Stand fast, good fate.
Tempest, i. 1.

She recommended the Windsor Hotel

For Sue Bunge, as a good place to dwell ;

Or the Central Bristol might do as well.

I walked out between Nannie and Jeanne

Quite a short distance, but felt the gain.

11TH.

Bright weather to-day,

The darkness and rain

Have all passed away.

No *Besuch* to-day.

I copied extracts from *The Christian* this
morning—

What, art a heathen?
How dost thou under-
stand the Scripture?
Hamlet, v. 1.

One part from Dr. Harper, a warning

Against neglect of Bible-reading,

A study all are needing.

We went out after three.

Crossing the street, I chanced to see

The little lame boy and his tender mother ;

For the boy, there is a
good angel about him.
2 *Henry IV.*, ii. 2.

We at once recognised each other.
 She smiled so sweetly when she saw me ;
 I, too, was pleased as pleased could be.
 Jeanne took the papers to return to Miss Hoste,
 And, having her way nearly lost,
 Kept us pretty long there
 Waiting for her in the Foncière.
 Writing to Loulie for early post
 To know where she is ; no time to be lost,
 As on the fifteenth her birthday will be,
 And we should like her her present to see.
 After that we passed the Hôtel Univers,
 A lot of luggage being taken in there.
 It is one of the few hotels open yet.
 Then we returned to the Croisette,
 Taking a turn beyond the *bains*.
 The General and Miss Gordon have returned
 again.

He hath a fair daughter,
 and to-morrow is her
 birthday.

Pericles, ii. 1.

On a seat near the Gonnet Hotel
 We saw Joel, looking hearty and well.
 He came to shake hands ; had been to Château
 Gaum.

The jury, passing on the
 prisoner's life,
 May, in the sworn twelve,
 have a thief or two
 Guiltier than him they
 try.

*Measure for
 Measure.*

When we returned, a long letter from Tom.
 I wrote to him to answer his letter,
 And say we were glad to hear Milly is better.
 A visit kind from Miss Provençal,
 Who told us much about Countess and all.
 Nannie gave me a basket from Lamalou,
 The town of the celebrated Dr. Belegou.

13TH.

Went to French Church. Pasteur Bonnefon
 preached from John xvi. 33, and Luke xxii. 31.

I say, there is no dark-
 ness but ignorance, in
 which thou art more
 puzzled than the Egyp-
 tians in their fog.

Twelfth Night,
 iv. 2.

When we returned, found a telegram from Sue
 Which rather puzzles ; whether it is true
 She arrives here or at Marseilles at three.

Here comes Monsieur le
 Beau . . . with his
 mouth full of news . . .
 All the better; we shall
 be the more marketable.
Bon jour, monsieur le
beau. What's the news?
As You Like
It, i. 2.

The Countess came soon after *déjeuner*.
 She sat on till about two, then with Nannie went
 To the station. M. Charles Boisevant,
 Editor of the *Handelsblatt* in Amsterdam,
 Called. He told me he had sent Sue on in the
 train,
 And he remained at Marseilles to gain
 Her luggage and follow in a *train de luxe*.
 For a fiery editor, *cui schöner Jux*.
 He wanted to wait for Sue and Nan, but
 when I
 Told him they might be at the Univers or
 Bristol, why
 He went in search, and found them in the Gray
 And Albion. He was to go to Marseilles at,
 say,
 Six, on his way to Jerusalem. N. came in late.
 She had seen him, who, in spite of haste, made
 her irate
 By blatant interviewing, till she thought
 She must be someone of direful import.
 From Miss Hoste *The Australasian*,
 With portraits of Legislative
 Council of Victoria, amongst them
 The father of gentle Ethel Brown.

14TH.

The main blaze of it is
 past, but a small thing
 would make it flame
 again.

Coriolanus, iv. 3.

My thoughts are whirled
 like a potter's wheel;
 I know not where I am,
 nor what I do.
 A witch by fear, nor force,
 like Hannibal,
 Drives back our troops,
 and conquers as she
 lists:

So bees with smoke, and
 doves with noisome
 stench,

Are from their hives and
 houses driven away.

1 Henry VI., i. 5.

The fire would not draw—
 That we all saw.
 Nannie went to M. Theméze
 About smoke without blaze,
 And then to visit Sue,
 Who this day is in bed too.

15TH.

I went to *Cercle Nautique*, then to Gray and
 Albion Hotel
 To have a look at Sue, and see was she well.

This morning Jeanne lit the fire,
 But smoke was there still causing ire.
 Jeanne went to the market, and then Nan went
 out.

I was dressed between-times by each, turn
 about.

What will ensue hereof,
 there's none can tell :
 But by bad courses may
 be understood,
 That their events can
 never fall out good.

Richard II., ii. 1.

Nan went to Sue, whom indignant she found
 At the bill the hotel brought, without any
 ground ;

So Nan arranged for Julien to call
 To take them to some, though not all
 The hotels, and seek for a cheaper abode,
 Not too far away out of Nannie's road.
 I know not what the result may be,
 But she'll find something cheaper, you'll not fail
 to see.

Nannie returned at *une heure et demie* ;
 At the Central Hotel left Sue, snug as could be,
 To take her long-delayed *déjeuner*.
 Then hurried back and *bien gaie*
 For an outing took me, so we drove about
 For more than twenty minutes, no doubt.
 Jeanne came shortly after we arrive
 From our short but refreshing drive.
 Mr. Cheyne Brady came to call,
 But, alas ! they leave for Mentone to-morrow,
 all.

And, worthy warrior,
 welcome to our tents.
 'Tis the old Nestor . . .
 Let me embrace thee,
 good old chronicle,
 That hast so long walk'd
 hand in hand with time.
 Most reverend Nestor, I
 am glad to clasp thee.
Troilus and Cressida,
 iv. 5.

I showed him their names in the *Courier de*
Cannes,
 Announcing their being in Genf, with the plan
 Of coming south ; but the Cannoise will feel
 sorrow

When they know that they leave for Mentone
 to-morrow.

16TH.

Nannie went to the Villa Campestra to see
 Mrs. Brady,
 And also paid a visit at the Central to Sue,
 Who promised to come to us to tea,
 At four o'clock, if she is true.
 I wrote to Madame Willink a letter,
 Rejoicing to see she met her friend so soon ;
 Hoping they by the change may feel better.
 And now we go for an afternoon
 Stroll on the Plage, but a short one it proved,
 As I soon grew very strangely tired,
 And to the gate could hardly be moved.
 The rest on the chair I greatly admired,
 As soon as the faint, weary feeling had passed,
 Jeanne had gone off to buy some beer,
 Which I took ; I then, at last,
 Picked up some strength and also cheer.

Alas ! the way is wearisome and long,
 A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps . . .
 I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
 And make a pastime of each weary step,
 Till the last step have brought me to my love ;
 And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
 A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 7.

17TH.

A letter from Madame Kuhlmann
 Oh, how the seasons, years, flee on !
 Lina's *Anzeige* of marriage on a printed card—
 Nan sent fifty marks on our part
 As wedding present ; she was a good maid.
 Tom and Milly won't find her like, I'm afraid.
 I had a bad night, Ah ! my poor head !
 So to chase away my feelings of dread,
 I mounted with Concierge, Nannie, and Jeanne,
 To see the rooms on the *troisième*.
 The Concierge and Nannie went a flight
 higher—
 I would have wished too, but quelled my desire.
 Returned by Concierge's rooms and our lawn.
 The first time that I the latter have seen.
 All is in best order in this *maison*,

. . . And by relating tales
 of others' griefs,
 See if 'twill teach us to
 forget our own ?
 That were to blow at fire,
 in hope to quench it ;
 For who digs hills because
 they do aspire,
 Throws down one mountain,
 to cast up a higher.
 O my distressed lord,
 even such our griefs ;
 Here they're but felt, and
 seen with mistful eyes,
 But like to groves, being
 topp'd, they higher rise.
Pericles, i. 4.

The rich stream of lords
and ladies,

Henry VIII., iv. 1.

But it is not let ; Concierge has *raison* ;
The price is too high, unless for rich people,
And some would not like to mount such a steeple.

18TH.

Notice ' for Mulvany ? Gregory ?'
From Dr. Barnado I just now see.
Julien was here to fetch Nannie,
But she was out, so it could not be.
Though word had left she would be due
To meet him, *à l'heure*, about two.
She had been to Sue's Hotel ;
Julien she had met and arranged all well.
The latter is to drive Mefrouw to-day ;
And take us a good drive to-morrow *après*.
We took a turn, I in my chair,
First by the sea, but as it was not fair,
We went inland for less breeze and air.

Niggard of question ; but,
of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Hamlet, iii. 1.

19TH.

It is my birthday ;
I had thought to have
held it poor ; but since
my lord
Is Antony again, I will
be Cleopatra.

*Antony and
Cleopatra.*

A bottle of smelling-salts from Nannie dear,
To revive me and my spirits to cheer.
She went out to shop, now she's gone to hotel,
To ask Sue to drive, if she is *assez* well.
At appointed time Julien came to the door,
Just two o'clock, neither less nor more.
When we had left we espied Susette's maid,
Coming behind, Sue was too much afraid
To venture out. Said Nannie : ' C'est triste,
Mais ça ne fait rien,' which sounded at least
Rather strange. This was what she wanted to
air :

Take mercy
On the poor souls for
whom the hungry war
Opens his vast jaws : and
on your head
Turns he the widow's
tears, the orphan's
cries.

Henry V., ii. 4.

' Elle ne doit pas se fâcher dans aucune manière.'
We drove to the Martins', saw mother and
daughter.
Nan took invalid Testament, and besought her
To return it some time, that she might lend

It, for Jeanne to her husband to send.
 We then took a drive round by Vallauris.
 Brought home some myrtle. Letter from Cassie
 to me ;
 One for N. from Madame Pelletier-Doisy.

20TH.

Went to the French Church. Pasteur Bonnefon preached from Matt. vi. 12 : 'Pardonnez nous nos pechés comme aussi,' etc. 'La progression qui est fait en cette prière est une progression descendante ; voici les deux mots, péchés, offenses.' 'Péchés' are the great open sins ; 'offences,' those known to God and ourselves, such as doubts of God, or a rebellion against bearing our cross. When God forgives a sin He blots it out. 'How we forgive,' must be left to our own consciences.

Hereafter in a better
 world than this
 I shall desire more love
 and knowledge of you.

*As You Like
 It, i. 2.*

... That trusted home
 Might yet enkindle you
 unto the crown.

Macbeth, i. 3.

Hark ! do you hear the
 sea ? . . .

Methinks the fishermen,
 that walk upon the
 beach,

Appear like mice : and
 yond' tall anchoring
 bark,

Diminish'd to her cock ?
 her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight.

The murmuring surge,
 That on th' unnumber'd
 idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard on high.

King Lear, iv. 6.

A letter from Tom for my *jour de naissance*—
 Though two days late, was welcome *plaisance*.
 But some news in it made me feel sad.
 As to Pempelfort, I would not feel glad—
 Though I don't expect to see it again—
 The thought of its dwindling gives me a pang.
 Madame Serene from the Rue Bivouac came
 To pay us a visit ; we welcomed the same.
 She sat and talked of Mesdames Mounier and
 Jeancard.
 The latter had gone a little far
 In the Boulevard Carnot. Her little baby
 Is a great treasure, and well may be
 A joy to their tried hearts. Nannie went to see
 Sue ;
 She had not been well—a faint or two
 In the night. Poor girl, all alone,
 With only a maid, no friend of her own.
 'Nous avons arpentés la belle Croisette
 En toute sa longueur.' Its beauty we shan't
 forget.

22ND.

Nannie went up this morning to Sue.
The dressmaker called to know if we'd aught
to do.

Miss Gordon came after Madame Serene,
To hear something about Rose or Rosine,
Who has hired with them. I said three things
in her favour—

She was honest, could sew well, and can
coiffer.

But in her favour I could say no more—

Sweet lady, ho, ho. . . .
Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad
occasion.

Twelfth Night,
iii. 4.

Here do we make his
friends

Blush, that the world
goes well; who rather
had

Though they themselves
did suffer by it, behold
Dissentious numbers pes-
tering the streets, than
see

Our tradesmen singing in
their shops, and going
About their functions
friendly.

Coriolanus, iv. 4.

I think they'll be glad when she's left their
door.

Miss Gordon is nice, and has a sweet smile,
But I think Rose will not be there a long while.
We went out, after two, to the Villa Jonquille;
N. to see the Blacks; it is *très tranquille*.

Mrs. Black sent the maid down, with cake and
tea,

The former for Jeanne, and both for me.

Jeanne then returned the cup and the plate;

Nannie and all came back, not too late.

23RD.

Nannie went to see Sue in the morning.
I got up early, was long in adorning;
Studied in dining-room, where there is light—
The day on the whole not being very bright.
Sue took a short drive, then came to tea—
She made it short the bad springs to flee.
Nannie had been out in the afternoon,
She had not expected Sue Bunge so soon.
Later the Comtesse Wratislaw came;
I introduced both ladies by name.
We sat and talked to each other some time;
Countless looks upon magnetism as crime.

If Troy be not taken till
these two undermine it,
the walls will stand till
they fall of themselves.

*Troilus and
Cressida*, ii. 3.

She left first, then Sue lay down,
To rest from the jolting, which made her
frown.

A comfortable carriage was then fetched by
Jeanne ;

Nannie drove with her, and she had no pain.

24TH.

Nannie her usual visit would pay,

Nerissa, cheer yon stranger ; bid her welcome.
Merchant of Venice, iii. 2.

There was, for a while,
no money bid for argument,
unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Is it possible ?

O ! there has been much
throwing about of brains.

Do the boys carry it away ?

Ay, that they do, my lord : Hercules, and his load too.

Hamlet, ii. 2.

So much at last that I was quite sated.

At three we to Boulevard de Carnot proceed.

While resting with Jeanne, N. took up her
mead

Of books and papers—a pretty load—

To Maison Consolat, Miss Hoste's abode.

While we were waiting, Jeanne no longer concealed—

What we had suspected she soon revealed.

25TH.

This morning we're happier ladies and maid ;

The threatened change we need not dread.

Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

As You Like It, iii. 2.

I've begun taking the Countess's cure,

And I feel brighter, of that I'm sure.

The name of the homœopathic medicine,
With its drops, is ' Jessamine.'

Afternoon, we go with Sue for a drive,

Fetching her from the hotel. We arrive

With Julien after two o'clock ;

N. descends at her door to knock.

We drove around by the town of Cannet,

Sue delighting at the olive-trees many.

We left her back at the Central Hotel.

What drink'st thou oft instead of homage sweet
But poisoned flattery ?

Henry V., iv. 1.

Countess Wratislaw came to see if I was well,

And five minutes later, behold mademoiselle !

30TH.

Nannie went to see and price Madame
Sainton's

Rooms—first floor, 350 ; second, 300. I sat
with Jeanne on

Promenade till she returned, then again
Home to the Villa del Sole. N. put the birds to
bed,

Then went to visit Sue. The Countess Wrat-
islaw had

Heard Tom was ill, and come to know what
news.

To-day, while here, a letter arrived from Milly
with *Gruss*

What our contempt's do
often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again ;
the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering,
does become
The opposite of itself.

*Antony and
Cleopatra, i. 2.*

From Tom. He was better, and on no account
was Nan

To come to Pempelfort, not even if leave me
she can.

NOVEMBER 1ST.

The ladies from Paris for the quatrième
arrive.

Nan off on some errand, and to see how Sue'd
thrive.

We've had heavy clouds, and wind and rain.

La Comtesse de Wratisslaw visits me again

Kindly to give a receipt for Tom.

Wisdom and fortune
combating together,
If that the former dare
but what it can,
No chance may shake it.

*Antony and
Cleopatra, iii. 2.*

Her sympathy's good, as we're far from home ;

She seems to be earnest, and full of *esprit*,

Takes a great interest in homœopathy.

She told me to-day she had left her brother

To weep with them that
weep doth ease some
deal ;

Not long, when news came from some friend or
other

But sorrow floated at is
double death.

*Titus Andronicus,
iii. 1.*

To say he was dead. What a fearful shock !

She seems to bear up, though now alone.

Although she has her cross to bear, she'll gain
the crown.

A letter from Tom ; unexpected joy
To hear from himself, dear unselfish boy !
To write in bed when not quite recovered ;
But it chased off the gloom that round us
hovered.

2ND.

The Dutch maid appears with a letter from
Sue,
Asking Nannie to come, and bring carriage too,
That she might seek rooms in St. Charles'
Hotel,

All things that are
Are with more spirit
chased than enjoyed.

*Merchant of
Venice*, ii. 6.

Where she now wishes amongst kindred to
dwell.

So Nan at once very promptly complied,
Taking up Dennis, a known man and tried.
The woman who sells the orange-water came
here

With a letter to read from her son so dear.
He is a soldier in Madagascar,
And she would write to her *bon fils* so far,
But had not the money to stamp the letter.
Nan gave half a franc to enable her better.

3RD.

Fête de Reformation. Nan had to go alone
To the French Temple. Clever Pasteur
Bonnefon

What is the opinion of
Pythagoras concerning
wildfowl?

That the soul of our
grandam might haply
inhabit a bird.

What thinkest thou of
his opinion?

I think nobly of the soul,
and no way approve his
opinion.

Twelfth Night,
iv. 2.

Spoke of Reformers and all they had done
And suffered ; and now a shower, or the heat
of the sun,

Was all the danger ; praying, we'd run.

Entre nous, this last sentence is overdone.

Persecuting Christians is to unbelievers fun.

The Countess here for some time in the afternoon ;

Then Sue came to tea, and remained till there was moon.

And so, my lord Protector,
see them guarded
And safely brought to
Dover; where in-
shipp'd
Commit them to the for-
tune of the sea.

Henry VI., v. 1.

A paper from Dr. Barnardo's home,

Chiefly demanding a helpful sum

For his large family of waifs and strays,

In order to advance them on their ways.

What a useful life, and England's best benefactor !

Sue brought poems by Prudhomme, which before

I had not seen. She copied one for me,

Then sat at the piano and softly played

And sweetly. Then, when leaving, Nan said :

' I will go with you and see you home.'

In the meantime I wrote to Tom.

For Orpheus' lute was
strung with poets'
sinews :
Whose golden touch could
soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame.

*Two Gentlemen of
Verona, iii. 2.*

6TH.

From Mrs. Cheyne Brady a postcard.

Had written a letter ; it is too hard—

Not a word from Mentone received as yet.

She asked as a favour, I shan't forget,

To keep an account of the weather in Cannes,

To compare with Mentone ; it is a good plan.

Nannie went to St. Charles' Hotel ;

Found Sue in the garden happy and well.

Afternoon, we went to the bath at Bottins,

And, although we were not very long,

The sky and the sea, in the glorious sunset,

Were so beautiful that I shall not forget.

Soon after we entered the house, as reward,

We had a pleasant visit from Miss Lugard ;

She had her brother, his wife, and his child

Staying with her some days. With joy she smiled.

From India they came, *en route* for London.
A pity they so soon must Cannes abandon.

8TH.

I arranging my diary ; a good crop
Of cuttings I pasted into my book,
Which gives it, I fear, an untidy look ;
But at this time of year there is much to enter
Of the many friends who come for the winter.
Nannie wrote to Tom *après déjeuner*.
We then went down to hear the band play.
Very fine, warm, and breezy all day.
Nannie went to St. Charles' to see Sue ;
Found her in bed, which will not do.
She feels herself *bien fatiguée*.
Nannie bought laces from a woman who
told her
She had been her *porte bonheur avant hier*.
After selling to her she earned seven francs.
What could Nan do but buy more as ' thanks ' ?
Countess Wratislaw called and sat with me,
Which allowed Jeanne a chat with friends by
the sea.

No, no, when fortune
means to men most
good
She looks upon them with
a threatening eye.
King John, iii. 4.

10TH.

We went to Holy Trinity Church. Mr. Carter welcomed us.
Rev. W. Brookes preached from Heb. iv. 12.

Nannie went later to put letter in post.
Mrs. Perry called, having heard from Miss
Hoste

Tybalt, the reason that I
have to love thee
Doth much excuse the
appertaining rage
To such a greeting. . . .
Villain am I none
Therefore farewell, I see
thou know'st me not.
*Roméo and
Juliet*, iii. 1.

That we were in Cannes. She and Grace came
to call.
When they came in, Nan knew them not at all,
As she shook her head with a ' How do you
do ?

I know the name ' (but, aside, ' Not you ').
 ' I should think you do. ' Then, as Grace drew
 near,
 She recognised her. Edith is dead, we were
 sorry to hear.
 She died at Ravenna. Their kind landlord
 there
 Gave her delicacies and also great care.
 He now owns the Pavilion Hotel here.

12TH.

Some that will evermore
 peep through their eyes
 And laugh like parrots,
 And others of such vine-
 gar aspect
 That they'll not show
 their teeth in way of
 smile.

*Merchant of
 Venice, i. 1.*

I sewed at Annabel's silk dress in the day ;
 While chatting over this, the parrots amused us
 with play,
 But when Nan for light worked in Chapelle,
 They no longer in dining-room would stay.
 In the evening I had from Tom a letter ;
 He is getting, by slow degrees, better.

13TH.

Look ; he's winding up
 the watch of his wit :
 by and by it will strike.
Tempest, ii. 1.

Nannie went, about ten, to see Sue,
 Who seemed better, had seen her doctor, too.
 Veraguth has put her on a *régime sévère*,
 To eat grapes three times a day ; *le soir*,
 biere,
 But only one glass ; in the forenoon some
 wine,
 Also one glass—I suppose very fine.
 La Comtesse Wratisslaw called about two.
 She can talk well, has travelled Europe through.
 Some english ladies had called at her door,
 Inquiring for ladies who lived there before.
 We went to the bath when the Countess left,
 But of boiling water we were bereft.

14TH.

We started for our constitutional about two,
 Nannie taking her cards with her, to

. . . I will visit both
Prince and people ;
therefore I prythee
Supply me with the habit
and instruct me.

*Measure for
Measure*, i. 4.

The Duke is coming ; see
the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furni-
ture as suits

The greatness of his per-
son. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone ; my state
now will but mock me.
When I came hither I was
High Constable

And Duke of Bucking-
ham ; now poor Edward
Bohun.

Henry VIII., ii. 1.

Visit the Countess. We met her just outside,
So Nannie went with her to her house, while
I went down to the band with Jeanne.
We sat and moved about a while till *le fin*.
Nannie returned in time to help both
With the chair. She was so pleased with
The Countess' rooms, so prettily got up—
New paper and wainscotting ; the floor waxed
And handsome *carpettes* ; no entry from next
To drawing-room, formerly Nan's own room—
All papered over, elegant flowers in full bloom.

15TH.

As we sat on the Plage, N. talked with a man
Who is suffering with asthma ; he took it in
Rouen

Last year. He spent the summer in Digne.
He covered my chair, made it fit to be seen,
Some years ago ; not this one, the old one
I mean.

Mounted then to the Prado, Nan to visit Miss
Hoste,

Whilst I went with Jeanne to take my post
In the Prado. I bought yellow roses
From the woman *qui cause* (one supposes).

16TH.

Vouchsafe to show the
sunshine of your face,
Your sunbeam eyes.

*Love's Labour's
Lost*, v. 2.

Hot sunshine and fresh air—
Such is the weather, passing fair
For the so-called dull November.
But we fail not to remember
We are in Cannes, in the south of France,
Where the sunbeams often dance.

17TH.

We went to the church. Pastor Minto preached from
Col. i. 23.

19TH.

Fine, sunny and warm,
 But the heat does no harm,
 At least, in the south, at this time of the year.
 Nannie had a letter from Blonde, I hear,
 So she went to the lady in the Rue de Frejus,
 To see the rooms, and give Blonde the choice.
 While she was out the gasman came ;
 Waited for her as she did not come soon,
 I asked from Catrine fifteen francs as a boon.
 When the man had left, saw the receipt was no
 use

Courage and comfort ! all
 shall yet go well.

King John.

Though the seas threaten,
 they are merciful.

Tempest.

In protecting us. Nan it did not please.
 The Countess came presently and gave ease
 To my trouble, by saying the loss was not
 great.
 Then the Countess and N. paid a visit of state
 To Miss Hoste. Mr. Barclay was there, so it
 all was checkmate.

21ST.

Heard all about the Mintos from the visit
 Rev. and Mrs. Minto paid at Brighton. Resist
 Age we cannot—the old man is now ninety,
 Mrs. Minto eighty-six. Jessie and Katie are
 with them, and try,

Tell me what blessings I
 have here alive,
 That I should fear to
 die?

Winter's Tale.

Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre
 of Christ

(Whose soldier now, under
 whose blessed cross

We are impress'd and
 engag'd to fight),

Forthwith a power of
 English shall we levy ;

To chase these pagans, in
 those holy fields,

Over whose acres walk'd
 those blessed feet,

Which, fourteen hundred
 years ago, were nail'd

For our advantage, on
 the bitter cross.

Henry IV., i. 1.

To make the evening of their life bright as the
 day.

We sauntered out ; returning met, as a mild
 ray,

Madame Willink, as we all entered and had
 tea.

Mrs. Duguid then came, just returned from the
 Holy

Land and Jerusalem, with the same party as
 M. Boisevant.

He had been the life of the party when well,
but

The mule had so jolted him that he got ill,
And was only able to see the Holy Sepulchre.

24TH.

Steady downfall of rain. Nan has been again
To French Temple. Pasteur Bonnefon preaches
From Matt. vi. 13. 'Car à toi appartient le
règne,

La puissance, et la Gloire à jamais.' Countess
Wratislaw came to see us in the afternoon.

Polly

And Coco were happy, in spite of far from
jolly

Weather ; as they had their rings for play.

25TH.

The sun appeared about ten,

Nan prepares to go out then.

She dressed to go to the Aitkens',

But was stopped by threatened rains.

A letter from Mary Georges came ;

She expects to arrive this very same

Week, on Wednesday or Thursday—

She cannot yet exactly say.

When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat
dark December, how
... shall we discourse
The freezing hours away?
Cymbeline, iii. 3.

26TH.

Sue Bunge walked from St. Charles' Hotel,

With the new Doctor's system she feels so
well.

She left with her maid before *déjeuner*.

I copied papers, in the youth of the day.

Nannie told Sue she a visit would pay

To the Aitkens, *ce soir*, without delay,

But just as she was in her best attire,

In her velvet jacket, which I admire,

Men are men: the best
sometimes forget.

Othello.

Wonder on till truth make
all things plain.

*Midsummer Night's
Dream.*

With pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion,
holy thoughts,

Richard III.

The Countess Wratislaw came in to call,
And in a *Rede*, which interests all.
She was so long in her visit delayed,
That it became late, and N. was afraid
To go so far, so sent papers with Jeanne,
Up to Miss Hoste, who returned before long,
With fresh magazines for us to read.
Madame Willink sat with us on the seat ;
She told us when talking *après*,
That the little girl ' for me always would pray.'

27TH.

He receives comfort like
cold porridge.

Tempest, ii. 1.

Sunshine, not warm ;
Très beau temps does nobody harm.
From Blonde to Nannie a cordial letter,
Saying she hoped to come when better.
Nannie out shopping in the forenoon,
And after *déjeuner* she departs soon,
'To see if Mary had arrived by the train.
She received a letter, she is held in chain,
By the bad weather in Angleterre—
In fact it seems to be everywhere.
Had a visit this morning from friends three,
Madame Willink, Miss Aldridge, and little Marie.
They helped me, with Jeanne, into the ' winter
garden,'

Which was very bright ; we were hard on
The real garden, where the little one strayed,
And with Miss Aldridge played.
Afternoon, when Nannie returned from the *gare*,
Nous sortimes, but did not go far.
Had a letter from Tom ; there they had snow.
Andreas Achenbach eighty—there was a torch
show.

28TH.

Cloudy and chilly in the morning,
Still Nan goes out, herself adorning

Yonder comes a poet, and
a painter.

Timon of Athens,
iv. 3.

Wrought he not well that
painted it ?

He wrought better that
made the painter.

Timon of Athens,
i. 1.

In the most suitable autumn attire.
 It is so chilly I'd like a fire.
 Fell asleep, though so cold, *après déjeuner*,
 Then went to my bath *un peu après*.
 Met Mrs. Duguid, and with her Miss Black.
 Saw Blonde arrive ; we missed her, alack !

29TH.

Ho! hearts, tongues,
 figures, scribes, bards,
 poets, cannot
 Think, speak, cast, write,
 sing, number, ho, his
 love
 To Antony. But as for
 Caesar,
 Kneel down, kneel down.
 and wonder.

*Antony and
 Cleopatra*, iii. 2.

I have much to write. Shall I get it all in ?
 If I do, as a writer I surely must win.
 I write in the day till my hand I tire—
 Always finding something else to admire.

Hurry and flurry preparing for Mary ;
 Blonde Wilkinson, too, has arrived.
 Dearest Nannie then went to see
 Her. She was better, so she derived
 The idea of coming here
 Without further delay.
 She likes the nurse, but lodgings worse
 Than she expected, we say.

30TH.

I thank her, that
 She stripp'd it from her
 arm ; I see her yet ;
 Her pretty action did
 outsell her gift,
 And yet enrich'd it too.
 She gave it me,
 And said she priz'd it
 once.

Cymbeline, ii. 1.

Beautiful in the morning,
 Changeable towards evening, about four.
 Mary and Nannie went out in the
 Forenoon shopping, and N. went to see
 Blonde Wilkenson ; so Mary returns.
 She brought me a seedcake and buns.

DECEMBER 1ST.

Fine but cloudy weather.
 We went to French Church together,
 While Mary went to Trinity,
 Rev. Mr. Brookes to see.

Pasteur Bonnefon preached from John iii. 30 : ' Il faut qu'il croisse et que je diminue,' on ' John the Baptist as Positive and Mystic,' and on ' Repentance.' John must decrease, but Christ increase. ' I must decrease.' We have nothing to boast of in ourselves. Christ must be all in all. John the Baptist gave practical directions for religion. He came as a giant with the law of works, which passed away with him. Then grace came with Christ.

A true-devoted pilgrim is
not weary
To measure kingdoms
with his feeble steps.
*Two Gentlemen of
Verona, ii.*

After one o'clock lunch Mary came walking,
Countess Wratishaw also, and remained talking
For some time. Mary knows how to entertain,
Chatting of the old times and youth's reign,
And from anecdote can't refrain.
Here I relate one of the same :

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, DUKE OF
ARGYLL, AND THE BAGMAN.

These three men travelled together
In a first-class carriage, true.
Arrived at one station there were quite a
quantity

Mine honour keeps the
weather of my fate :
Life every man holds
dear ; but the dear
man
Holds honour far more
precious-dear than life.
*Troilus and
Cressida, v. 3.*

Of clans to welcome one Duke, in view.
' Can you tell me,' said our friend of the bag,
' Who that man is who has just descended ?'
' The Duke of Northumberland,' was the reply.
' He such cads as you and I befriended.'

The train rushes on, and then stops at last.
Here a still greater ovation appears :

Bagpipes are playing, and crowds rushing fast,
While high and shrill rise the cheers.

Our friend of the bag can't make this out ;
Sees his acquaintance rise with a smile,
Who, when he asks him, ' What's it all about ?'
Answers and says, ' His Grace of Argyll.'

But I beseech your grace
(without offence :
My conscience bids me
ask) wherefore you
have
Commanded me these
most poisonous com-
pounds,
Which are the movers of
a languishing death ;
But, though slow,
deadly ?
Cymbeline, i. 6.

2ND.

Mary Georges and Nannie went out early,
Hôtel St. Charles once more to see,
Hearing a room on third floor is free.

She and the hostess at last agree.

Mary returns, and *après déjeuner*

She goes to the concierge *adieu* to say—

Drops into her hand five francs on the way.

No ceremony that to
great ones 'longs . . .
Becomes them with one
half so good a grace
As mercy does.

*Measure for
Measure.*

The concierge thanks with effusive display.

Then Mary and Jeanne start with the roll

To the Douane, which has her trunks in
control.

When Jeanne returns, the Simpsons are here,
And Nannie must go and join Mary dear.

Some cakes and wine were brought in as a
treat.

. . . To the more mature,
A glass that feated them;
and to the graver,
A child that guided
dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is
banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she
esteem'd him and his
virtue.

Cymbeline, i. 1.

I asked Mrs. Simpson to perform the feat
Of pouring into the small glasses some wine.

I do not know were it sour or sweet,

But to the second none seemed to incline.

Sue, Mary, and Nan appear when they are
gone.

Then we had tea in boudoir before half-past
three.

Sue left with her maid before very long,

And later, for hotel, our friend Mary.

We had a visit from Mrs. Webber.

Nannie gave our subscription to her—

Twenty francs for their Christmas-tree,

One devoted to charity.

It is religion to be thus
forsworn;
For charity itself fulfils
the law;
And who can sever love
from charity?

*Love's Labour's
Lost, iv. 3.*

3RD.

The very next morning Mary appears early,
And presents Nannie with a black veil,
Which is much lighter than her dark sail;
And then they both prepare to make a *sortie*,

While I write my letter to Mrs. Brady,
 Enclosing later the bulletin, together
 With a vain account of the November weather.
 We then went out ; met Madame Willink
 And her brother's adopted pretty child.
 Then at about half-past four
 Mary insisted on taking Nan to *friseur*,
 Who disputed burning hair naturally wavy.

'*N'importe*, done it must be,' said loving Mary,
 Who altogether 'would like to shake Nan,' who
 'might fairly

Have been a success, and is nothing, not even
 nearly.'

Nan's hair was then dressed in the new
fantasie,

And she departed to St. Charles, the Aitkens to
 see.

Being so wonderful of array,
 She returned another visit to-day—
 From our former landlady, Madame Mounier.

4TH.

Bright sunshine ;
 Morning fine.
 Nannie gone out ;
 Birds busy about
 Making knots on their cord—
 Clever workers they, and workers hard.
 Sue came to call ; she had walked from hotel.
 She progresses so fast, she will soon be quite
 well.

Nannie returns ; had been to see Blonde,
 With whom she this afternoon is bound
 To go look at a place *pour cette famille*.
 They saw some, say one, two, or three.
 Mademoiselle Roye and young Lemoigne
 With Catrine and the boys join—

Bind up those tresses, O,
 what love I note
 In the fair multitude of
 those her hairs !
 Where but by chance a
 silver drop hath fallen,
 Even to that drop ten
 thousand wiry friends
 Do glue themselves in
 sociable grief :
 Like true, inseparable,
 faithful loves,
 icking together in
 calamity.

King John, iii. 4.

Honours best thrive
 When rather from our
 acts we them derive
 Than from our foregoers.
*All's Well that
 Ends Well*, ii. 3.

I do not like 'but yet';
 it does allay
 The good precedence; fie
 upon 'but yet';
 'But yet' is as a jailer to
 bring forth
 Some monstrous male-
 factor.

*Antony and
 Cleopatra, ii. 5.*

Proceed for vaccine to the Mairie;
 Against the small-pox it's necessary.

5TH.

Nannie went to see Blonde in the Rue Frejus.
 I read and sewed. Just after *déjeuner* the
 Countess
 Called, bringing us the Rev. Mr. Brookes'
 card,
 Which he'd left outside the door, it being
 barred.

... All this day an un-
 accusom'd spirit
 Lifts us above the ground
 with cheerful thoughts.
*Romeo and
 Juliet.*

She spoke with enthusiasm of a gallery of
 pictures,
 Lent by nobles, up to the very Queen, which
 insures,
 As we might believe, treasures and unearthed
 gems
 Not to be seen again for at least two life-
 times—
 The same that Nan's friends wanted her to see
 More than twenty years ago, but content was
 she
 With all that Düsseldorf had to give her,
 So lost that fine artistic *gloire*.

7TH.

Arrival of Dr. Battersby,
 Jeanne, our *bonne*, to *vacciner*.
 Both Nannie, I, and he
 Thought it for us not necessary,
 'Unless,' said N., with a laugh,
 'It should make my sister walk.'
 I answer, 'Like a calf?'
 (N.B.—The lymph was taken, half
 Or some, from a calf from Geneva.)

Give sorrow words: the
 grief that does not
 speak
 Whispers the o'erfraught
 heart, and bids it break.
Macbeth.

Here's neither bush nor
shrub to bear off and
weather at all, and an-
other storm brewing ; I
hear it sing in the wind ;
yond' same black cloud,
yond' huge one.

Tempest, ii. 2.

We talked for a while on Germany,
The Kaiser, and the war in 'Seventy.
We went to the baths in the mistral,
But on our returning we had no *Wahl*,
So my chair was drawn with back to the wind,
Nan pulling, Jeanne pushing. At last we find
Ourselves near home with dust half blind.
Nan stops to talk with Mrs. Willink behind.
She had been to call, would come to-morrow
again,
When she hopes it will not be in vain.

9TH.

Methinks, in thee some
blessed spirit doth
speak,
His powerful sound within
an organ weak.

*All's Well that Ends
Well.*

Bright sunshine, but very cold,
Which makes me feel quite cross and old.
Nannie, when out, ran in to see
And thank Mrs. Willink, on the balcony,
For the bunches of violets, sweet-scented,
Which she on Saturday had presented.
Déjeuner over, the Countess appears,
But at the least sound of the bell which she
hears,
She rises to vanish through the glass door,
While visitors arrive more and more.
If no one comes, then at ease she stays.
N. to see Miss Hoste and Miss Lugard to-day,
Also to buy things for charity,
Which Miss Hoste makes so dainty.
Depressed in the morning, but clouds pass
away.
Dear Nannie, with God's help, makes all things
gay.

O God ! Thy arm was
here :

And not to us, but to Thy
arm alone,
Ascribe we all.

Henry V., iv. 3.

10TH.

Sue Bunge called ; she has sympathy too.
When N. came in she gave note to Sue.
Nannie heard from Miss Hoste of the sudden
death

Of the Miss Chamberlain who was so deaf ;
 She died at Versailles of heart disease
 About three weeks ago. The General went. It
 was a release
 To the poor woman, who had suffered long ;
 Though her end was sudden, she was not *bang*.
 N. and I went out for a turn, *après midi*,
 Nearly as far as the fishery. Nan then went for
chocolade.
 As she returns, birds in concert cry : ' I want to
 go to bed.'

11TH.

Haply a woman's voice
 may do some good.

Henry V.

Her grace in speech,
 Her words y-clad with
 wisdom's majesty.

Make me from wandering
 fall to weeping joys.

2 Henry V., i. 1.

Went to Madame Willink's meeting, Villa
 St. Honorat.

Major MacCarthy preached on the tenth of
 John ; we sat

About fifteen. It was most interesting. Rev.
 Hammond

Spoke too. Later there was tea and cake for *le*
monde.

When home, M. Pellettier-Doisy, our landlord,
 Called, and sat for two hours or rather more.

20TH.

Nan at the Bible depot. A German girl,
 Fräulein Schroeder, is the lady principal.
 She sold her Italian Testament, with Psalms,
 Mr. Cheyne Brady's pamphlets, and also some
 Cards for Christmas. N. bought *tissue des*
Pyrennées

Therefore are feasts so
 solemn and so rare
 Since, seldom coming in
 the long year set,
 Like stones of worth they
 thinly placed are
 Or captain jewels in the
 carcanet.

Sonnet.

Miracles are ceased,
 And therefore we must
 needs admit the means
 How things are perfected.

Henry V.

For Tom, to keep him warm, and for Poppy
 And Milly presents ; then to the bird show
 Took our Coco in cage. It was fun to go.
 When the cockatoo danced, to allure the
 public in,
 Coco called out, ' Sweet boy !' Then the din

And excitement of the performance first kept
Him silent, but, as all ended, he left
His wonder aside, and sang 'God save the
Queen'—

The whole first verse. The director, a young
Englishman, was greatly pleased, and said
To Nan : 'We are colleagues ; I am glad.'
When returned, our landlord called again
And had tea with us. He was a rising officer,
Was thrown from his horse, and did suffer
So much that his memory got a wrench.

Hercules himself must
yield to odds ;
And many strokes, though
with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the
hardest timber'd oak.
3 Henry 1st.

He knew German, English, and French,
And now, after six years, the latter
He only speaks brokenly—better,
However, every day. A sad blow for his wife
And his tiny children. During life
He can never be quite the same again.

22ND.

We went to French Church. Pasteur Bonnefon preached without a text, or, rather, on the whole Bible. The majority of the Psalms of David prophesy of Christ. 'Quels mots passionnés sont dans les Psaumes !' He quoted many verses. 'They speak of suffering, and therefore everyone likes the Psalms.' David expresses his complete confidence in God. Psalm xlv. shows his *puissance en la foi*. Psalm xxiii., 'L'Eternel est mon berger.' Psalm xxii. *est grand*. All these predictions speak of Christ. Psalms li. and lxxxv. speak of suffering—'les souffrances qui ne sont pas sincères au milieu de notre deuil.' There is nothing that is not represented in the Bible—poetry, history, legislation, song. It embraces the totality of time from the first page to the last. It speaks of Christ from the first of Genesis to the last of Revelation. John i. says : 'Au commencement était la Parole'; and the Epistle of John speaks of 'Lui qui était au commencement.'

O fair Katharine! if you
will love me soundly
with your French heart,
I will be glad to hear
you confess it brokenly
with your English
tongue. Do you like
me, Kate

Henry V., v. 2.

Pasteur Bonnefon gave us fifty nice
Hymn-books—the old ones—without price
As presentation for the church at
Lamalou. We felt happy about it,
And sent them off at once,
And rewarded, by happy chance,
The Pasteur with a large *don*
For church Christmas-tree by Bonnefon.

23RD.

Or as the snake, roll'd in
a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd
slough, doth sting a
child,
That for the beauty
thinks it excellent.

Henry VI., iii. 1.

Ever so many presents have come
For us, and Mary Georges, with chum
Nan, busy at flower-market sending
Off, in usual Cannes style, flowers, tending
To sicken the receiver either by
Heavy *odeur* or withered supply
For the dust-heap—a dangerous craze
To which I devote scant praise.
Sue and Blonde sang hymns and carols
With us, to make us imagine the Christmas
doles
Were at hand, and we in the land of snow.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

He doth fill fields with
harness in the realm,
Turns head against the
lion's armed jaws,
Leads ancient lords and
reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles . . .
whose high deeds,
And great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers
chief majority,
And military title capital.
Through all the king-
doms that acknowledge
Christ.

Henry II., ii. 2.

A letter from Tom and 'Reminiscences of My
Life'—

Memoirs of Sir Joseph Crowe to his wife
And family. We went to Trinity Church.
Mr. Brookes preached from John i., fourteenth
verse.

We sat in the front pew; a large congregation
And three tables for Sacrament. The chaplain
Brought it to me when all was o'er.

There was a crippled boy at the gate-door.
A lady, in giving him money, asked where
He lived, and he could not or would not
tell her.

On their way to Webber's Christmas-tree
 Madame Willink and party had tea
 With us, to which came Mary Georges and
 Sue.

Mademoiselle Provençal also came in to see
 How the grand Fête de Noël had agreed
 with me.

26TH.

'Comes the king forth,
 I pray you?'
 'Ay, sir, a crew await his
 cure; but at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath heaven
 given his hand,
 They presently amend.'
 . . . With this strange
 virtue,
 He hath a heavenly gift
 of prophecy,
 And sundry blessings
 hang about his throne,
 That speak him full of
 grace.

Miss Lugard and Colonel and Mrs. Fitzgerald,
 Also Mrs. Schofield, called; we sat and chatted
 In our winter garden, formerly the chapel
 Of Signora la Marchese. We spoke of Tyrol,
 Of Innsbruck and the twelve bronze statues
 In its church—our King Alfred, the beauty,
 Amongst them, as they stand guardian
 Round King Max's sarcophagus arraigned.

Macbeth, iv. 3.

27TH.

Bright, sunny, not cold—
 A day to suit both young and old.
 I wrote to Tom, and, when I had done,
 Forgot to mention Fred Malcolmson,
 Whose children by first wife are poor,
 And their aunt wealthy overmore.
 From the same source we also heard
 Those shares in Prussian Mines, useless (then
 feared),
 And put aside as nil and naught,
 When sold forty - seven thousand pounds
 brought.
 The father-in-law had said,
 'Even if of no value, give them to me, Fred.'
 We went for a stroll; met M. Ducros
 And Monsieur and Madame de Ponlevoy.
 They had been to call, to wish *bonne année*.
 It is full time to send our cards away.

May have a tomb of
 orphans' tears wept on
 'em!
 What more?
Henry VIII., iii. 2.

In best sort,
 Like to the senators of
 th' antique Rome.
Henry V., v.

29TH.

We went to French Temple. Pasteur Bonnefon preached from John xiv. 27 : 'Je vous laisse la paix.' The world has an appearance of peace, and Christians have not always the calm; but when it comes to the end of the struggle, peace is clearly stamped on their character, life, and face.

Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.

Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 1.

After church Sue came home with us.

The dinner rather cold, but good the *bonillabaisse*.

We sat over the fire and talked of Sue's

Young days—of Caro and Jack Hume.

After tea Madame Willink came;

Her visits always seem to bring peace—

At least, they make agitation cease.

30TH.

Nannie went to the market, and then to the bank.

She works very hard for one in her rank.

She bought a grey jacket, *tissue des Pyrennées*,

With stripes, for Mary Frances. You see,

To keep her warm, as she has been ill,

And we much fear is delicate still.

Blonde came in soon *après déjeuner*.

Then the Countess, who could not delay—

She has been ill—*à* Nannie *grondée*

For not having called or sent word to say

Why she had not come. N. was so busy

She had no time to call or to see

Her. When she was out Miss Lugard came in

To wish us a happy New Year. She looks well, but thin.

Blonde left first, and then Miss Lugard

Exchanged stamps, and, as a reward,

She had to take back the paper she lent,

If yourself,
Whose aged honour cites
a virtuous youth?

*All's Well that
Ends Well*, i. 3.

Keep this remembrance
for thy Julia's sake.
Two Gentlemen
of Verona, iii. 2.

Which we both tried hard to prevent.
Then wrote to Mary Frances to say,
'The jacket's coming *en souvenir des Pyrénées*.'

31ST.

We went to Villa St. Honorat to Madame Willink's Bible meeting. Major MacCarthy spoke on Ephesians ii. St. Paul was a moral religionist, and yet called himself one who had lived to his earthly lusts. Well, religious lust is fancying yourself better than others. John iii. 20, 21 : 'For everyone that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reprov'd; but he that doeth truth cometh to the light that his deeds may be manifest that they are wrought in God.' There is a great difference. 'Doing truth' is confessing that there is nothing good in us. The first revelation of the Trinity was on the occasion when sinners followed Christ. 'One Spirit,' 'One Lord,' 'One God and Father of all' (Eph. iv.). When it is a settlement of good and evil, then appears the Trinity. God never takes us into His Divinity, but He becomes a man to take us into partnership with Himself.

Pasteur Bonnefon preached from Rom. viii. 26 : 'L'Esprit de soulager, dans notre faiblesse.' 'Nous sommes souvent comme les médecins qui parlent de nous guérissent, mais ne pensent pas à notre faiblesse. Ils ont besoin de prier. La faiblesse, la faiblesse, tout notre faiblesse! L'action du Sainte Esprit dans la cœur, dans le monde, est une manifestation extraordinaire, immédiate. Il faut une action pénétrante, pour soulager les soupirs. La rosée du matin et le soir, donnant une riche moisson de la terre'—so does the Holy Spirit give us encouragement 'comme une cuirasse. C'est un effet du Sainte Esprit un fait du Sainte Esprit; le Sainte Esprit à une action personnelle, un travail, il appartient de nous, à notre sainteté.' It is not our work; it is the work of the Holy Spirit—'une force sévère ou sensible, qui agite et qui soulage notre faiblesse.' We must suffer with Christ before we triumph with Him; we cannot expect all joy and no suffering. 'Mais Dieu veut que nous soyons comme les enfants; la souffrance vient'

de vous éprouver' is sent to exercise our patience. Obey with submission to the will of God. We are like little children : if we want to go up to the second story of a house we must go step by step. ' Dieu vous fait marcher pas à pas ; un jour nous aurons les ailes ; attendons avec patience.' On this earth we see the wrong side of the woven web, but in heaven we shall see the right side. Here we see darkly as in a glass ; there we shall see face to face, and know even as we are known.

Nothing she does, or
seems,
But smacks of something
greater than herself.

Winter's Tale,
iii. 3.

What is a man,
If his chief good and
market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed ?
A beast, no more.
Sure, He that made us
with such large dis-
course—

Looking before, and after
—gave us not
That capability and god-
like reason,
To fust in us unused.

Hamlet, iv. 4.
A foul defacer of God's
handiwork.

Richard III., iv.
Come, come, we fear the
worst ; all will be well.
When clouds are seen
wise men put on their
cloaks ;
When great leaves fall,
then winter is at hand ;
When the sun sets, who
does not look for night ?
Untimely storms make
men expect a dearth ;
All may be well ; but, if
God sort it so,
'Tis more than we de-
serve, or I expect.
Truly the hearts of men
are full of fear ;
You cannot reason [talk]
almost with a man
That looks not heavily,
and full of dread.
Before the days of change,
still is it so ;
By a divine instinct,
men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger ; as, by
proof, we see
The water swell before a
boisterous storm.

Richard III., ii. 3.

BALLAD FROM 'THE TALISMAN.'

The tears I shed must ever fall ;
I weep not for an absent swain,
For time may happier hours recall,
And parted lovers meet again.

I weep not for the silent dead :
Their pains are past, their sorrows o'er ;
And those that loved their steps must tread
Till death shall join to part no more.

But worse than absence, worse than death,
She wept her lover's sullied fame,
And, fired with all the pride of birth,
She wept a soldier's injured name.

1896.

' Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

' I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.'

JANUARY 1ST.

Fine bright day, and not at all cold ;
The year begins well, may it end so when old.

We went to the Scotch Church. Pastor Douglas preached from Psalm lvi. 13 : ' For Thou hast delivered my soul from death ; wilt not Thou deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living ? ' The apostles saw that light on the Mount of Transfiguration, and St. Paul also saw the light at his conversion. It shines on us from our Father's house above.

. . . And stol'n the im-
pression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy
hair, rings, gawds,
conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays,
sweetmeats (messengers
Of strong prevailment in
unhardened youth).
*Midsummer Night's
Dream, i. i.*

--

Mademoiselle brought caramel she had made
for us,

And says the Jeancards to Algeria are gone,
baby and nurse.

Madame Willink, the Ponlevoys, M. de Creux, et
Mary Georges and Mr. Simpson called to wish
Bonne année.

2ND.

Mrs. Black called and kindly left book on view—

‘The Patriarchs’; Blonde walked with us too.

She and Sue returned to St. Charles’s Hotel.

Mr. Brookes called at five; he seems quite well;

He told us of his friend, Baron von Ohnesorge,

Knight, knight, good
mother. . . .

What! I am dubb’d; I
have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not
Sir Robert’s son;

I have disclaim’d Sir
Robert, and my land;

Legitimation, name, and
all is gone.

King John, i. 1.

Who had got his name when in the ‘*Lager*’

Of battle. His ancestors fought the ‘Feind’;

The King of Prussia told him ‘not to mind’—

Though he had lost the flag, he had fought well—

‘Mein Herr von Ohnesorge.’ He lives at

Mount Fleury Hotel.

4TH.

Miss Lugard called, leaving papers and stamps;
From the great weight, her arm might have
cramps.

Mary Georges here about eleven o’clock,

With, of pleasant news, a goodly stock.

Countess Wratislaw called in the afternoon;

When she left we went out to moon.

5TH.

Beautiful weather, though here the commencement of winter. We went to the French Church, where Pasteur Bonnefon preached from Matt. v. 13: ‘*Car à toi appartient le regne, la puissance et la gloire à jamais.*’ A very fine sermon. Sue was in church and dined with us. We sat outside on the Plage, where Madame Willink joined us, and we gazed and talked, and then came in to tea; read about Noah in ‘The Patriarchs.’

6TH.

‘La réponse du President Krüger à l’Empereur d’Allemagne; terrible excitement et fureur,’ the *Gaulois* writes. ‘M. Krüger, president de la République Sud Africaine, à adressé à l’Em-

pereur Guillaume le télégramme suivant : "J'exprime à Votre Majesté ma très vive et très profonde reconnaissance pour les félicitations si franches que m'a transmises Votre Majesté. Nous comptons, avec l'aide de Dieu, continuer à faire tout ce qu'il est possible pour la maintien de l'indépendance que nous avons si chèrement achetées, et pour la conversation de notre chère république." "

O Time ! thou must un-
rangle this, not I.

Twelfth Night,
iii. 2.

What's gone and what's
past help should be
past grief.

*Winter's
Tale*, iii. 2.

One touch of nature
makes the whole world
kin.

*Proilus and
Cressida*, iii. 2.

When love speaks, the
voice of the gods
Makes heaven drowsy
with the harmony.

*Love's Labour's
Lost*, iv. 3.

England's ears must be hot and her temper
too.

A letter from Mrs. Shone, from which I drew
She must have suffered this summer her share.

Was only out three times in her bath chair,
With the hood up. Her sister is with them to
live

From Wiesbaden—some pleasure 'twill give.

We proceed to the Boulevard du Midi.

Nannie ran out to see the new pier.

While waiting for her a woman spoke to
Jeanne,

And at the same time two boys looked on
At my chair and me ; I gave them both a roll of
tracts.

When they saw Tour d'Eiffel on one,
' My father,' said the boy, who was the son,
' Was up in it.' Both had been to Paris ;
One had been born near it, 'twas nice to see.

7TH.

We heard from Tom, who enclosed a letter
From Blanche ; she says Daisy accepted the
fetter

Of marriage with Mr. Nevil, the descendant
Of Earl Warwick. Countess Wratislaw called
as we went

To prepare for the Bible meeting.

I was not well, so Nan bent farewell greeting

There is no soul
More stronger to direct
you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason
you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of
passion.

Henry VIII., i. 1.

I think you the most
pathetical break-
promise that may be
chosen out of the gross
band of the unfaithful.

*As You Like
It, iv. 1.*

Goblin lead them up and
down. . . .

Here comes one.

*Midsummer Night's
Dream, iii. 2.*

To the Countess, and hurriedly departs,
Leaving her to cheer my poor heart's
Woe, which with intelligence and benevolence
she does.

When meeting over, N. returns to tea and
proposes

We proceed to Hôtel Gonnet.

Paid a pleasant visit to the Ponlevoys.

In the garden they relate, with smiling *sang-
froid*,

That Mr. S., with wife, nurse, and baby,

Is staying at the hotel. 'Miss O'D.?' say we.

'Oh! no, quite somebody else, and she keeps
him in order too.'

Happy man! think we, to cure his rejection so
new.

But somehow it falls flat, for he loved
Miss O'D. so devotedly, and now he's proved
Himself an everyday man; *tant mieux pour lui,
mais*.

With all the will in the world, we often say
We could not love the new Coco as we loved
the old!

Simpsons called; high talk about Queen, and
'Transvaal, and Kaiser bold.

They left for six o'clock train and out went
Jeanne.

As we sat alone in the dining-room,

Several notes were struck on the piano

In the next room. Nan sprang to the door
between,

Locking it; fled round to the concierge, who
was dozing

By the fire, the cat on her lap—they found
nothing!

And no one! So the concierge concluded, 'It
was the dead *marchese*.'

That being the case, why be 'onaizy' ?
 'Pauvre dame, toujours elle dit et gronde,
 Catrine tant de monde, trop de monde.'
 So Jeanne and Catrine each the gruesome
 choose,
 Till sleep vanished, and we shivered in our
 shoes.

And tell sad stories,
 How some have been
 depos'd, some slain in
 war,
 Some haunted by the
 ghosts they have de-
 pos'd.

Richard II., iii. 2.

14TH.

This day is a sad anniversary—
 A day in the annals of history :
 The Duke of Clarence on this day died,
 Some days before he should lead his young
 bride
 To the altar; but the Lord had sent forth His
 decree
 For him, may we hope, more blessed to be.

. . . To whose un-
 auspicious altars
 My soul the faithful'st
 offerings have breath'd
 out.

Twelfth Night,
 v. 1.

15TH.

Early bright sunshine, but rather cold,
 Chietly in the house, where I froze as of old.
 Afternoon, we made a long expedition
 Up to Cannet, Nannie, I, and Jeanne.

16TH.

Went to Madame Willink's conference ;
 A native Indian doctor from Mysore, by chance,
 Made an addition to the usual number.
 Major MacCarthy preached on Ephesians iii.
 Nannie tried to find a new Bagster's Bible for
 me—
 But not possible here. The Countess Wratis-
 law came to see
 How we were, and gave her critique on
 'Trilby.'

Read o'er the volume. . .
 And find delight writ
 there with beauty's
 pen. . . :

That book in many's eyes
 doth share the glory.

*Romeo and
 Juliet*, i. 3.

18TH.

Bright sunshine and not cold—
 When visitors entered untold ;
 Madame Willink and Mr. Cheyne Brady,
 Mrs. Schofield and the Colonel's lady,
 One after the other before *midi*,
 So haste there was to have my 'Brief' ready
 For Nan to take to train before half-past
 One, but I had it in time at last.
 The Bradys are staying at Brockelmann's
 For about a week, but their plan is
 To return to Mentone again,
 Even though it gives us and them pain,
 And perhaps next winter come to Cannes ;
 But life is short ; who knows if this plan
 Shall be fulfilled ? A Mrs. S. brought the
 tract
 About Düsseldorf, and of Graf Zinzendorf the
 fact
 That a picture in the Old Gallery chained
 His heart and changed his road
 From Paris back to his Moravian home,
 Never again but for God to roam.

We must take the current
 as it serves,
 Or lose our ventures.
Julius Cæsar, iv. 3.

Since the affairs of men
 rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the
 worst that may befall.
Julius Cæsar,
 iv. 1.

19TH.

Pasteur Tophet preached from St. John iii. about Nicodemus. An English lady said once : 'Soyez serieux—soyez serieux ; la vie est solennelle ; un servent de Jésus Christ est serieux.' Many may deceive themselves and depend upon their virtues. Can you never reproach yourselves for having distressed your father or mother ? The Pharisee Nicodemus had received his education in the Temple, and at twelve years of age probably knew his catechism. I fear with many it is all the knowledge they have. Jesus arrested Nicodemus with the words : 'You are a doctor, and know not these things ?' 'Jésus à toute suite coupé ses paroles.'

20TH.

Is all the counsel that we
two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the
hours that we have
spent,
When we have chid the
hasty-footed time
For parting us. . . . O !
is all forgot?
All schooldays friend-
ship?

*Midsummer Night's
Dream, iii. 2.*

Which howsoever rude
exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a
fairer mind.

King John, iv. 2.

And as he drains his
draughts of Rhenish
down,
The kettle-drum and
trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his
pledge.

Hamlet, i. 4.

A bright and beautiful day, though cool ;
In the house almost like a morning in school.
Mary came first, and second Sue ;
The former said she would come afternoon too.
Nous sortons soon après déjeuner.
Met the Ponlevoys when Nan had gone away ;
Then some time later proceed to the shop
To see my bonnet, which will be, I hope,
Pretty, and not for me too bright and gay
When seen in the sunlight of a Cannes day.
Soon after three Mary Georges appears,
And in her bright way our spirit cheers :
Then somewhat later Mrs. Aitken comes—
Is on her way to one of the 'kettle-drums.'

21ST.

A bright and beautiful day, and *chaud*.
Nannie went to see Blonde, although
She hoped and found her truly better.
We had a visit from Mrs. Black ;
Then shortly followed on her track
Mrs. Schofield, the Colonel and wife.
Coco entertained them, and sang, with life,
'God save the Queen,' honouring *à la militaire*,
Pleasing them much with his joyous air ;
Then they departed. We saw a lame boy—
A tender sight to see him employ
Himself, playing for another more sad
Always stretched out on his carriage bed.
I gave the little one with the crutch
The book I had for him ; he will enjoy it
much.

22ND.

Twenty-second—brilliant weather.
Nannie went out ; she posted my letter

So kind, but something
pitiful !

Titus Andronicus,
ii. 3.

To Milly. I hope still to feel better
When I've had my bath. This pressure on
brain

Not soon provok'd, nor,
being provok'd, soon
calm'd.

*Troilus and
Cressida*, iv. 5.

Tries me, with all its accompanying train;
But everyone suffers—some less, some more—
To make us long for that narrow, strait door
Which shall lead us to heaven's golden floor,
To Christ our Saviour and those that we love.
Sue and Blonde Wilkinson called in the morn ;
They, too, each have their fleshly thorn.

23RD.

Raw in the morning ; later, sunshine.
Blonde here settling flowers, said it was fine.
She went back to lunch, and then returns.
Prince Henry dead. Osborne Court mourns.
Major MacCarthy came in to call ;
When he had left, Countess Wratislaw
Came ; she discussed 'Trilby,' finding a flaw
In its sense. 'Le Vain,' Nannie liked well—
Language elegant, and *esprit* to tell.

When we are born we cry
that we are come
To this great stage of
fools.

King Lear, iv. 6.

24TH.

'Tis the mind that makes
the body rich ;
As the sun breaks through
the darkest clouds.

*Taming of the
Shrew*, iv. 3.

Dull and dark, but in our winter garden,
In my peach-blossom and plum garment,
I sat for Nannie, when I was dressed ;
Then wrote to Tom, but as I was pressed
Rather for time, it was only a note,
Part taken from *Standard*, which I quote,
As to Jack Sheppard and William of Orange—
A combination a little too strange.
Nannie took my letter to post.

Give to a gracious mes-
sage
An host of tongues ; but
let ill tidings tell
Themselves.

*Antony and
Cleopatra*, ii. 5.

Lundi, je pense, 'Botschaft' from Miss Hoste,
To say if they did not come very soon,
She would come herself ; that would be a boon.
News in the *Courier Cannes* of the Queen :
She is so ill since she has heard and seen

That Prince Henry is dead. Blonde came *après
diner* ;

Elle est sortie to shop with Nannie.

Sue met them there ; then Blonde went on,
While Sue and Nannie return ; thereupon
Blonde comes when we are all at high tea ;

I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not
thy passion, sway.

Twelfth Night,
iv. i.

There's a row royal—Sue, Blonde, and Mary
Defending theatricals against Nannie.
All caused by sad news from Ashantee.

Noble Ventidus,
Whilst yet with Parthian
blood thy sword is
warm,

The fugitive Parthians
follow : spur through
Media,

Mesopotamia, and the
shelters whither

The routed fly : so thy
grand captain, Antony,
Shall set thee on trium-
phant chariots, and

Put garlands on thy
head.

*Antony and
Cleopatra*, iii. i.

As young as I am, I
have observed these
swashers. I am boy
to them all three, but
all they three, though
they would serve me,
could not be man to
me : for, indeed, three
such antics do not
amount to a man. For
Bardolph, he is white-
livered, and red-faced ;
by the means whereof,
a faces it out, but
fights not. For Pistol,
he hath a killing tongue,
and a quiet sword : by
the means whereof 'a
breaks words, and
keeps whole weapons.
For Nym, he hath
heard, that men of few
words are the best men ;
and therefore he scorns
to say his prayers, lest
'a should be thought a
coward : but his few
bad words are match'd
with as few good deeds ;
for 'a never broke any
man's head but his own,
and that was against a
post when he was
drunk. They will steal
anything and call it
purchase. Bardolph

25TH.

Mary called this morning, as bright as a rose,
To know how we felt after our blows,
Which I returned with the repartee,
' We were not wounded ; we thought it was
she,'

Which she turned off to ' Sue and the Boers ' ;
The latter, we hope, have improved their
mœurs.

Afternoon, Blonde appeared on the scene,
Shopping with Nannie her part, I ween.
She joined me with her maid on Croisette,
Then went with Nan to see a corvette.

Sue and her maid go off to Hotel.

Blonde joins us, when Nan goes off ' well '
To give a message to Madame Willink.

We then had a meeting which B. made
' killing.'

An old Englishman, *il m'à demandé*
Where the post Rue Bossu lay.

We were then opposite the very street,
Of which we informed him in accents sweet.

He was alone ; had just come from the train.

He hies from Plymouth, and does not seem
vain.

When he asked if we all to each other belong,
B. laughed loud and gaily ; it was too strong ;

stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel; I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine, for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

Henry IV., iii. 2.

He looked astonished, as much as to say :
'Who is this young arrival with so lofty a way ?'

'He knew Lady Vincent.' There was a cessation

Of scorn. 'He knew Mr. Aitken,' he also said,
'And Mr. Percy Smyth. He is not wed,
Or, more correctly, his wife is dead.

He has a property near Bournemouth,
But, finding it damp, he was not loth
To come to Cannes. Had he known 'twas so
bright,

He'd have come long since to this land of
light.'

26TH.

Mary Georges here to tea—
Interested in the history.
When all had left, mademoiselle
Called ; she spoke seriously and well.

28TH.

A note from Mr. Cheyne Brady ; he wants
Nan to look for a villa for them, if by chance
She could find one with large *salons*—
Perhaps the Mommiers', called 'Villa Julie.'
Blonde came with a pretty Teckel called
'Mopin,'

To the *maître* St. Charles's Hotel belonging.
An unruly 'Patron' needs 'a little bit of string,'
And with this 'tiny little thing'
Back to his owner, Blonde forced him to
swing.

29TH.

Countess Wratishaw brought us a paper
Of a bazaar to-morrow, held by the *sœurs*

And all our house in a
great perplexity, yet
did not this cruel-
hearted cur shed one
tear.

He is a stone, a very
pebblestone, and has
no more pity in him
than a dog.

*Two Gentlemen of
Verona, ii. 3.*

O, thou eternal mover of
the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye
upon this wretch !
O ! beat away the busy
meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege
unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge
this black despair.
See, how the pangs of
death do make him
grin.
Peace to his soul, if God's
good pleasure be.
2 *Henry IV.*, iii. 3.

. . . I'll have grounds
More relative than this :
the play's the thing.
Wherein I'll catch the
conscience of the king.
Hamlet, ii. 1.

There is division,
Although as yet the face
of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning,
twixt Albany and Corn-
wall ;
Who have (as who have
not, that their great
stars
Thron'd and set high?)
servants. . . .
I am a gentleman of
blood and breeding
And from some know-
ledge and assurance
offer
This office to you.
King Lear, iii. 1.

Society is no comfort
To one not sociable.
Cymbeline, iv. 2.

' Who help people out of purgatory.'
Nan went out with her to see a villa for the
Bradys.

30TH.

Countess Wratislaw in great excitement brings
The news that they can photograph the stings
Of conscience now ! A French paper this
avows,

Which she held in her hand. This will arouse
More alarm in her, who already trembles
At the ' rays ' which penetrate, and crumbles,
All protection from curious eyes, even,
Within your ' own four castle walls ' ;
This not only her, but us all appals.

31ST.

Nan went off with Madame Willink in a
carriage,
And Miss Aldridge, to look at the ' Villa Vigie.'
Dennis joined us on the Plage ;
He asked for Nan, probably in a rage,
Seeing her gone with another *cocher*.
We'll invest in a drive for his *cœur-narré*.

FEBRUARY 1ST.

Our concierge, Caterina, is highly connected ;
One sister as concierge is selected
At the Duke of Mecklenburg's ;
Another is housemaid in the same abode.
The Duke is very ill with asthma,
Still he goes about ; to-day with Anastasia,
The Duchess, he's at Beaulieu,
To see the Grand Duke Pierre de Russie.
Mary has had an impromptu
Sociable afternoon party ;
Twenty-two guests, and all the overplus cakes,

She treasures up as loving keepsakes
 For us the 'infant sisters' of her early days.
 We can't complain of want of friends, or kindly
 traits.

Just met our general adviser, M. de Creux ;
 In the gas dispute, he has settled, we've nothing
 to rue.

A stirring dwarf we do
 allowance give
 Before a sleeping giant
 —tell him so.

*Troilus and
 Cressida*, ii. 3.

M. Léotard, too, again renews his kind offices ;
 He got out of the chair, and on the bench which
 faces

Or are you like the paint-
 ing of a sorrow,
 A face without a heart ?
Hamlet, iv. 7.

Our villa, he details with minuteness the orders
 Bound for Amboise, *re* the build and borders
 Of my expensive and handsome *velocimane*.
 Below on the strand was an Englishman,
 Painting, or else taking notes of the scene.
 The artist to whose exhibition N. had been
 Told her the wine-growing Briton
 For whom he painted was gone ;
 He thought nothing of going to London
 For a week, after such an occasion.
 When going to see him, he met his funeral—
 A chill in the train, and he died the day after.

2ND.

Pasteur Bonnefon preached from Matt. x. 26 : 'Ne les craignez donc point ; car il n'y a rien de caché que ne doive être découvert, ni rien de secret que ne doive être connu. Ce que je vous dis dans les ténèbres, dites-le dans la lumière, et ce que je vous dis à l'oreille préchez le sur sur les toits.'

3RD.

Nan went to the Convention early
 This sunny and warm morning, and early,
 Too, came Mary and Blonde to arrange
 And send off their *boîtes de fleurs d'étranger*.
 Mrs. Milne came, too, and Mrs. Black ;
 Latter told me how little things lack

Our indiscretion some-
times serves us well,
When our deep plots do
pall; and that should
teach us
There's a divinity that
shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we
will.

Hamlet, v. 2.

How would he hang his
slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting do-
ings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty
buzzing melody,
Came here.

Titus Andronicus,
iii. 2.

To the very moment that
he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most
disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents.

Othello, i. 3.

Not the power to work great ends
At times. A man told how he went
To a meeting of Christians to please a friend,
But took the precaution to put his fingers in his
ear,
So that 'such nonsense' he might not hear;
When lo! a fly settled on his nose,
'And I had to brush it off,' you may suppose.
Just at that moment a text fell on his ear,
Which converted him and changed his whole
career.

5TH.

Nannie went to the Convention,
But first I must mention,
Blonde's bottle of blacking fell over red chair;
She had to efface it with very much care.
Blonde came later to bid me good-bye,
And leaves as bequest the dangerous blacking!
Smiling we take it, nor tell of the shocking
Disaster it caused, and possible long face of
Pelletier-Doisy.

9TH.

Sue dined with us after French church,
And then left to visit the Ponlevoys, and such
Being the case, we have tea, at which moment
the Countess
Comes in; then Mary Georges very shortly
left us.
Nan had much talk with Countess Wratislaw on
religion;
They disagree, but both know it's their one
consolation.
When she left, Mademoiselle Provençal we
sight;
She wants Nan to cure her heart, which pains
at night.

If men could be contented
to be what they are,
there were no fear for
young Charbon the
puritan, and old Poy-
sam the Papist; how-
some'er their hearts are
severed in religion,
their heads are both
one.

*All's Well that Ends
Well, i. 3.*

10TH.

Then shall we be news-
cramm'd. . . .
All the better; we shall
be the more market-
able.

*As You Like
It. i. 2.*

Cölnische Zeitung, marked by Tom,
From Düsseldorf this morning came.
In the morning, when working away,
Mesdames FitzGerald and S. came to pay
A visit of thanks, and to say
She thanked for invitation, but could not stay.
The Colonel came then and took them away.
When later Nan left for her bourne
(’Twas to Mary’s to tea, and to meet the Milnes
there),
Coming home she bought me
The Bible; Bagster’s too dear, we see.

11TH.

Friends am I with you
all and love you all.
Julius Cæsar,
i. 3.

Copied interesting extracts from *Punch*,
Then at eleven o’clock we had lunch.
About half-past one guests had begun
To enter our *bijou salon*;
Battle commences then soon;
Sue first arrives, then Milnes from Beaulieu,
Then, rather later, Mary Georges too,
And last of all Madame Sainton,
Had been gazing with others long,
At last joined our little throng,
Where she was lively as a bird’s song.
The view was good from our place, all said;
And from *au premier*, over our head,
They were very gay, throwing bouquets away,
Most of which fell in our garden, they say.
The carriages were got up with much *goût*,
A miniature mail-coach pleased most, too,
And the little brougham, with on top a balloon,
As other years, always well known.

In this best garden of the
world,
Our fertile France.
Henry IV., v. 2.

12TH.

My chair not being here, I could not go
To the prayer-meeting, which was sad, I best
know ;

So I wrote to Blanche Mardenbrough,
While Jeanne in *salle-à-manger* doth sew.
Nannie her steps to the meeting directs :
The Indian, she says, has a clear intellect.

When we had tea, we had a great treat—
Gladstone passed by, in a carriage fleet,
Nan recognised him as they fled,

But all I saw was the back of his head.
He had a brown hat, which did not look
French.

We went then and sat on the Plage bench.
The Countess Wratislaw joined us there,
And stood awhile behind my chair,
Then asked Nannie to view a picture,
A portrait *en pastille*, she was sure,
Would please her very much, wherefore
Off they sauntered, but not very far.

14TH.

St. Valentine's day ; a letter from Loulie.
Nannie drove with Madame Willink to see
A beautiful villa *en route de Grasse*,
Which is for sale. She would not let it pass

If it has a view of the Esterels too ;
They see the island from it, 'tis true.

I sat in the garden *nach déjeuner*.

Mrs Milne came first, her daughter *après* ;
The former to answer N.'s note and say

They hoped to kill five, not three birds next
day—

To visit Misses Bishop and Hoste and buy
Work from the latter, and each one

Those thoughts to me
were oaks, to thee like
osiers bowed.

*Love's Labour's
Lost*, iv. 2.

Take the instant way ; . . .
For emulation hath a
thousand sons,
That one by one pursue.

*Troilus and
Cressida*, iii. 2.

And thou, brave Oxford,
wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt mus-
ter up thy friends. . . .
My sovereign with the
loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in
with the ocean.

3 *Henry VI.*, iv. 8.

Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season :
shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we
do minister
To our gross selves ?

*Measure for
Measure*, ii. 2.

To help Scotch Church bazaar and the Deep
Sea

Fishermen. It will make Miss Hoste happy.
Josephine Daumas called after they left,
She has a bright spirit and won't seem bereft.
Mr. S. had not won Miss O'D., she said,
And his wife is jealous, though American bred.

The poet's eye, in a fine
frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven
to earth, from earth to
heaven;

And, as imagination
bodies forth

The forms of things un-
known, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes,
and gives to airy
nothing

A local habitation, and a
name.

Such tricks hath strong
imagination;

Or in the night, imagining
some fear,

How easy is a bush sup-
pos'd a bear?

*Midsummer Night's
Dream, v. 1.*

When she departed Nannie went to see
The Countess Wratislaw, and, as it would be,
When entering with her met the Monniers,
At the door mademoiselle, *aussi*.

The Countess Wratislaw was in great glee,
As she expects the Archduchess to see.

Nan did not return till seven half-past.

She showed photos of all her own people—at
last

Nan hurried home here

Lest I should be overcome with fear.

15TH.

Madame de Ponlevoy called when at tea ;

We were quite pleased her face to see ;

She is now *seule*, her kind *mari*

Has returned once more to distant Paris.

16TH.

We went to the French Church. A stranger preached. His
text was : ' Car je vous ai donné un exemple afin que vous
fassiez comme je vous ai fait.'

. . . . And am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness
of spirit.

*Merchant of
Venice, iv. 1.*

17TH.

Sue dined with us, then went for a sail

With her maid, though it looked like a gale.

Madame Willink brought me ' Closing Days of
Christendom.'

Marie's happy laugh with parrots rang from
next room.

The Countess joined the coterie, and we all
Had pleasant conversation, and kept up the ball.

18TH.

Yea, this man's brow,
like to a tittle-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a
tragic volume.
Henry IV., i. 1.

Illustrated 'Trilby' arrived from the store.
Blanche Mardenbrough shows kindness and
more

In the great speed she has sent 'Trilby,'
Fulfilling our wish so cheerily.
A murder and suicide early to-day ;
For the two families much need to pray.
Nannie went to the church practice of song ;
There was talk there as if they could belong
To the congregation and were well known—
Carnival times may be one cause alone.
We went to Madame Willink's meeting at five,
Where there were comparatively few.
Then when on the Place de la Liberté
Mr. Brookes came and had a few words to say ;
Après, on the tour along the Croisette,
Colonel and Mrs. FitzGerald we met.
Mrs. Georges came in to tea, and—well—
Later, Notaire Colle, and then Mademoiselle.

Antonio : His word is
more than the miracu-
lous harp.
Sebastian : He hath
raised the wall, and
houses too.
Antonio : What im-
possible matter will he
make easy next ?
Tempest, ii. 1.

20TH.

A letter from Blanche Mardenbrough ;
Her kindness has been very thorough.
I wrote to thank for book and letter ;
Former arrived, naught could look better.
Mrs. Black left mimosa at the door ;
The FitzGeralds and Mrs. S. called once more.
The world here, we so often find,
Is and has been extremely kind.
Nan took letter and sends 'Postanweisung'
To Blanche for the 'Trilby,' this morning.
In the afternoon we all run free.
On going to the band, a boy suddenly

O ! mickle is the powerful
grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones,
and their true qualities :
For nought so vile that
on the earth doth live
But to the earth some
special good doth give.
*Romeo and
Juliet, ii. 3.*

Yet let us watch the
haughty cardinal.

2 *Henry VI.*, i. 1.

Attracts our attention ; Nan turns to see
Sue coming down the *Allée* towards me.
We join and all proceed on together,
And sit near the band till the cool weather
Soon makes us move. The Bishop we meet,
Who comes up at once us three to greet.
Sue went into our house to rest ;
When she left Mary came,
Then Fräulein Schroeder, about stamps.
After our tea, Madame Sainton encamps.

21ST.

Have I not here the best
cards for the game,
To win this easy match,
play'd for a crown,
And shall I now give o'er
the yielded set ?
No, no—it never shall be
said.

King John, v. 2.

From Alexandria Blonde's first card,
And letter, Cairo postmark, from the same
bard.

She is so much better, we're glad to hear.
The improvement will enliven her.

The first cold, disagreeably wet day
We have had since the first *de Janvier*.

I wrote out sermons of the Convention
From notes made by us with much attention.

From N.'s and mine we could often name—
When I forgot she remembered the same.

I'll give you a verse to
this note, that I made
yesterday in despite of
my invention.

*As You Like
It*, ii. 5.

22ND.

A feeling of snow in the air so cold.
Copying notes from the sermons old,
Which were preached at the Convention meet-
ing,

And not yet written, as time is so fleeting.
Nannie left note in the Countess's *boîte*,
To tell her the illness in her house is not
An infectious one ; she may be *tranquille*.

We took a short walk, that I might feel
A little warmer, then we had tea,
And Nannie went out two visits to pay.
The Countess came and stayed with me—
Was glad Nan's note in her *boîte* to see.

I am joined with no foot
land-rakers, no long-
stiff, sixpenny strikers ;
none of these mad,
mastachio, purple-hued
maltworms ; but with
nobility and tran-
quillity.

King Henry IV.,
ii. 1.

When she had left Nannie soon returned ;
 She called on Mrs. Black, and mourned
 To see her son, though looking well,
 Has a short cough, that might tell
 Of danger. Nannie called on Mrs. Bond ;
 She had been here, but had no one found.

Defer no time ; delays
 have dangerous ends.
Henry VI., iii. 2.

23RD.

Went to Scotch church. Rev. P. Minto preached from Psalm xvi. 10 : 'My flesh shall rest in hope.' Peter says that David was conscious of this hope. Nor need we refer to these words beyond this world. How our text refers to our present needs ! Firstly, for times of bewilderment. 'Thou wilt show me the path of life.' Each step in life is a step nearer death. Is death, then, the end of our activities ? 'Thou wilt show me the path of life.' It is the awakening of our souls to the thought of life. God causes us to know the possibilities. Time may rob us of much, but cannot rob us of life. Think of passing from all around us to another world ; to us it will be a grander life. Secondly, there are periods of void in our life. 'In Thy presence is fulness of joy.' The Psalmist knew what 'fulness of joy' in His presence meant. We know how empty a life may become when we have lost the face that used to look upon us with love ; other faces may be kind, but that face is a great want. The face of God is all goodness ; the favour of men is without satisfaction. There are some whose life is full of business, yet they feel a gap in their souls. They rush again to work, but illness comes, and then our times of emptiness. Naomi went out full, but she returned empty. Thirdly, the relief. 'At Thy right hand is fulness of joy.' How much there is within a verse ! Men work for pleasures that pass away ; God works for eternity. See men building at the close of life large mansions, and then they are called away. Let us keep within the region of God's right hand. A little done with His help is great.

One other thought. A portion of this Psalm refers to the resurrection. Stephen sees Christ at God's right hand. St. Paul

also in his vision sees Christ. It is because Christ is at His right hand that we shall be at God's right hand, and Christ Himself prays. I suppose I need not mention that beautiful prayer of intercession; you will all know that I mean the seventeenth of St. John: 'Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am'—at God's right hand, with Christ.

24TH.

Cloudy and cool so far to-day;

My spirit clouds also betray.

When
She would with rich and
constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian;

so
With the dove of Paphos
might the crow
Vie feathers white. The
unborn event
I do commend to your
content:

Only I carried wingéd
time
Post on the lame feet of
my rhyme;

Which never could I so
convey,
Unless your thoughts
went on my way.

Pericles, iv.

Nannie went out (but that does not rhyme,
And in my diary I'm tied to time)

To call on FitzGerald's and Mrs. Schofield,
To take latter tracts, of which she'll yield
Some numbers to her, should she like to keep,
Of the 'Artist's Studio,' so *schön* one could weep
At the sweet description written there

Of the artist and the gipsy rare.

Madame Sainton called and talked with me,
And also took a cup of cool tea.

Nannie returned just about six;

She had met the Colonel, else had been in
a fix,

To find Châlet Fouchère so far away:

This had been the cause of her delay.

26TH.

My lords, you are ap-
pointed for that office!
The due of honour in no
point omit.

Cymbeline, iii. 5.

Capulet: Make haste,
make haste. Sirrah,
fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will show
thee where they are.

Second Servant: I have
a head, sir, that will
find out logs,
And never trouble Peter
for the matter.

*Romeo and
Juliet*, iv. 4.

Mary Georges called early, as she had said
Yesterday she would; but Nan went to practice
instead.

She forgot to say she'd be early to-day.

Mary was hurried, so not long her stay,
But got the box for the sugar-plums sweet.

A cheery letter from Blanche us to greet,

Acknowledging money receipt,

And that she would also give us the treat

Of forwarding 'Peter Ibbetson,'

And, if we liked, the still later one.
 We went to Madame Willink's meeting ;
 Had from her and the Major a warm greeting.
 A slight discussion with Mr. Hammond to-day—
 The tribe question Major brought to play.
 The Countess Wratislaw came about five ;
 Then, who on the scene should arrive
 But mademoiselle, not very fit,
 And, of course, the Countess made exit.

27TH.

Cold and raining in the morning early,
 But it cleared up rather fairly.
 The Cheyne Bradys gave us a bright surprise ;
 They both look well—at least, to our eyes—
 Though they say he is not well.

They with the Arthurs at Croix du Gards
 dwell.

They went then to pay Madame Willink a
 visit,

And, I suppose, she did not miss it,
 As some time later they passed, driving by.
 The Countess stopped Nannie ; anxious to try
 If she knew about the Archduchess.

She said it must be a mistake in the address
 If she read in the *Gaulois* that she was in
 Paris.

Après déjeuner I went out to see

If I could walk even a little way,
 And we got down to Square Merimée.

Later, Nannie went to see the Gräfin,
 While Madame Sainton could with me be seen.

She remained with me and had a cup of tea,
 But left before five, as she had someone to see.

28TH.

N. out many times, once for a stave
 For Coco to swing. The carpenter gave

King Richard : Bark-
 loughly Castle call they
 this at hand ?

Aumerle : Yea, my lord.
 How brooks your
 grace the air,
 After your late toss-
 ing? . . .

King Richard : I like it
 well : I weep for joy.
 To stand upon my king-
 dom once again.

Dear earth, I do salute
 thee with my hand.

Richard II., iii. 2.

Come, come ;
 Give me your wreath of
 flowers, ere the sea
 mar it.

Walk forth with Leonine ;
 the air is quick
 there. . . .

Come,
 Leonine, take her by the
 arm, walk with her.

Pericles, iv. 1.

It for naught. Piano gone, gold to save.
 A letter posted by 'Giovana,'
 Written last night by 'bella Anna.'
 Sue Bungé called, and while she was here
 Mary came with Dorothy dear.
 She seems rather old for her age.
 'She'd seen Svengali die on the stage,
 And she'd seen "Trilby," and had not shed
 tears.'

As the most forward bud
 Is eaten by the canker
 ere it blow,
 Even so by love the
 young and tender wit
 Is turned to folly.

*Two Gentlemen
 of Verona, i. 1.*

29TH.

Nannie went out *de bonne heure*.
 Dorothy came with a note to hear
 Where Madame Sainton lived just now.
 I could not tell, and hope no sort of row
 May arise therefrom. Dorothy was not alone ;
 Her Abigail was a nice English maid.
 Mr. L. in list *d'étrangers*, but we need not
 dread
 A visit from friends, as we're not in that list.
 Not knowing we're here, there will be no
 guest.

Old Lady: Alas, poor
 lady!
 She's a stranger now
 again?

Anne: So much the more
 must pity drop upon
 her.

Henry VIII., ii. 3.

We went out for our *constitutionnel*—
 Down first to the President's *échelle*.
 We returned on the Plage. On Croisette
 Met Madame Willink, which we never regret.
 Her sweet face sheds sunshine wherever she
 goes :
 The spirit within from a Christian glows.

MARCH 1ST.

We went to French church. Pasteur Bonnefon preached :
 'Et une homme de la foule prenant la parole dit, maître, je t'ai
 amené mon fils, qui est possédé d'un esprit muet.'

Sue dined with us, and, when she left,
 Mary Georges and Dorothy came. The gift

Of talking well, Mary has ; it was pleasant
To hear her on political economy—*gewandt*
And instructive. Just then Madame Willink
came in,

And then the Countess to say the ' *Erzherzogin*
Elizabeth' had been to see her. She is in
Cannes,

En route from visiting her daughter, the Queen
of Spain.

The Countess is so happy and content,
She promises to show her to us if she consent
To witness the Battle of Flowers from Square
Merimée.

Keep it,
And wear it for an honour
in thy cap.
Henry I', iv. 3.

2ND.

A letter from Norah, for Nannie and me—
The last time to sign herself ' Mulvany.'

God, the best maker of
all marriages . . .
God speak this Amen ! . . .
Prepare we for our
marriage.
Henry I', v. 2.

As she expects to be married *fin d'Avril*,
She must work and cut out a great deal.
Mary Georges was here with Dorothy.
We went out, though the wind blew free,
To see decorations down Rue d'Antibes to the
sea ;

Returning by Croisette to have less of a hill.
A letter from Tom and card from Jemmy ;
James very ill

The miserable have
No other medicine, but
only hope. . . .
I have hope'd to live, and
am prepar'd to die.
Measure for
Measure, iii. 2.

With influenza. A letter I wrote
To him this morning, enclosing a note.

3RD.

Beautiful weather, brilliant altogether.
We were up early, as our guests preferred
Coming in time to being shut out by the crowd
Before half-past nine. Sue was the latest, yet
she could see
The President passing as well as might be.
Mary and Dorothy, Miss Lugard and Miss
Grant,

Warble, child: make
passionate my sense of
hearing. . . . Bring
him festinately hither;
I must employ him in
a letter to my love.

*Love's Labour's
Lost*, iii. 1.

Mrs. Maxwell, and all saw the Escalier and
plants,

And above all the President too.

His going up and down once would not do,

So to give the Cannoises a treat,

He went up the forty-six steps twice—quite
sweet !

They all returned and saw him pass again,

With exception of Annabel in kitchen. 'Twas
vain

To call her to see. By degrees our guests go
away ;

After such excitement we could do nothing but
stray,

So went and heard the band play,

' Sur la Place de la Liberté.'

Jeanne went into the Mairie with *toute le monde*
gay.

Imogen: Look here,
love :

This diamond was my
mother's ; take it,
heart ;

But keep it till you woo
another wife,

When Imogen is dead.

Posthumus : How ! how !
another ?

You gentle gods, give me
but this I have,

And sear up my embrace-
ments from a next

With bonds of death !

Cymbeline, i. 2

4TH.

Letter posted to Norah early at eight ;

For the wedding, I hope it may not be too
late.

A telegram from Jemmy, saying *mur*

' Father died this morning,' Toole junior.

It was a great shock to us ; apprehend no
danger.

Nannie went to Madame Willink's in afternoon,
And Major MacCarthy began, by general wish,
Revelation.

I wrote to Jemmy ; felt quite ill with grief for
them,

For Tom, and for ourselves, at losing our faith-
ful retainer.

5TH.

When out to-day saw Gladstone's *tête*
 As he passed by, but my usual fate—
 Only back of his head, and not his face.

9TH.

The first guests who came to see the show
 Were Mrs. Bond and Miss Buchanan.
 Mrs. Maxwell, Mary, and Dorothy
 Also came the *battaille* to see.

Fire answers fire,
 Each battle sees the
 other's umber'd face:
 Steed threatens steed. . . .
 Give dreadful note of
 preparation.

Henry V., iv.

Later, Miss Grant, when the rest were gone,
 And the Simpsons were here together alone.
 The flowers were thrown; one officer aimed
 That a bouquet should fall at the step, famed,
 Where my chair was placed. Perhaps he
 thought

Your grace does me as
 great honours as can be
 desired in the hearts of
 subjects.

Henry V., iv. 7.

To rouse up Jeanne, who was dream-caught.
 The Countess told Nan to pass under
 Her window and she would, with wonder,
 Admire the beautiful Grand Duchess.
 And so she did, unseen in the crush.
 Again she returned with Miss Buchanan,
 But, as 'conscience makes cowards' of men,
 They felt they couldn't stare so very long.
 In the quiet evening late dear Mrs. Willink
 rang,
 And cheered us, as she always does.

My soul shall thine keep
 company to heaven:
 Tarry, sweet soul, for
 mine!

Upon these words, I came
 and cheer'd him up.

Henry V., iv. 6.

10TH.

Nannie had a letter from bank by the post.
 She went with Sue to visit Miss Hoste.
 Sue bought some pretty presents for about a
 pound,
 Worked in aid of the Deep Sea Fishermen
 fund.
 Nan then went to visit at Villa Fourchère;

. . . And of his old
experience th' only
darling,
He bade me store up as a
triple eye,
Safer than mine own two,
more dear. I have so;
And, hearing your high
majesty is touched. . .
I come to tender it.

*All's Well that
Ends Well*, ii. 1.

She met the Colonel coming out there.
The ladies joining her came down this way.
We went out, as usual, for a turn by the quay,
And had the pleasure to see the Prince to-day,
The tenth of March, 1863, 'acushla Magra,'
He had been married to his dear Alexandra.
We mounted up on the near terrace height,
And saw him well. He looked rather white.
Two English girls, and their good father, too,
Were quietly taking the Prince's photo.
The Prince was in sailor's dress, but all in
black.
He drove off in a carriage alone; he does not
lack
Courage. We wandered along Boulevard de
Midi,
And waited while Nan went Mrs. Duguid to
see—
Her brother-in-law had died suddenly.

IITH.

What a drunken knave
was the sea, to cast thee
in our way.

Pericles, ii. 1.

Mistral not very good for the small yachts,
Which have 'l'air des très petites soltes,'
Rolling about on the stormy blue sea.
Went to hear the expoundings of the Major,
And were delighted to-day, as of yore,
With his dear explanatory power.
We did not wait for tea; had only half an
hour
To get to the train and see the Queen pass.
We saw it come in, but not her, alas!
As the blinds were drawn across.
Princess Christian sat at a window,
Nannie thought, but I could not go
Close enough to see, so we returned to tea—
Were joined by Mrs. Maxwell and Mary.
Dorothy came and they left for Hotel;

To serve me well, you all
should do me duty,
Teach me to be your
queen, and you my
subjects.

O! serve me well, and
teach yourselves that
duty.

Richard III., i. 3.

Countess arrived tired and not very well.
 She had not seen Mrs. Maxwell and Mary,
 But the Duchess had seen Miss Buchanan.

12TH.

Fine bright day. A letter from Blonde
 From Cairo ; stamps on envelope abound.
 Jeanne then left to walk not a *petite*,
 'Mais très long promenade a l'Hôtel,'
 Which, after a search, she found pretty well,
 And brought an answer—a small twisted note—
 About where Miss Milne and Miss Luck
 thought
 The chair could be had for the Grand Duchess,
 So the Countess need be in no distress.

Cornwall: Go with me
 to the duchess.

Edmund: If the matter
 of this paper be certain,
 you have mighty busi-
 ness in hand.

King Lear, iii. 5.

13TH.

We met Madame Willink and Miss Aldridge,
qui
 Could not get a carriage for love or money,
 So Jeanne fetched our kind Jehu Dennis,
 And they drove off to their destination,
 Well pleased to have one on the station
 Who would drive them at all. We met the
 Milnes,
 And watched for the yachts when they came in.
Britannia was second in the long course,
 But may have been winner ; *Ailsa* was worse. .

I was about to tell thee,
 when my heart,
 As wedged with a sigh,
 would rive in twain,
 Lest Hector or my father
 should perceive me.
 I have (as when the sun
 doth light a storm)
 Buried this sigh in wrinkle
 of a smile ;
 But sorrow, that is
 couch'd in seeming
 gladness,
 Is like that mirth fate
 turns to sudden sad-
 ness.

Troilus and
Cressida, i. 1.

14TH.

Some yachts were racing, but none of the three
 English. We went down to the *quai* to see,
 Or rather round by the back street *que*
 Leads to the height. Patience had its reward :
 A miniature steamer, *après rélard*,
 Arrives with the Prince and some ladies on
 board,
 Who, aided by others, climb up with the cord.

Tis holy sport to be a
little vain,
When the sweet breath of
flattery conquers strife.
Comedy of Errors,
iii. 2.

They make their farewell curtsey, and depart,
Some with flattering excitement down in their
heart.

Nannie was watching the *Foros' entrée*,
And on board is the Czarewitch to-day.
The Indian doctor went on board before
The Prince arrived, and when at the door
Of his carriage he nodded and bowed.
He is the same who at Madame Willink's
avowed
His belief in the Christian's God.

17TH.—PATRICK'S DAY.

We had our *déjeuner* before mid-day.
Then Gracie Perry called about the ladies gone
Grasse
To view. I suggested 'Rothschilds,' then pass
Into the perfumeries. Off went G. Perry.
When she returns we have our tea,
And later go on to the harbour to see
Our Prince and the famed *Britannia*.
Towards evening dreaming of Patrick and
Germania.

... Who would live
turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet
walks as these?

2 Henry VI., iv. 10.

Now entertain conjecture
of a time,

When creeping murmur,
and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of
the universe.

Henry V., iv.

Madame Willink came for a short while ;
Then the Countess came in, with a smile,
To tell of all the Austrian Empress did.
We might have been on the Croisette instead,
As she walked there in the afternoon,
And left in the steamer as soon
As Franz Joseph's *Dépêche* erschien.
Her yacht *Miramar* started for Naples
At two o'clock in the morning's darkness.

19TH.

The yachts running, large and small—
Britannia, Ailsa, and Satauita.

The first boat won, we are happy to say ;
 It always runs well on a breezy day.
 When we were nearly ready to start,
 Sue Bunge came in, and before we depart
 We had tea in our winter garden.
 She then departs, and we go too.
 We proceed to the Exposition des Fleurs,
 And were not long waiting, when from the door
 Our Prince appears, with Lord Mayor and
 suite,

As after some oration,
 fairly spoke
 By a beloved prince, there
 doth appear
 Among the buzzing,
 pleaséd multitude ;
 Where every something,
 being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing,
 save of joy,
 Express'd, and not ex-
 press'd.

*Merchant of
 Venice*, iii. 2.

Ladies with him. He spoke (quite a treat)
 To a lord and lady descending from their
 landau.
 Our Prince treated them as if he were in rank
 below—

No affectation, and not the least fuss,
 And fortunately within earshot of us :
 'A very pretty exhibition.' He said, too,
 Shaking hands with elbow low, as gentleman
 true,

In parting from the others (I could not see
 if it fell),
 To the older lady : 'I hope you are quite
 well.'

I perceive in you so
 excellent a touch of
 modesty.

Twelfth Night, ii. 1.

The lady grew rosy red, I could see,
 With honest pleasure at being spoken to.
 The young ladies had curtsied their *adieu*
 And departed, ere this small scene took place,
 Which flushed the dear lady's kind, honest
 face.

If I could have remem-
 bered a gilt counterfeit,
 thou wouldest not
 have slipped out of my
 contemplation ; but it
 is no matter : thyself
 upon thyself ! The
 common curse of man-
 kind, folly and igno-
 rance, be thine in great
 revenue ! Heaven bless
 thee from a tutor, and
 discipline come not near
 thee !

*Troilus and
 Cressida*, ii. 3.

Before that a tall, grey man the silence broke,
 Addressing her husband, thus loudly spoke :
 'I hope you did not think my note rude ?'
 The answer my ears were much too crude
 To hear. The Prince and Commander Fortescue
 depart.

We saw the latter fetch his carriage hard

I am a brother
Of gracious order.

*Measure for
Measure*, iii. 2.

By the Post. Whilst waiting, the Prince talked
To a lady and gentleman in a carriage, and
walked—

Or, rather, stood—till his own should arrive ;
Then up the Croisette and back again to drive,
And finally drove up once more again.
We met Mary Georges and Dorothy
Near Rumpelmayer's. I wrote to Mill
In the evening, and after that I was writing
still.

20TH.

If the wind were down,
I could drive the boat
with my sighs.

*Two Gentlemen of
Verona*, ii. 3.

A wretched soul, bruise'd
with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we
hear it cry ;

But were we burden'd
with like weight of
pain,

As much, or more, we
should ourselves com-
plain.

Comedy of Errors,
ii. 1.

Up the Croisette to watch the yachts race,
But all was so calm that they went at no pace.
We met Miss Buchanan, who sat with Nan
And me some time watching yachts ; then
There seemed small chance of their coming in.
Miss Buchanan brought the *Standard*
From Mrs. Bond, also with word
That she was ill, and could not go out.
Later met Mary Georges and Dorothy ;
They went with Major Phillips to tea.
From Tom the news George Mulvany's death—
A fatality—amongst the few male heirs left.

21ST.

Nannie out in the morning early.
I felt ill, but did not faint fairly.
Sue called, left a parcel and a lovely bouquet,
Also *The Idler* (about Du Maurier).
When Nannie returned, *nous sommes sortis*,
A Japanese cabinet pretty to see.
Sue's parcel for Jeanne was quite a treasure,
And pleased the dear woman beyond measure.
Après déjeuner Mary Georges and Dorothy
Were here ; said they had come to see me.
In the afternoon, when Mrs. Milne and Nannie

A light heart lives long.
*Love's Labour's
Lost*, v. 2.

Went out to drive, Miss Milne walked with me.
 Mary Georges was here when we came back.
 The Countess came, with interesting news no
 lack.

Not with fond shekels of
 the tested gold,
 Or stones, whose rates
 are either rich or poor,
 As fancy values them;
 but with true prayers,
 That shall be up at
 heaven, and enter
 there
 Ere sunrise: prayers
 from preserved souls,
 Whose minds are dedicate
 to nothing temporal.

*Measure for
 Measure*, ii. 2.

Glendower: Why, I can
 teach you, cousin, to
 command the devil.

Hotspur: And I can
 teach thee, coz, to
 shame the devil,
 By telling truth: tell
 truth, and shame the
 devil.

If thou have power to
 raise him, bring him
 hither,
 And I'll be sworn, I have
 power to shame him
 hence.

O! while you live, tell
 truth, and shame the
 devil.

1 Henry IV., iii. 1.

O ceremony, show me
 but thy worth!
 What is thy soul of
 adoration?

Art thou aught else but
 place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in
 other men? . . .

Canst thou, when thou
 command'st the
 beggar's knee,

Command the health of
 it? No, thou proud
 dream. . . .

No, not all these, thrice-
 gorgeous ceremony.

Henry V., iv. 1.

25TH.

Madame Willink called for Yiddish Bible
 tract.

We went to her Bible-reading; a touching fact:
 Amongst the large number there,
 When, at the end, the concluding prayer
 Was prayed in voice low, but quite calm,
 By the Indian doctor, it fell like holy balm
 On Christian listening hearts and ears,
 To hear a converted dark Hindoo
 Praying extempore like a Christian, too.

26TH.

To the Mount Fleury Hotel we went; saw the
 Duchess
 Of Albany going in. I wanted N. to go, for
politesse,

To the bazaar, but could not persuade her.
 A lady in black, a young girl with blonde hair
 Hanging down, and a lady-in-waiting
 In a hack carriage, was our rewarded greeting.
 The Countess paid us a visit; she had been
 With the Duke and Duchess de Vendôme in the
 train.

28TH.

Fine in the morning; *mistral* afternoon.
 We start for St. George's. On the way soon
 The Prince overtakes us, driving alone,
 But delayed with his sisters, so we were on
 The steps before they arrived at St. George's.
 There was a number of clergy most gorgeous

The Duchess, her child, and Princess Beatrice—
 The latter so sweet one could not cease
 To talk of her rich, glowing, charming face ;
 Three Princesses in all, one with figure of
 grace,
 And the child, a Princess pretty, too.
 The Duke of Cambridge sat in the pew
 With the Prince of Wales. The service was
 short.
 When the royalties left we also depart.
 Outside we await, the Prince and Duke descend-
 ing to the gate.

King Henry: The Prince
 of Wales? Where is
 he? Let me see him:
 He is not here.

Warwick: This door is
 open; he is gone this
 way.

Prince Humphrey: He
 came not through the
 chamber where we
 stay'd.

2 Henry IV., iv. 4.

The ladies had left by the other side.
 Then, having spoken to Mary, we go for a ride,
 Joseph, taking us through private road of
 'Urie,'

Gave us much enjoyment, the foliage to see.
 Then we return before one to dine.

The weather, which, up to this, had been fine,
 Turned windy, in fact a *mistral* came on.
 At *midi* M. Pelletier had come.

Après midi the Misses Little call.

We find they are cousins of our relations all
 In the North of Ireland; their mother a Colqu-
 huen.

Tredennicks, etc. It was a boon

To hear of old friends from a young genera-
 tion ;

It gives a pleasant sensation.

Miss Little found an old friend in the Perrys.

They had met in Lausanne; they, too, made
 merry.

She is to go to Mentone and take a tour
 With a couple there, the time not sure,
 But her heart at the prospect seems inclined to
 sink.

Ere twice the sun hath
 made his journal
 greeting
 To the under generation,
 you shall find
 Your safety manifested.

*Measure for
 Measure*, iv. 3.

30TH.

Cutting and gumming extracts from *Courier* ;
 Found also the extract we sought for was there,
 Which showed the Countess was up-to-date
 with care,
 As in the cruise Princess Lorne took a share.
 The Countess called, when we were at dinner,
 To ask Nannie *après déjeuner*
 To view her pictures now they are out ;
 So Annabel went, after about
 Half an hour. She was astonished at the grace
 And power with which each perfect face
 Was painted. Nannie called then on Made-
 moiselle,
 To go out later on the *Allée*.
 The Prince and *Brillannia* have sailed away.

APRIL 1ST.

Sunshine, but cool.
 Nannie painting in the drawing-room,
 When Colonel FitzGerald should loom
 At the door, with a sweet bunch of flowers
 Culled from his garden, which for growers,
 He grants with Irish generosity,
 And we receive gladly without verbosity.
 When he had taken leave Mrs. Milne came in
 To bid good-bye. It seems a real sin
 People leave so early though they come late,
 So that the season is short in its state.
 The Milnes start for Florence next week,
 Then back to Scotland, a change to seek,
 And return at the proper bath-time,
 For a cure at the baths of Nauheim.

2ND.

I did not feel well, so did not *sortir*,
 The Countess came at twelve to thank Nannie

. . . For I have heard it
 said,
 There is an art which, in
 their piedness, shares
 With great creating
 nature.

Winter's Tale, iv. 4.

Holofernes: He draweth
 out the thread of his
 verbosity finer than the
 staple of his argument.
 I abhor such fanatical
 phantasms. . . . It in-
 sinuath me of insanie:
ne intelligis domine?
 to make frantic, lunatic.
Costard: O! they have
 lived long on the alms-
 basket of words.

*Love's Labour's
 Lost*, v. 1.

You must needs dine with
me,—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you ;
and when dinner's done
Show me this piece.

Timon of Athens,
i. 1.

Come hither, England's
hope ; if secret powers
Suggest but truth to my
divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove
our country's bliss.

His looks are full of
peaceful majesty ;
His head by nature
fram'd to wear a
crown,
His hand to wield a
sceptre ; and hims-If
Likely in time to bless a
regal throne.

Make much of him, my
lords ; for this is he
Must help you more than
you are hurt by me.

Henry VI., iv. 6.

For the receipt for polenta dish.

Before she left, Miss Little, with wish

To spare Nannie trouble, brought the address

Of Dr. Atkinson ; Mrs. Milne *sans cesse*

Will be pleased if he does her neck good.

Nannie took it after dinner as quick as she
could

To Hôtel Beaulieu, and bid them farewell.

Mrs. Bond, too, came in to say, if not quite well,

At least she felt better. Her husband was a
doctor,

And he said the fibre of meat alone was the
product

Nutritious. This I note, as such stress is laid
on *bouillon* !

We made her rest quiet some time in our *petit
salon*.

Later had a visit from M. Pelletier-Doisy ;

He had come to call, his *adieu* to say.

This was darling Mamie's birthday—

Strange that in lifetime she'd never betray

The fact, but when gone her sister told us all :

She was born this day 1797, at St. John's Point,
Donegal.

5TH.—EASTER SUNDAY.

Rev. Patrick Minto preached from Rom. viii. 8 and 9 :
'During the frost of a winter's night a plant may be frozen,
while the stone that lies beside it remains uninjured. The more
refined our nature is, the more it suffers. Man in his spiritual
nature may not shut himself out from the love of God. Separation
from the love of God is the greatest of all evils.'

Mr. Cheyne Brady came in. He told me I
could

Have my Bible made like new by Bagster

In London. Miss Little came in. During conversation,

It turned out the mother of Rev. Edward Norman
Was a Brady, and the Maginnesses are consins
Of the Littles. After this of visitors there were
dozens.

My very worthy cousin,
fairly met :—
Our old and faithful
friend, we are glad to
see you.

*Measure for
Measure*, v. 1.

6TH.

We went after dinner to see Miss Hoste ;
I never had the pleasure before, and my boast
Would have been to read for her aloud.
Her room is an artistic sight. She sits in an
alcove.

When I sat down, her Jacko came to rove
At once to my chair, and up on my shoulder,
Where he sat triumphant to every beholder.

8TH.

What's pity ?
That wishing well had
not a body in't,
Which might be felt ;
that we, the poorer
born,
Whose baser stars do
shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of
them follow our friends.
*All's Well that Ends
Well.*

Chamberlain : Mercy o'
me, what a multitude
are here !

They grow still, too ;
from all parts they are
coming,

As if we kept a fair
here ! . . .

Hark ! the trumpets
sound ;

They're come already
from the christening.

Go, break among the
press, and find a way
out

To let the troop pass
fairly. . . .

Porter : Make way there
for the princess.

Man : You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll
make your head ache.

Porter : You i' the camb-
let, get up o' the rail ;
I'll pick you o'er the
pales else.

Henry VIII., v. 3.

At the meeting Major MacCarthy ended Reve-
lation twenty-second.

He bade us all good-bye. There was a man
from Hindustan—

He knew the black doctor who, when he became
a Christian,

Was cast off by his father and all his relations.

Mr. Thomas Staines was going to look him up
again.

9TH.

A glorious day. We left at half-past ten
For the Greek church, to see christening then
Of Grand Duke Michael's second daughter.

We drew up the chair (in France there isn't
a quarter

Of the inconvenient crushing of royalties)

So we could see, from our place near the trees,
Grand Duke and Duchess and our own Prince
of Wales,

For whom the kind world is 'over the rails.'
 The baby's carriage drive up to the door
 With mother and nurse ; I know no more.
 Was it one of the last, Grand Duke Michael or
 our Queen ?

It was said the lady could be seen,
 In black, with white hair and white face.
 This was for us an unexpected grace.
 The King of the Belgians was with his daughter,
 Who'll be found pretty by those who saw her.
 As they drove out, Grand Duke Michael with
 Queen

On his right, she turned to speak, so could be
 seen

By us well. When *incognito* 'tis the right thing
 to do,

At least I have been told so ; the Prince does
 the same.

He sits at the left. A right Royal game.
 A lady's brought out in a fainting state.
 Were she a friend of mine, the shock had been
 great—

Prince Henry: 'Tis
 strange that death
 should sing.

I am the cygnet to this
 pale faint swan,
 Who chants a doleful
 hymn to his own death,
 And from the organ-pipe
 of frailty sings
 His soul and body to
 their lasting rest.

Salisbury: Be of good
 comfort, prince ; for
 you are born
 To set a form upon that
 indigest,
 Which he hath left so
 shapeless and so rude.

King John, v. 7.

She looked so like death. A Monsieur Fran-
 çais

And a lady had helped her ; the lady *Anglaise*
 Nan offered remedies too, but she had them.

When the carriage came she was taken home ;
 With another lady she drove off, while the
cocher whipped.

Perhaps she had seen the baby dipped
 Bodily into the cold water in font ;

If so, it's no wonder she fainted away.

We entered the Russian Temple, quite gay
 With bright decorations ; no seats to see
 In the Greek church. Mrs. Maxwell and
 Dorothy

In garden ; Misses Buchanan and Little there
 too.

Cousin of York, we here
 discharge your grace
 From being regent in the
 parts of France,
 Till term of eighteen
 months be full ex-
 pir'd.
 Thanks, uncle Winches-
 ter, Gloster, York, and
 Buckingham,
 Somerset, Salisbury, and
 Warwick ;
 We thank you all for this
 great favour done,
 In entertainment to my
 princely Queen.
2 Henry VI., i. 1.

Eucharbus : Our great
 navy's rigg'd.
Eros : For Italy, and
 Cæsar. More, Domi-
 tius,
 My lord desires you pre-
 sently : my news
 I might have told here-
 after.

*Antony and
 Cleopatra*, iii. 5.

To-morrow morning let
 us meet him, then.
 Or, rather then set for-
 ward : for it will be
 Two long days' journey,
 lords, or e'er we meet.
King John, iv. 3.

Shylock : What ! wouldst
 thou have a serpent
 sting thee twice ?

Antonio : I pray you,
 think you question with
 the Jew.

You may as well go
 stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood
 bate his usual height ;
 You may as well use
 question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the
 ewe bleat for the lamb ;

You may as well forbid
 the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops,
 and to make no noise,
 When they are fretted
 with the gusts of
 heaven. . . .

Make no more offers, use
 no farther means,
 But with all brief and
 plain conveniency,
 Let me have judgment,
 and the Jew his will.

*Merchant of
 Venice*, iv. 1.

None could make out if it were true
 That the Queen had been there, as no seat could
 we see
 For her. We returned and had our tea.

10TH.

Après déjeuner nous sommes sortis
 To see *Britannia* ere she puts to sea.
 We saw a cartload of luggage from boat —
 To be sent after her master, no doubt.
 We watched *Britannia* rigged for voyage,
 And men resting after their great *ouvrage* ;
 Then sat some time on Boulevard du Midi,
 Watching net-mending and children at play,
 The parents working and watching them too,
 Which seemed a troublesome business to do.
 We bid *Britannia* a parting ' good-bye ' ;
 Though sad at heart, no tear in our eye.
 Mr. Bonham-Carter came up to talk.
 Wishing me a good journey, went on with his
 walk.

Found a card here from Mr. Cheyne Brady ;
 We should have enjoyed his bright face to see
 And to have heard of Villa Julien Marie—
 Whether the Mouniers to terms agree.
 Miss Buchanan came for a minute to say
 That the Queen was really in church yesterday.

12TH.

Jeanne went to her church about seven.
 We prepared for Français before eleven,
 But Nan not feeling well, we took a turn
 In Allée de la Liberté. The sun does burn.
 There we talked to Dennis, who wants us to
 drive
 To Saut de Loup, from there *le soir* to arrive.
Après déjeuner Nannie went to see

Madame Willink and Miss Aldridge to ask them
to tea.

She took on her hand 'Vita Petita,'
Who, when we returned, went to sleep *vile*.

Mary Georges came here to see us—as usual,
sweet.

Madame Willink and niece, Miss Aldridge and
friend

When we our betters see
hearing our woes,
We scarcely think our
miseries our foes.

Who alone suffers, suffers
most i' the mind . . .

But then the mind much
sufferance doth o'erskip

When grief hath mates,
and bearing fellowship,

How light and portable
my pain seems now,

When that which makes
me bend, makes the
King bow.

King Lear, iii. 6.

Of Madame Willink's, with a name without
end,

Beginning with 'Here,' but as I can't spell,
I shall leave the rest till I know it well.

A bride and bridegroom came to see the
drawing-room.

Later the Countess appears, sad and alone,

As the Archduchess and Countess Daun are
gone.

14TH.

Colonel and Mrs. FitzGerald called here,
And remained about half an hour.

They talked of India and our Indian friend,
Who gave up all, his faith to defend.

He had been in Ireland with Earl Carrick,
In Kilkenny, two years. His health being in
peril,

He came to Cannes, and soon returns to India,
To preach to the Brahmins, to convert them.

Al! !

How happy he'd be if he could do so !

Just as Colonel FitzGerald would go,

Mr. Brady came in to see us too,

To ask Nannie, Did she yet take view

Of any villa which would suit him ?

Then, when the Colonel left, he took the
whim

To ask me would I a ' Menmonite ' be ?

A noble earl, and many a
creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou
hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true
intelligence.

Henry IV., v. 5.

18TH.

Fine sunshine and cool *de hors*.
 Nannie went to see Mary before
Déjeuner, and also invested in a blackbird,
 Whose 'beautiful whistling' she has not heard,
 And could only take Perugini's word.
 Nannie went in, the Countess to see ;
 She has caught cold, poor lady.
 It must be hard then alone to be.
 Mrs. Bond then brought us papers as we went
 out,
 So I read them when not moving about.
 We moved toward home about half-past four.
 Nannie came up when we were near the door.
 Then we went in and had our tea
 In the small drawing-room with birds cosily.
 It is near eleven, so we must go to bed,
 And I have written what is to be said.

King Henry : The south-
 ern wind
 Doth play the trumpet to
 his purposes ;
 And by his hollow whist-
 ling in the leaves
 Foretells a tempest, and
 a blustering day,
Prince Henry : Then,
 with the losers let it
 sympathize,
 For nothing can seem foul
 to those that win.

Henry IV., v. 1.

We are no tyrant, but a
 Christian king,
 Unto whose grace our
 passion is as subject,
 As are our wretches fet-
 ter'd in our prisons.

Henry V., i. 2.

19TH.

Fine bright day. Went to French church. Pasteur Bonnefon preached from Col. i. 12 : ' Rendons grâces au Père qui nous à rendus capables d'avoir part à l'héritage des Saints dans la lumière.' '*Les actions de Grâce*'—all that we have is an *action de Grâce*. Everything is a subject for thanksgiving. The air that we breathe, the flowers that grow, this house where we meet, our affections—for all we have cause for thanksgiving. There are cases of thanksgiving mentioned in the Gospel—the Lord's Supper, the loaves and the fishes, the raising of Lazarus, where Jesus returns thanks to God, saying : ' Père, je te rends grâces de ce que tu m'as exaucé. Je savais que tu m'as exaucé toujours, mais je le dit à cause de ce peuple.' Three times our Lord thanks God Himself. ' Nous voulons toujours quelque diplôme pour le ciel ' (we do not wish to come with empty hands). ' Dieu entend toutes nos prières, les actions de grâce, les cantiques ' (not alone singing, but doing the will of God).

23RD.

You have deserved
High commendation, true
applause, and love.

*As You Like
It*, i. 2.

Shakespeare born, 1564; died, 1616.

27TH.

I did not rise till afternoon.

I have been ill, and tire soon.

The FitzGerald's came, as they leave to-morrow—

As many farewells as be
stars in heaven.

*Troilus and
Cressida*, iv. 4.

A farewell visit to soothe our sorrow.

They seem so real and truly friendly,

Full of good feeling, and, oh, so kindly!

We shall miss them both, good friends on the road,

But we don't feel unhappy: they are walking with God;

And we know that if we don't meet again,

In the next world they'll have joy and not pain.

28TH.

Felt very sad and low.

Madame Willink came to bid good-bye.

Brought me a cushion; I had to cry,

Because I felt so weak—no brave Christian am I.

These eyes, like lamps
whose wasting oil is
spent,

Wax dim, as drawing to
their exigent;

Weak shoulders, over-
born with burdening
grief,

And pithless arms, like to
a wither'd vine

That droops his sapless
branches to the ground:

Yet are these feet, whose
strengthless stay is
numb,

Unable to support this
lump of clay,

Swift-wing'd with desire
to get a grave,

As witting I no other
comfort have.

Henry VI., ii. 5.

It was one she had used and wished me to try.

Nannie gave her our photograph.

'Tis sad to part, to think that we

May never again here in fellowship be.

A visit from Mr. and Mrs. Brady;

The latter N. only allowed to thank me;

She frightened them about our infectious cold,

So that I could not say all I would have told.

When they left, Nannie departed to see

Madame Willink, Miss Aldridge, and little Marie

Start on their way for Paris.
She met Mr. Hammond, who did not speak
free

Till they were gone ; he then told Nannie
That Mrs. FitzGerald got up at five

To make a sketch of the Esterel ;
When she returned did not feel well,
Became quite insensible, really ill,
And we fear she is so still.'

When Nannie returned, we had our tea.
Madame Sainton came with embroidery,
Which she sewed while we had our chat—
Talked of Mary Georges being ill, and that
She must take very good care of herself.

Countess Wratislaw always the same kind help.
Madame Sainton left, then the Countess
And birds had great fun, saying 'good-bye,' and
less

Polite, adding : 'I want to go to bed.' She
stayed till half-past seven,
And was by the hour homeward driven.
Poor Dennis wants us before he goes away
To make an excursion. 'Still *trop fatiguée*,'
Jeanne had to say.

29TH.

A nice letter from Tom to me.
A visit from Dr. Battersby ;
He approved of the mixture from Belegou,
Which he had sent from Lamalou,
And was much amused to hear
I dipped my head in the water queer—
A mixture of sulphate of iron
And soda, might give a look of Byron !
Countess Wratislaw called about five ;
She with her intellect kept us alive.
The little dressmaker was here as she sat

What is amiss, plague
and infection mend !
Graves only be men's
works, and death their
gain,
Sun, hide thy beams :
Timon hath done his
reign.

Timon of Athens,
v. 2.

By whose gentle help
I was preserv'd.
Twelfth Night,
v. 1.

Poet : Our poesy is as a
gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nour-
ish'd ; the fire 'i the
flint
Shows not, till it be
struck : our gentle
flame
Provokes itself, and, like
the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.
What have you there ?
Painter : A picture, sir.
When comes your book
forth ?

Poet : Upon the heels of
my presentment, sir.
Timon of Athens,
i. 1.

And talked fluently Italian ; 'twas nearly eight
 When she went home. She and all
 Have taken such care of me since I was ill.
 Dr. B. said there were things possible in mes-
 merism

And never could maintain
 his part, but in the
 force of his will.

*Much Ado about
 Nothing*, i. i.

(Talking of 'Trilby'). He knew in Ireland
 Of a man who made some passes on the floor,
 And the girl coming in with dinner could not
 move before

Well or ill,
 I am bound to you.
Cymbeline, iv. 2.

He had taken away the mesmeric bar.
 Nannie went up Villa Fougier to inquire for
 Mrs. FitzGerald, if better ; she is, but all told
 She looks, N. said, as yellow as gold.
 Hers was a case of poisoning of blood.
 But we've not lost hope that all will be good.

MAY 1ST.

I cannot sing,
 Nor heel the high lavolt,
 nor sweeten talk,
 Nor play at subtle games ;
 fair virtues all,
 To which the Grecians
 are most prompt and
 pregnant :
 But I can tell, that in
 each grace of these
 There lurks a still and
 dumb discursive devil,
 That tempts most cun-
 ningly, But he not
 tempted.

*Troilus and
 Cressida*, iv. 4.

Nannie went to the bank, *après*, to inquire
 For Mrs. FitzGerald, who, though all desire
 It, is not better ; Dr. Giles said so,
 When Nannie wished somewhat to know.
 Nannie went to visit Miss Hoste ;
 The game is played, and Rose had lost
 Her situation with the General,
 But in one particular she won the ball,
 As on some pretext she got certificate
 From her master, and a good one they state—
 Then showed her true colours, but, alas ! too
 late,
 And so the master must abide his fate—
 Or rather, new family she goes to, in Touraine,
 To open there her new campaign.

2ND.

Nannie went and bought me a bonnet,
 A very pretty one, twenty-five francs : she went
 out

Moderate lamentation is
the right of the dead ;
excessive grief the
enemy to the living.

*All's Well that Ends
Well*, i. 1.

To fetch medicine, when poor Colonel Fitz-
Gerald

Came in weeping to say his wife was so altered,
He feared she was dying. Nannie hurried
there.

After lunch Mr. Hammond and the Colonel
told her

To go in and have a last look. It was the last.

3RD.

Nannie went to Église Française. The sermon was very
beautiful. The text was Numbers xxxi. 23 : 'Everything that
may abide the fire, ye shall make it go through the fire.'
Rom. viii. 12 and following verses were also read. If God
thinks a Christian worthy to go through the fire with the Son of
man, there should be no shrinking from the ordeal.

6TH.

Arthur Black called to say his mother would
come

Soon. He leaves for Vevey, *en route* for some
Mountain place, perhaps Chateau d'Oex.

Artiragus: What plea-
sure, sir, find we in
life, to lock it
From action and adven-
ture? . . .

Belisarius: We'll higher
to the mountains.

Cymbeline, iv. 4.

Jeanne went to the Croix des Gards, to inter-
view

A lady about her sister Rosine.

She returned late, so, it was to be seen,

I was late in dressing for Mrs. Black,

But with sister Nan she had no lack

Of society. She spoke of the daughter

She had first lost, and that soon after

The fire had taken place in their home ;

She called it a 'chariot of fire' which had come—

As I suppose it hastened the end.

When she left here, another friend,

The Countess Wratishaw, came to see

If we had visitors or if we were free.

She gave advice about homœopathy.

Great griefs, I see,
medicine the less.

Cymbeline, iv. 2.

What need we have any
friends, if we should
ne'er have need of
them?

Timon of Athens,
i. 2.

Colonel Fitzgerald called ; leaves to-morrow at three.

For England with the Hammonds. A letter from Lucy.

7TH.

Beautiful day. Nannie went to see Mary. She gave her many papers of which she's not chary.

Countess Wratislaw called ; had a small chat with me,

And wanted to know if Miss Nannie

Had taken the medicine she ordered her ;

If she did not the Countess will think her a bore.

Nannie sent letter to Tom this morn,

So he will not, I hope, feel forlorn.

We sat in the winter garden in afternoon ;

But, ere the sun set, brought birds in soon

From the garden, which they had enjoyed,

Yet to go to bed they are never annoyed.

8TH.

Nannie went to St. Charles's Hotel ;

Found Mary better, but still not well.

Doctor won't let her go to England while it's cool—

Break the journey at Aix, as is the rule.

9TH.

Cloudy and rainy during the day.

Nannie out in the morning, but did not delay.

I read and wrote part of the time.

Coco keeps us amused, singing his rhyme,

Though indeed to-day the birds make no riot—

The rainy weather keeping them quiet.

Countess Wratislaw called in the afternoon ;

Wisdom and fortune combating together. . . .
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.
Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 6.

It is religion that doth make vows kept.
King John, iii. 1.

She was not long seated when the bell rang
again.

She retired through our double door,
Till she just heard one visitor more !
Madame Sainton then appears on the scene,
So silently departs our gentle Queen.

First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine
age; whose honour
cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

Tempest, v. 1.

10TH.

Nannie went to Église Française. Rev. St.
Pierre

Preached. She thought the sermon good and
clear.

Jeanne went out for her rest.

About five came the Countess :

She says the Casertas are off to Vienna.

Polly and Coco were brimming with fun,

To her great enjoyment. When strangers

Come in, their 'Good-bye,' or 'I want to go to
bed,' endangers

Ceaselessly the feeling of welcome,

As if they understood some flights from the
room.

A Daniel come to judg-
ment ! yea, a Daniel !
O wise young judge,
how do I honour thee !

*Merchant of
Venice, iv. 1.*

I'll be so bold to take
what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves
me for a sword ;
For I have loaden me
with many spoils,
Using no other weapon
but his name.

Henry VI., ii. 1.

12TH.

A glorious day ; a pale blue sky and sapphire
sea.

Reading in bed, as is the custom with me.

Then wrote a little before *déjeuner*,

Resting awhile on *chaise longue*, *après*.

Mary Jane Georges and Dorothy

Left for Calais yesterday.

We'll miss the sisterly way

And their welcome faces every day.

Miss Lugard came with carriage at three,

And took us down the Simpsons to see.

He was at Nice, but she was at home,

And invited us ladies in the house to come.

A ministering angel shall
my sister be.

Hamlet, v. 1.

There was a magnificent view of Cagne
 With snow-capped mountains stretching along
 Behind it, and the city of Nice
 So beautiful we could hardly cease
 Gazing at it. Agnes and Nannie went up the
 tower

(The house is called Tour de Belle Vue),
 And saw a panorama which they both would
 love

I find my zenith doth
 depend upon
 A most auspicious star,
 whose influence
 If now I court not, but
 omit, my fortunes
 Will ever after droop.

Tempest, i. 2

To paint as by photography, if the machine
 would circular move.

Laden with flowers, we all return grand.

N. had given books to her lame friend,

Whose health, on the whole, begins to mend.

13TH.

Nous sommes sortis après déjeuner.

To you as much, sir. I
 am beholden to you
 For your sweet music this
 last night : I do
 Protest, my ears were
 never better fed
 With such delightful
 pleasing harmony.

Pericles, ii. 5.

Arrived at the band, heard last time play—

‘Bella Rocca Polka,’ very pretty.

It was cold, so we left without delay,

And heard *rossignols* enchanting *chanter*,

First in the Rue Hermann singing their lay,

Then in the garden, Hôtel d’Albion and Gray,

Where we listened with pleasure to all the
 birds say.

15TH.

How use doth breed a
 habit in a man!

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,

I better brook than
 flourishing peopled
 towns.

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,

And to the nightingale’s
 complaining notes

Tune my distresses, and
 record my woes

O! thou that dost inhabit
 in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so
 long tenantless,

Lest, growing ruinous, the
 building fall,

And leave no memory of
 what it was!

*Two Gentlemen of
 Verona*, v. 4.

We hear from Mrs. Black she has taken a flat

In the Isola bella chemin ; that

They return in winter gives us pleasure.

We went up to view their new house treasure.

Birds were singing so sweetly amongst olives

In a grove. A nice-looking priest

Came out of a villa, *vers l’ouest*,

And invited us into his garden

To rest ; then he told my guardian,

Nan, that he also had a sister paralyzed

Hie thee, whiles I say
 A priestly farewell to her.
Pericles, iii. 1.

Like me. He told his servant to supply
 Us largely with flowers, and, bowing,
 Went on his errand, bearing
 Our grateful thoughts around him.
 Met Countess Wratislaw ; we were to sign
 When she passed if we were alone ;
 So she soon followed us home,
 And we concluded a good afternoon
 With her quick intellect as boon.

24TH.—QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY.

Mrs. Simpson came just about nine. Nannie made tea for her. She went to Christ Church, saying she hoped to see me at church. Pasteur Bonnefon preached from Acts ii. : 'The power of the Holy Spirit.' The world will tell you that religion is a gloomy thing, but Christ, the great Comforter, tells us : 'Elle est la vie, la veritable vie, la joie, la paix !' It was a very good sermon, partly addressed to the children who were going for the first time to Holy Communion. He said Pentecost was the door opening the Christian Church. Peter had the key, and was the first Apostle to preach to the people. Faith was like a diamond, which could not be hidden when the sun shone. The world says the Sacrament is not only the remembrance of our Lord's death, but it is also a symbol of life.

The yearly course that
 brings this day about
 Shall never see it but a
 holiday.
King John, iii. 1.

25TH.

Dear Countess Wratislaw was our only visitor,
 late.

So many lonely souls are here, yet few with
 sadder fate.

She and her sister, orphans, were brought up
 By their aunt, the Princess of Leiningen.

They the poor line as Maids of Honour serve
 Must bear the jostle of a ruder class, and
 swerve

Let go that rude uncivil
 touch ;
 Thou friend of an ill
 fashion !

*Two Gentlemen of
 Verona, v. 4.*

Not from their dignity—no easy task
 When old and lonely, and now she's the last.

26TH.

When fortune means to
men most good,
She looks upon them with
a threatening eye.

King John, iii. 4.

Nannie went out ; heard from Josephine
That Cannes was saying the people seem
Pas comme il faut, now living *au premier*,
Which is only too true in a way.

27TH.

We came home about half-past three,
As we expected the Mintos to tea,
Also Miss Black. They all came in good time ;
They saw the photos of another clime—
That is of Goldschmieding and Pempelfort.
Latter interested Mr. M., as he knew our
'port.'

28TH.

There is some soul of
goodness in things evil
Would men observingly
distil it out :

For our bad neighbour
makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful,
and good husbandry ;

Besides, they are our
outward consciences,
And preachers to us all ;
admonishing,

That we should dress us
fairly for our end.

Henry IV., iv. 1.

Nannie paid a visit to Madame Bonnefon,
But all were out, so she told the *bonne*
To make her excuses. We had some fun
Meeting the Bishop, whose English was rare.
When Nannie found us, he vanished into thin
air.
We took the Rue Oustinoff, and met Countess
there.

29TH.

A bright blue sky above,
The wash of the waves below,
All speak a Father's love
To this poor world of woe.
Nannie went to agent
To make our complaint.
He will order Catrine to be sent ;
She evidently with fear is faint.

30TH.

Hot ; blue sky and sun,
So we suppose summer begun.

... Slavery.
 ... My travel's history;
 Wherein of antres vast,
 and deserts idle,
 Rough quarries, rocks,
 and hills whose heads
 touch heaven,
 It was my hint to speak—
 such was the process;
 And of the cannibals that
 each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi.
Othello, i. 3.

Copied out of a paper about Major Lugard,
 Whom I think they mistake, and don't award
 A right judgment about what he wrote
 Of slavery, the Bible, and note
 On the Koran. Mademoiselle Provençal
 Later in the day paid a call.
 When the Countess passed
 We dared no sign cast.

31ST.

We went to Holy Trinity Church. Rev. D. Simpson preached from Titus ii. 10: 'But showing all fidelity, that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.' He mentioned this Sunday as being the last festival of the Church year.

JUNE 1ST.

Yet good Achilles still
 cries, 'Excellent!
 'Tis Nestor right! Now
 play him me, Patroclus,
 Arming to answer in a
 night alarm.'
 And then, forsooth, the
 faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of
 mirth; to cough and
 spit. . . .
 Sir Valour dies; cries,
 'O! enough, Patroclus.'
 . . . And in this fashion,
 Success, or loss, what is,
 or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to
 make paradoxes.

*Troilus and
 Cressida*, i. 3.

And not dispraising whom
 we prais'd (therein
 He was as calm as virtue)
 he began
 His mistress' picture;
 which by his tongue
 being made
 And then a mind put in't,
 either our brags
 Or his description prov'd
 us unspeaking sots.
Cymbeline, v. 5.

At half-past two o'clock we drive with Julian
 For Miss Lugard, who was ready again
 In less than no time. We drove to Auribeau.
 The strange excitement we could not forego,
 While driving there, to hear some news
 Of the Irish family, the O'Donoghues.
 We came back fairly done.
 The Countess came in very soon;
 She too was rather tired from a walk.
 She brought the *Gaulois* of afternoon,
 And then we had a long talk.
 Nannie showed her the beef *chocolade*;
 She had not seen it before—
 She praised it, 'it was not bad,'
 But she would not try any more.

2ND.

Nannie went to see Miss Oxley early;
 Then Mrs. Black, who comes rarely,
 Came to consult us about Lamalou,
 As St. Marten L'Intosck would now never do,

There might have been,
But that my master rather
play'd than fought.

Cymbeline, i. 2.

Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but
faintly borne.

Look, what thy soul holds
dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou
go'st, not whence thou
com'st.

Suppose the singing birds
musicians,

The grass whereon thou
tread'st the presence
strew'd,

The flowers fair ladies,
and thy steps no more

Than a delightful mea-
sure, or a dance ;

For gnarling sorrow hath
less power to bite

The man that mocks at
it, and sets it light.

Richard III., i. 3.

The rooms being scarce and nearly all let.
We went out about three on the Croisette,
And after four go to the music corps,
To hear our *bonne* Françoise's son play more
Beautifully than he has played before.
Then, as we returned by the shore,
Met Countess Wratislaw with the *Gaulois* ;
She put it in my chair, as soon as she saw
Us (we had seen her before in her window).
She walked with us from below
Up the Croisette, rather slow.
At last, turn in to our villa to show
Her our poor cocktail, as she is interested
In his foot that is festered.

4TH.

Beautiful turquoise skies and sapphire sea.
Nannie first shopping, then to Miss Oxley.
Miss Hoste's *bonne*, 'the blonde Marie,'
Came to inquire, could we come to tea ?

5TH.

When at tea Madame Sainton made *entrée*,
And later the Countess in *salle-à-manger*—
With Nannie to hear the latest news
Of neighbours *en haut* ; she doth refuse
To believe all is right. She went away
At seven o'clock ; Madame Sainton couldn't
stay.

7TH.

Pasteur Bonnefon preached from Judges iii. 12 : 'Les livres
des Juges racontent les pourquoi ? les plus abominables, des
brigands, les atrocités ? Nous demandons nous pourquoi on
raconte ces histoires. C'est parceque ces paroles sont des
vérités, sont des réalités.' Charity is often made an excuse for
infidelity ; the word of God is the word of truth. 'La vérité est
une puissance de Sanctification.'

8TH.

Still in thy right hand
 carry gentle peace,
 To silence envions
 tongues: be just and
 fear not.
 Let all the ends thou
 aim'st at be thy
 country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's:
 then, if thou fall'st, O
 Cromwell!
 Thou fall'st a blessed
 martyr.

Henry VIII., iii. 2.

Her looks do argue her
 replete with modesty;
 Her words do show her
 wit incomparable;
 All her perfections chal-
 lenge sovereignty.

Henry VI., iii. 2.

Of that fatal country,
 Sicilia, prithee speak
 no more, whose very
 naming punishes me
 with the remembrance
 of that penitent, as
 thou call'st him, and
 reconciled king, my
 brother; whose loss of
 his most precious queen
 and children are even
 now to be afresh
 lamented.

*A Winter's
 Tale*, iv. 1.

Nannie went to the Countess, to know
 If light were good her pictures to show.
 She said 'yes,' so we went before two,
 Of her beautiful copies to have a view.
 She had a Raphael, Virgin and Child,
 Also by him, a Cardinal, clever and mild.
 Tentoricci's Virgin and Child, with St. Mar-
 guerite and St. John—

A very good painting, at which we gazed long.
 A portrait of Hypolite Medici, by Titian, in
 dress Hungarian—

He'd been a Cardinal, but became a Vaurien;
 A Count, by Raphael, splendidly done.
 An Arab painted by herself was one.

To see so many good copies was a treat—

Of the incomparable old masters of art, the
élite.

We then went into the drawing-room; it was
 gay

With rich paper on the walls in fair array.

She showed me photos of Archduchess Elisa-
 beth,

And her daughter, the Queen of Spain, and both
 Her daughters, and the young King, her son,
 Stephanie, and the Archduke Rudolf, and one

Of the twelve grandchildren of Archduchess
 Elisabeth, in a row from the largest to the less.
 She was in such a happy mood.

Then we left her for our road,

While she spoke and bowed from

Her window down to us. We wandered home.

In the evening she came over to us,

Matters upstairs and our own to discuss.

12TH.

Madame Sainton came in after tea,
 To rest for a while. She had been to see
 Baronne Servatius, at Madame Capron's desire.
 She left sooner than usual to-day,
 When she had told of the possible 'may.'

Gloster, 'tis true that we
 are in great danger;
 The greater, therefore,
 should our courage be.
Henry I., iv. 1.

13TH.

We drove to Cannet, some villas to view.
 'Villa Printemps' or 'Sardou' might do.
 When we returned *au premier* were leaving,
 Boxes and all; but, unless K. is deceiving,
 They mean to come back; they left servants
 here,
 So Catrine is in good cheer.

14TH.

We went to the English church. There were twenty-six
 there, I think. Rev. Mr. Simpson preached from Judges v. 24.

So may the outward
 shows be least them-
 selves;
 The world is still de-
 ceiv'd with ornament.
 In law, what plea so
 tainted and corrupt,
 But, being season'd with
 a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of
 evil?

*Merchant of
 Venice, iii. 2.*

Open your ears; for
 which of you stop
 The vent of hearing
 when loud Rumour
 speaks?
 I, from the orient to the
 drooping west,
 Making the wind my
 post-horse, still unfold
 The acts commenced on
 this ball of earth.
 . . . The posts come
 tiring on,
 And not a man of them
 brings other news
 Than they have learn'd
 of me: from Rumour's
 tongues.

2 Henry II.

18TH.

Sat in Gray and d'Albion garden. Truly
 Beautiful are the trees there, palms and mag-
 nolia.

About six o'clock Countess Wratislaw,
 Who had been to Nice, made us laugh
 At her account of the guard on the train,
 Who, not content a *douceur* to gain,
 Declared that the franc she gave was a *son*,
 And by that means he obtain'd two.

20TH.

The Countess came in *après le thé*;
 She was quite bright, talking of past days,
 Of scenes of their 'posting' on their highways.
 Once when crossing the Lac de Genève

She spoke to the captain with an air grave ;
 Said, ' We have no money, but we are *Nichtchen*
 Of la Princesse de Leiningen.'
 At which the captain bowed low ;
 ' All is at Hoheit's service, my ladies know.'

23RD.

I, writing extracts from *Graphic*, enclose
 About gallant charge of Major Burn Murdoes.
 When we had tea, Nannie went to Miss Hoste,
 Taking the newspapers as a *Trost*.
 Miss Lugard returned with her here,
 Which was an enjoyment and cheer.
 General Chamberlain marries again—
 A Miss Christy ; he's rather sane
 To take a wife to care for him.
 He has known her since childhood, so no whim.
 Her hair is grey, but she's not too old
 For love in her heart to unfold.
 Miss Hoste wants Nannie and me
 To go to them on Thursday to tea.
 The Countess Wratislaw came late.
 The bonfires and lights are on in great state.

24TH.

Pamphlets for N., from Colonel
 FitzGerald, and from Mrs. Layard a book full
 of thrill.
 After *déjeuner* I dozed till past two.
 Later had some projects in view.
 On a sulphur bath decided at last,
 And went there, driving pretty fast.
 Dominick is gone ; one likes not a change.
 Madame Bottin, *même*, the bath did arrange.
 There were girls learning to swim in the sea.
 When we came out, and all was ready,
 The rain being over, to our home we return.

To thrill, and shake,
 Even at the crying of
 your nation's crow,
 Thinking this voice an
 armed Englishman :
 My heart hath melted at
 a lady's tears,
 But this effusion of such
 manly drops,
 This shower, blown up by
 tempest of the soul,
 Startles mine eyes, and
 makes me more amaz'd
 Than had I seen the
 vaulty top of heaven
 Figur'd quite o'er with
 burning meteors.
 Lift up thy brow, re-
 nowned Salisbury,
 And with a greater heart
 heave away this storm.
King John, v. 2.

Julia: Ay, that change
 is the spite.

Host: You would have
 them always play but
 one thing?

Julia: I would always
 have one play but one
 thing.

*Two Gentlemen of
 Verona*, iv. 2.

29TH.

We drove along past Martin's, where Nannie
Took a parcel and went in to see.

Then the girl came to our *voiture*

To shake hands with me ; she takes the cure

Which Nannie brought her to-day,

Composed by the far-famed Mattei.

We drove to the spot where Nan took her last
sketch ;

She got out with Miss Lugard to see if on the
stretch

A better place they'd find. Just then Dr. Boyer
drove past,

Later leaving. Nannie got to paint at last.

We drove, after waiting for Jeanne to fetch
milk,

Up to the lighthouse at Ilkagilk,

Where we had a beautiful view.

Dennis, as usual, pillaged a few,

And Jeanne had gathered flowers going up too.

When we returned to N. we found her

With people watching her painting—a bore.

Just then the Simpsons cycled past

Ere they saw us ; came back at last.

They were going for a ride

Where from heat we'd been fried.

At Rue d'Antibes Miss Lugard got out ;

We then met the Countess, who told about

Monsieur Pelletier-Doisy's visit.

JULY 1ST.

Our usual constitutional *après midi*.

Returned by Rue d'Antibes, being more shady.

Were amused at a couple, an old man

Who was talking, as only the garrulous can,

To a middle-aged woman, fair in mien.

Tell the duke that—

No, but not yet—maybe
he is not well :

Infirmity doth still neglect
all office,

Whereto our health is
bound : we are not
ourselves,

When nature, being op-
press'd, commands the
mind

To suffer with the body.
I'll forbear :

And am fallen out with
my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd
and sickly fit

For the sound man.

King Lear, i. 4.

Lucio : Thou concludest
like the sanctimonious
pirate, that went to sea
with the ten command-
ments, but scraped one
out of the table.

Gentleman : Thou shalt
not steal ?

Lucio : Ay, that he
razed.

*Measure for
Measure*, i. 2.

Marshal : My lord, no
leave take I ; for I will
ride,

As far as land will let me,
by your side.

Gaunt : O ! to what
purpose dost thou
hoard thy words,

That thou return'st no
greeting to thy friends ?

Richard II., i. 3.

. . . Go and tell him,

We come to speak with
him ; and you shall not
sin,

If you do say, we think
him over-proud

And under-honest ; in
self-assumption greater

Than in the note of
judgment.

. . . Yea, watch
his pettish lunes, his

ebb, his flows, as if
The passage and whole

carriage of this action
Rode on his tide.

*Troilus and
Cressida*, ii. 3.

About an hour later they were still to be seen
 On the Croisette at the very same place.
 The French are a chatty, vivacious race.
 And Monsieur Pelletier we soon see ;
 He came about our lease,
 Or, rather, to sign it himself.
 Conversation artistic on painting,
 To all in a degree interesting.
 When he left us, it was rather late—
 I think something before eight.

7TH.

As usual I read in bed ; 'twas late
 When I was dressed, *justement* 'zu spät'
 To do anything before *déjeuner*.
 We went to Miss Hoste. There was delay
 Waiting at level crossing for the train
 To pass. Then Nannie was resting, and Jeanne
 On a parapet, when Miss Lugard
 Beckoned us all to come forward.
 We were not long seated when the trap came,
 And the two ladies went on their painting
 scheme,
 While I sat and read and had tea with Miss
 Hoste.
 A young lady from Mrs. Ferrand, which was a
Trost
 To her to hear she was so much better.
 The artists return seven o'clock, later.
 We bid farewell, and then depart.
 Countess Wratislaw has taken heart ;
 The *Scrof* has done good ; she walked far to-day.
 When she had left, mademoiselle came to say
 That most likely she would go away.
 Madame Sainton so pleased with her post
 At Baronne Servatius', only talks English at
 most.

The purpose you under-
 take is dangerous.
 Why, that's certain ; 'tis
 dangerous to take a
 cold, to sleep, to drink ;
 but I tell you, my lord,
 out of this nettle, dan-
 ger, we pluck this
 flower, safety.
Henry IV., ii. 3.

If you require a little
 space for prayer,
 I grant it. Pray ; but be
 not tedious,
 For the gods are quick of
 ear.

Pericles, iv. 1.

12TH.

Very hot. We went to French church. Pasteur Bonnefon preached from Matt. v. 5. Christ says the meek shall inherit the earth, 'mais le monde dit: "Le monde appartient aux violents." Ce n'est pas un Néro, un Napoléon, un Julius Cæsar'—their reigns, though violent, were weak. Children are often violent, and irritate themselves because they are weak. Rage, moreover, weakens. 'La douceur est la vrai saintété et elle hérite la terre. 'Amiability, but not weakness.' I noted he said: 'God never made anything black in Nature, and no straight lines—all amiably round.'

... The thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with
rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd
in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune. . . .

I give to both your
speeches, which were
such,

As Agamemnon and the
hand of Greece

Should hold up high in
brass; hatch'd in silver,

Should with a bond of
air (strong as the axle-
tree

On which heaven rides)
knit all the Greekish
ears

To his experienc'd tongue,
yet let it please both,

Thou great and wise, to
hear Ulysses speak.

*Troilus and
Cressida.*

This feast of battle . . .

Most mighty liege,

Take from my mouth the
wish of happy years:

As gentle and as jocund,
as to jest,

Go I to fight. Truth
hath a quiet breast.

Richard II., i. 3.

14TH.

Bright day; very hot, and blue sky—

Splendid weather for the fourteenth of July.

'Fête Nationale de la belle France,'

Beginning with gifts and ending with dance;

Charity for the poor and ball on the Allée,

Aux Flambeaux au Place de la Liberté;

'Salves d'artillerie, sonnerie des cloches,'

And picnic *en masse* to St. Cassien as *Schluss*.

Pasteur Bonnefon called, as guests were still

In the hall, and then Jeanne came in great
haste.

The Pasteur said he would not waste

Our time. He came to-day, sure to find us;

Being a grand fête, thought we'd not like the
fuss.

We talked about the hymn-books at Lamalou.

Rationalistic, he said, the church there; 'tis
true,

But the books, as we'd seen, would very
well do.

17TH.

I began a letter to-day to Tom, my brother,

As his birthday is near, so won't wait for
another

Their aunt I am in law :
in love their mother :
Then bring me to their
sights,

Richard III., iv. 1.

Honey, you shall be well
desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love
amongst them. Oh, my
sweet,
I prattle out of fashion,
and I doate
In mine own comforts.

Othello, ii. 1.

Besides these beneficial
news, it is the celebra-
tion of his nuptials. . .
Heaven bless the isle
of Cyprus, and our
noble general, Othello.

Othello, ii. 2.

Reignier: And I again . . .
As deputy unto that
gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for
sign of plighted faith.
Suffolk: Reignier of
France, I give thee
kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic
of a king.

Henry VI., v. 3.

What a pagan rascal is
this! an infidel! Ha!
you shall see now, in
very sincerity of fear
and cold heart, will he
to the king, and lay
open all our proceed-
ings.

Henry IV., i. 3.

. . . Which care of them,
not pity of myself
(Who am no more but as
the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots
they grow by, and defend them),

How I might stop this
tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort
to relieve them,

I thought it princely
charity to grieve them.

Pericles, i. 2.

Day to write to Aunt Ellen and Ellie.

Two letters, from aunt to me and Ellie to
Nannie,

Describing Norah's wedding in June.

She is now with Loughlin Adolphus O'Brien,
And gone to their island home to live.

We hope they'll be happy and happiness give.

Madame Sainton called about half-past three,
And when she left we went to tea

With Miss Hoste and Miss Lugard,

Nannie painting, while I read hard.

We had a pleasant and useful *après midi*,

And on our return Countess Wratishlaw see.

She came and sat in the garden awhile.

21ST.

Fine hot day. I copied much from the *Graphic*

About the royal wedding and all the traffic

Of guests and relations that invited are,

From the least member to the greatest star.

Nannie went early to Maison Consolat,

To paint Miss Hoste in her room, and all that.

She returned here *après midi*.

I wrote and wrote till I could scarcely see

From fatigue; then we had our tea.

Madame Sainton came in with history

Of departure of the dark King or Prince

For Japan. There has been some joy since.

I went out in my chair for rest and peace.

Madame Sainton remained talking, and for our
ease

She proposed with *Artigkeit*

To inhabit our room every long night

While we were absent. Concierge says: her it
wouldn't relieve,

And such a proposal she taboos, 'by your
leave.'

Countess Wratislaw here till nearly nine,
But the moon is brilliant, the weather fine.

28TH.

Nan went to tell the Countess about
What hour we should leave. We part from
 concierge, who, no doubt,
Is pleased to have the house to herself for a
 time,
Which, considering four flats (!), is scarcely a
 crime.
The Countess and Miss Lugard, in the rain,
Were waiting to see us off by the train,
They both seemed sad, which sounds rather
 vain—

But our small coterie, which was *assez* sane,
Breaking up, gave all our hearts pain.
'Tis always the case when a friend departs.
The lonely Countess kissed us both twice—
That friends are sad seems almost nice.
A kiss from Miss Lugard,
And we were soon miles apart.

29TH.

The night we travelled through was rather
 bright.
Arrived at Geneva near midday. At the sight
Of the hotel-keeper, Herr Neiss, at the station,
We felt once more at home, in this highland
 nation.

30TH.

To the Exposition at the Plain Palais
We start. It is *bien arrangée*.
At entrance hall the bands play,
But the greatest attraction of all
Is the Alpine village with its waterfall,

Break up the senate till
another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall
meet with better
dreams.

Julius Cæsar,
ii. 2.

Signs of nobleness, like
stars,
Shall shine on all de-
servers.

Macbeth, i. 4.

You are welcome, gen-
tlemen! Come, musi-
cians, play.

A hall! a hall! give
room, and foot it, girls.
Ah! sirrah, this unlook'd-
for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good
cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past
our dancing days.

*Romeo and
Juliet*, i. 5.

Its Jodlers, zither-players, and Tänzer ;
 Mountain *chûlel* with *petites Fenster* ;
 Its Wasserschlauch, to extinguish fire ;
 Captive balloons, etc. ; heaps to admire ;
 Its statues, of which some were very good ;
 So much to see in a general view was all we
 could.

AUGUST 2ND.

Rev. Mr. Douglas preached from Matt. xii. 42 : ' The Queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment. . . . ' Man is to judge man, woman is to judge woman. The Queen of Sheba shall arise to condemn us. Let us ask, What will the Queen of Sheba say to us in the judgment ? You say : ' What on earth has the Queen of Sheba to say to us ? ' In going to Solomon her object was to learn wisdom. She did not wait as the Ninevites did for wisdom to come to her, but went in search of it. The price of wisdom to her was beyond rubies. We are told she went home to her own country. It is possible the Queen of Sheba taught of the wisdom she had heard ; the wise men of the East may have learnt of her teaching. Such zeal should inspire us to seek the wisdom of Him who is greater than Solomon.

The sexton was pleased to see us. We shook hands. He told us Mr. Douglas had exchanged with Mr. Last, who is gone to Ostend. I studied a chapter in Genesis about Rebecca and Isaac and Keturah, one of whose children was called Sheba—any relation, I wonder, of the Sheba in Solomon's day ?

Say thou wilt walk, we
 will bestrew the ground :
 Or wilt thou ride, thy
 horses shall be trapp'd.
 Their harness studded all
 with gold and pearl.
 Dost thou love hawking ?
 thou hast hawks will
 soar
 Above the morning lark :
 or wilt thou hunt ?
 Thy hounds shall make
 the welkin answer them,
 And fetch shrill echoes
 from the hollow earth.
Taming of the
Shrews, i. 2.

3RD.

Afternoon, we depart early enough
 To see Exhibition, and weaving the stuff.
 We saw the industrial parts to-day,
 Looked at the carriage and harness display,
 And sundry rooms, furnished in their best,
 From drawing-room to kitchen. For the rest,
 Piano department we visited, too ;

Embroidered handkerchiefs buy and view.
 A franc and a half Nannie paid for one.
 Later, on leaving, the rain came on.
 We rested and had coffee for thirty centimes,
 But, before that, bought Bibles and *thèmes*,
 At the Bible dépôt, over seven francs paid ;
 But they had no English printings, they said.
 We felt all rather tired when we returned.
 Failure of powers I rather mourned.

7TH.

We went to the Swiss village once more,
 Bound where the *le pré aux fleurs*,
 With animals and rocks, could be seen.
 Then saw Senne Hütte, and Nan went in
 To the cavern to see panorama.
 A Jodler, with his *gnittara*,
 Was good to hear 'midst the cascade's roar.
Nous sortimes then, from another gate,
 To the *Wasser-toboganning* place. We wait
 To see boat pass swiftly down an incline
 On to the water, the ladies fine
 And gentlemen proud water-dashed,
 As the boat rounds, and get well splashed.
 Some looked rather pale, but still in good trim,
 The ladies shading their eyes with hand and
 brim

. . . As, how I came into
 that desert place :—
 In brief, he led me to the
 gentle duke,
 Who gave me fresh array,
 and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my
 brother's love :
 Who led me instantly
 unto his cave.

As You Like
It, iv. 3.

You may as well goabout
 to turn the sun to ice
 with fanning in his
 face with a peacock's
 feather.

Henry V., iv. 1.

To shut out from themselves the surprise.
 We saw the ' sky railways ' and the Himalaye,
 Or switch-*Bahu*, going up and down on its way.
 Nannie went to see the incubator ;
 She found it distressing to see the poor
 Babes there, one at five and a half months
 born.

We went to the Nubian village—poor, worn
 Little boys diving for *sous*, and shivering.
 A girl counted our *Schirme* in English tongue,

For which three *sous*, and, turning, tells two gentlemen :

'Mamma gave me them,' and as they scan
The inky face and us they laugh *spontanément*.

8TH.

In watching the troops coming in to the fête,
I saw Jane Stuart-Wortley, in a window-seat

Helena : His name, I
pray you.

Diana : The count Rous-
illon : know you such a
one?

Helena : But by the ear,
that hears most nobly
of him ;

His face I know not.

*All's Well that Ends
Well*, iii. 5.

Of an hotel ; she's now Lady Lovelace ;

Her husband behind, to judge from the face.

Grand illuminations as *finale*,

To which at the last moment we sally.

Louisa heard to-day Count Grassi and Frau

Are at Yverdon for the baths : both daughters
married now.

12TH.

We arranged all—or rather Nannie,

But at the start were melancholy,

As in carriage with us our birds might not be,

It being the train for Chamounix—

An English guard there, quite a grandee,

With handsome face, but an eye to a fee.

We changed carriages at Annemasse ;

Found Miss Oxley there, in an 'open class'

With her dog 'Fluff,' in the steam tram,

And our dear birds, there being no cram,

We could have in our carriage. Fifty leagues
our tour

Along the road, lovely scenery through,

Till we arrive at Samoens Square,

With old trees and fountain, for Lavendières.

We waited patiently at the hall door

Of the Hôtel *genannt* La Croix d'Or.

13TH.

We took a one-horse trap at ten ;

'Twas hard to mount, far harder than

There's little of the
melancholy element in
her, my lord: she is
never sad, but when
she sleeps; and not ever
sad then, for I have
heard my daughter say
she hath often dreamed
of unhappiness, and
waked herself with
laughing.

*Much Ado About
Nothing*, ii. 1.

I am misanthropos, and
hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish
thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee
something.

Timon of Athens,
iv. 3.

Dar'st thou, Cassius,
 now :
 Leap in with me into this
 angry flood,
 And swim to yonder
 point? Upon the
 word,
 Accoutred as I was, I
 plunged in,
 And bade him follow : so,
 indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd, and
 we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews, throw-
 ing it aside,
 And stemming it, with
 hearts of controversy ;
 But ere we could arrive
 the point propos'd,
 Cæsar cried, ' Help me,
 Cassius, or I sink.'
 I, as Æneas, our great
 ancestor,
 Did from the flames of
 Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear,
 so from the waves of
 Tyber
 Did I the tired Cæsar,
Julius Cæsar, i. 2.

The former brake. We start along
 A pretty road, though small, with stones strong,
 At parts seemed like a river's bed ;
 Crossed weakly bridges, where torrents dread ;
 Sought peace among green waters spread,
 Which also flow'd as if they near'd
 Some goal. We passed through Sixt ; saw an
 hotel
 (A monastery once, where monks used to
 dwell).
 Finally we arrived at Le fer du Cheval,
 But only saw streamlet, no waterfall.
 Like Powerscourt, 'tis true that in June
 The best fall of water is to be seen.
 We lunched, and for all, with man and maid,
 For trout and ham, etc., four francs was paid.
 We were back early. I sat with Jeanne in
 market-place,
 With Coco and Petita surrounded with grace
 By children delighting to see the birds,
 Who also were flattered by their kind words.

14TH.

We leave Samoens at half-past nine.
 Have a long drive, with weather fine.
 Ascend, descend, ascend again ;
 Wait at Verchaise-Mourillon near the glen ;
 Drove up a gradually winding road
 Till we reached Lesget, where we abode
Un petit peu a l'Hôtel du Lion.
 Mounting *l'escalier d'honneur*,
 We find ourselves on a big *balcon*,
 With a *jolie vue*, where we have tea.
 When we descend, a nice *famille*,
 Wish Nan to mount the hill, better to see.

Mount, mount, my soul
 thy seat is up on high,
 Whilst my gross flesh
 sinks downward, here
 to die.

Richard II., v. 5.

15TH.

Thou think'st 'tis much
that this contentious
storm

Invades us to the skin;
so 'tis to thee;

But where the greater
malady is fix'd,

The lesser is scarce felt.

Thou'dst shun a bear;

But if thy flight lay

toward the roaring sea.

Thou'dst meet the bear

i' the mouth. When

the mind's free,

The body's delicate: the

tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take

all feeling else,

Save what beats there.

King Lear, iii. 4.

Rain and thunderstorm to-day,

But the most of this display

Was in the afternoon.

In the morning it was bright;

Sky was blue with fleecy clouds white

Hovering round, but soon,

When we had *déjeuner*,

And sat awhile in the garden gay

With Miss Oxley by the lake,

Ourselves indoors we had to take.

When we came in, little Nelly

Soon appeared, in pink; she really

Is but seven, but so wise,

With curly hair and bright eyes.

She loves our parrots; and Bertha, too,

Arranged in pink, with manners true.

Well brought up, they seem to be

Jewels off an Irish tree—

Their mother a Jessie O'Callaghan.

We arrived unexpected; had rooms on

Rez de Chaussée.

17TH.

After the good night I awoke bright.

We'd a large party at *table d'hôte*.

We heard cheers for their captain and host.

Some entered, *plus tard*, our room quite cool,

As if we were nobody, only a tool.

The lady described how this had been a
châpelle.

'Accounts for red port-holes,' we later say.

She recounted all to a monsieur,

Who with her too *à fait entrée*;

They all left here before *le souper*,

Saying they would return next July to stay.

And this man
Is now become a god;
and Cassius is

A wretched creature, and
must bend his body,

If Cæsar carelessly but
nod on him.

Julius Cæsar, i. 2.

18TH.

Richard: See, how the
morning opes her
golden gates,
And takes her farewell of
the glorious sun:
How well resembles it the
prime of youth,
Trim'd like a younker,
prancing to his love!

Edward: Dazzle mine
eyes, or do I see three
suns?

Richard: Three glorious
suns, each one a perfect
sun,

Not sever'd in a pale
clear-shining sky.

See, see! they join, em-
brace, and seem to
kiss,

As if they vow'd some
league inviolable:

Now are they but one
lamp, one light, one
sun!

In this the heaven figures
some event.

3 *Henry VI.*, ii. 1.

A fine day, with bright sunshine and blue sky.
Nan painting from door of our chapel dry
The good view of the mountains high;
Un peu gêné by the flags which fly
Across the vision of her blue eye.

19TH.

Bright weather, but uncertain.

Nannie painting the 'Rock of Hell' again.

Why give such names to God's works, always
good?

Its crater-like appearance, perhaps, would

Give the idea, and hence the name,

But, nevertheless, we love not the same.

Nannie wanted to telegraph,

So she with a party starts off

To the post. They were three hours away—

Not all the time walking; they had some
delay.

20TH.

In the clouds, which means mist,

'Il faut un peu triste,'

I wrote to Tom. 'Twas not the day

To write cheery letters—much too grey;

That accounts for cold mist, maybe.

The children in hotel acted a play,

Or a charade—not bad, in its way.

26TH.

Snow on the mountains.

A pouring wet day—15° Centigrade.

In my room I stay, as it would be mad

To *essayer* cross over the way.

Young men not returned, and the Andrés,

Who had gone to walk, were wet and sad.

I know you all, and will
awhile uphold

The unyok'd humour of
your idleness:

Vet herein will I imitate
the sun,

Who doth permit the base
contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty
from the world,

That when he please
again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be
more wonder'd at,

By breaking through the
foul and ugly mists

Of vapours, that did seem
to strangle him.

1 *Henry IV.*, i. 2.

Against ill chances men
are ever merry,

But heaviness foreruns
the good event.

2 *Henry IV.*, iv. 2.

Madame de Ligne came to our fire
 To warm herself, but in August it is dire.
 We half laugh at our maid-servant Jeanne,
 Who comes in at once, as to her it is pain
 Not to be where 'tis warm and gay,
 Or where she can have plenty to say.

Use a more spacious
 ceremony to the noble
 lords: you have re-
 strained yourself with-
 in the list of too cold an
 adieu: be more ex-
 pressive to them; for
 they wear themselves
 in the cap of the time:
 there do muster true
 gait; eat, speak, and
 move under the in-
 fluence of the most
 received star; and
 though the devil lead
 the measure, such are
 to be followed. After
 them, and take a more
 dilated farewell.

*All's Well that Ends
 Well*, ii. 1.

I wrote to Alice a letter,
 And went out to dinner. Weather is better.
 The two de Lignes and young Girondau
 Have returned from expedition; fatigue they
 show.
 The Andrés, too, for dinner in time;
 The rain had detained them from lunch—oh,
 this clime!
 'L'affaire doit il s'arranger;' j'ai repeté
 His words, and add with hope, 'sans se
 suicider.'

28TH.

. . . For his bounty,
 There was no winter
 in 't; an autumn 'twas,
 That grew the more by
 reaping; his delights
 Were dolphin-like; they
 show'd his back above
 The element they liv'd
 in: in his livery
 Walk'd crowns, and
 crownets; realms and
 island were
 As plates dropp'd from
 his pocket.

*Antony and
 Cleopatra*, v. 2.

The carriage arrived in *bonne heure*.
 We bade farewell—sorry, I am sure—
 To the Kohlers, de Lignes, and the Andrés—
 All interesting in different ways.
 Monsieur de Ligne gave us a last treat
 By singing in *salon* in his tenor sweet.
 All at door—ladies, girls, men, and boys—
 To see us off. Jessie gave us cakes, and we
 promise toys.

29TH.—GENEVA.

Our rooms on fourth story are high. We could
 see St. Pierre
 Illuminated last night by electricity fair.
 It was a grand sight, were we not such a
 height,
 Which kept Nannie in too great a fright.
 We spent afternoon in Exposition,

Great lords, and gentle-
men, what means this
silence?

Dare no man answer in a
case of truth?

So clear, so shining, and
so evident,

That it will glimmer
through a blind man's
eye.

Since you are tongue-
tied, and so loath to
speak,

In dumb significant pro-
claim your thoughts.

Let him, that is a true-
born gentleman,

And stands upon the
honour of his birth,

If he suppose that I have
pleaded truth,

From off this brier pluck
a white rose with me.

1 Henry VI., ii. 4.

A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet,
that her motion

Blush'd at herself; and
she—in spite of nature,

Of years, of country,
credit, everything—

To fall in love with what
she fear'd to look on?

Othello, i. 3.

Devoting ourselves to a portion ;

Even of that had only a *coup d'wil*.

We saw two blind men working on file

Brushes, feeling them over with fingers so neat.

The silent crowd stood and watched them
there.

Some should have spoken to lighten their
care.

SEPTEMBER 1ST.

Nan spent some time—very long, too—

In finding best route for Lamalou.

But I must not fail to remember

This first day of September,

When she asked Coco to give her a kiss.

He gave such a sharp one, in his great bliss,

That we all laughed, with much glee,

Such a strong proof of affection to see.

Then, as she was going out of the door, calling

Once, twice, and even more, 'Good-bye, dar-
ling.'

2ND.

We start for Exhibition in hired chair.

Fortunately for us, the weather is fair.

Nan only entered the Swiss village

To choose the places. It was very sage,

For to-morrow the National dances take place.

We saw arrangements in case

Of fires (military and navigation), at quick
pace.

3RD.

Went through the Swiss village, till about five.

Took seats in our *châlet* reserved. We arrive

Up the wooden staircase, not over wide,

And which goes up the outside.

As certain as I know the
sun is fire :

Where have you lurk'd,
that you make doubt
of it?

Ne'er through an arch so
hurried the blown tide,
As the recomfited
through the gate.

Why, hark you !

The trumpets, sackbuts,
psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and
the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance.

Hark you ! how they
joy.

Coriolanus, v. 4.

Give me a staff of honour
for mine age,

But not a sceptre to
control the world :

Upright he held it, lords,
that held it last.

Titus Andronicus,
i. 2.

Oh, for my sake do you
with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my
harmful deeds,
That did not better for
my life provide
Than public means which
public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my
name receives a brand ;
And almost thence my
nature is subdued
To what it works in, like
the dyer's hand.

Sonnet cxi.

We sat in the gallery with ladies two—

A lovely evening, and a fine view

Of the mountains with cows, mimic fells,

While ringing and tinkling, swung the church
bells.

And the square at our feet bright

With the dancing peasants in costume light ;

The pretty old dances, *Schuhplättler*, and yell

'Far less savage' than ours, and done very
well.

At six came the Jodler, sang, then gave a long
blast

With a marvellous horn—and that was the last.

4TH.

To our pleasant host's family

A friendly adieu ; and, seated fairly,

Start for Lamalon.

We take up our abode in quarters new,

The Hôtel du Nord. Our proud Dr. Belegou

Came to call ; he thought Nan needed *Ruhe*,

And required him more than I.

We sat in the garden with the birds by-and-by

To listen to the parrot, close to the hotel,

Who last year he said was at the mill.

'He belongs to the singer in the Casino,

And sings exactly like her, a *prima donna*.'

When we left, he called, 'Apportez, apportez,
Coco !'

7TH.

Our Dr. Belegou went through the usual
routine :

Drink Usclade at eleven, Bourges (dinner
between),

And Capus in the even, and plenty of grapes.

I told him Capus did not agree one scrap.

In Pericles, his queen,
and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with
fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserv'd from
fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and
crown'd with joy at
last.

Pericles, v. 3.

'Twas then he said he had been made
Lord Mayor of this town and country,
And he must be obeyed. To this I agree,
For it is a great honour to be
The only Protestant, yet, in Roman Catholic
See,
Their Lord Mayor and Lord Protector—
A handsome man and a very good doctor.
He's always staring at Papa's photograph,
Saying : ' Un bel homme, une tête magnifique.'

8TH.

Our courtiers say, all's
savage but at court :
Experience, 'O ! thou
disprov'st report.
Th' imperious seas breed
monsters.

Cymbeline, iv. 2.

We went for Capus, and then we had
A reception in the bath, Nannie and I ;
And later a nun we espy,
And a lady who could not speak loud ;
But the nun called in a voice proud
And imperious for all she wanted,
At which *employée* rather taunted,
Though in a voice *basse*, which she could not
hear.

The meals in hotel are sumptuous, if dear.
A thunderstorm going on, quite a row.
The massacres in Turkey are fearful just now.

9TH.

Nannie went out after I had read.
The rain causes mud wherever we tread,
Or rather, *she* treads. We *sortons* about half-
past three,
And go to the rue near the source of the
Capus, where Jeanne fetches a glass *d'eau*
For me to drink, then up we go
By Hôtel de la Paix. From conductor
Have a bow and a smile, and, what's more,
Saw Mademoiselle Alliez enter church door.
Then we proceed to the bath at four.

Your gentleness shall
force
More than your force
move us to gentleness.
*As You Like
It, ii. 7.*

Lady, if you knew his
pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn
to know him by his
voice.

*Two Gentlemen of
Verona*, iv. 2.

But, Warwick, after God,
thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I
thank God, and thee;
He was the author, thou
the instrument.

Therefore, that I may
conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where for-
tune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of
this blessed land
May not be punish'd with
my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my
head still wear the
crown,
I here resign my govern-
ment to thee,
For thou art fortunate in
all thy deeds.

3 Henry VI., iv. 6.

King John: Here once
again we sit, once again
crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope,
with cheerful eyes.

Pembroke: This once
again, but that your
highness pleas'd, was
once superfluous: you
were crown'd before,

And that high royalty
was ne'er pluck'd off;

The faiths of men ne'er
stained with revolt;

Fresh expectation
troubled not the land

With any long'd-for
change, or better state.

King John, iv. 2.

Lay not thy hands on
me; forbear, I say:
Their touch affrights me
as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger,
out of my sight!

Upon thy eye-balls mur-
derous tyranny

Sits in grim majesty to
fright the world.

Look not upon me, for
thine eyes are wound-
ing

2 Henry VI., iii. 2.

On our way back met Madame Laskar,
Who looked quite blooming. I knew her from
far.

She came to us and was so pleased to see
Us both look well, especially me.

When we returned, had a letter from Tom,
To whom the sad news had come of the death
Of Sir Joseph Crowe. Milly was to start on the
8th

For Cologne, to meet her brother,
And then to Hamburg to join her mother.

10TH.

Sunshine with clear blue sky.
The doctor called, just when I
Was sitting reading in my chair,
And Nannie, fortunately, still was there,
Though on the point of taking Coco a walk
To hear the singer's parrot sing and talk.

11TH.

Fine. Studying in the morning. Nannie out
To the Vernier; no change thereabout,
Though she read a new bridge was made.
I asked her now. 'It is not true,' she said.
At eleven went to our *déjeuner*;
Après cela with birds in the garden stay,
And hear our *vis-à-vis* Jacko
Singing the song of Arles, *pour faire le beau*.

12TH.

Fine and hot. Up early. Read and studied.
Nan went out when I had read; indeed,
She goes out every morning for my Uscade,
Which is a nice, cheery promenade.
But this morning she went rather higher,
And on the path saw a serpent, striped mire
On green, and coiled closely round,

In diameter half a yard, on the ground.
 She told some ladies, and one so brave
 Went close to it, stamping her foot, but not a
 wave

In its sunny slumbers she made.

At the baths met Mesdames Bonnet, Dupuy, and
 Lazard.

The first looks so sad : her only son, a lad, *est mort*.

14TH.

Very fine weather.

A visit from Dr. Belegou

To see how I am, and say 'How do you do?'

We had *déjeuner, onze heures* ; later *dehors* with
 the birds,

Sans peur. Sat for a short time with the Arles
 lady.

When we were leaving, had the pleasure to see
 Her son arrive, and thus make her gay.

I felt to *malaise* a prey ;

Before and after dinner nearly fainted away.

Coco had evidently had a great fright—

'Twas a hawk, Nan said, of which he must have
 caught sight.

17TH.

I read, studied, and then wrote to Milly.

We went to *déjeuner*, and before three

Mademoiselle Couvoisier called to tell

About Madame Monteux's bird, who sings so
 well.

When she left we went to *Établissement*

Early, so that we might have *assez de temps*,

To see the new bath they're so proud of.

The Turk took me round and explained, 'Ma
 foi !

'Let me not live,' quoth
 he,

'After my flame lacks oil,
 to be the snuff

Of younger spirits, whose
 apprehensive senses

All but new things dis-
 disdain ; whose judgments
 are

Mere fathers of their
 garments ; whose con-
 stancies

Expire before their fash-
 ion.' This he wish'd ;

I, after him, do after him
 wish too,

Since I nor wax nor
 honey can bring home,

I quickly were dissolved
 from my hive,

To give some labourers
 room.

*All's Well that Ends
 Well*, i. 2.

So let the Turk of Cyprus
 us beguile :

We lose it not, so long as
 we can smile.

He bears the sentence
 well, that nothing bears

But the free comfort
 which from thence he

hears ;

But he bears both the
 sentence and the sor-

row,

That, to pay grief, must
 of poor patience borrow

These sentences, to sugar
 or to gall,

Being strong on both
 sides, are equivocal :

But words are words ; I
 never yet did hear,

That the bruised heart was
 pierced through the
 ear.

Othello, i. 3.

O Hall! I prithee, give
me leave to breathe a
while. Turk Gregory
never did such deeds in
arms, as I have done
this day. I have paid
Percy.

1 *Henry II.*, v. 3.

Je vous assure que les messieurs ont
Le arrangements meilleurs que ceux des dames
sonts.
We then had our bath. N. paid Turk a franc,
Then went past Hôtel de la Paix, where I drank
Capus, which Jeanne had fetched from the
spring.

18TH.

In the Rialto you have
rated me,
Still have I borne it with
a patient shrug:
For sufferance is the
badge of all our tribe.
Well, then, it now ap-
pears, you need my
help:
What should I say to
you? Should I not
say,
'Hath a dog money? Is
it possible
A cur can lend three
thousand ducats?'

*Merchant of
Venice*, i. 3.

Sunshine, blue sky, and hot this morn.
Dr. Belegou called in the forenoon.
Après déjeuner Madame Belegou came to call;
She's soft and pleasing as the French all.
At *table d'hôte* to-day the young wife seemed
more flighty
Than usual; *sou mari* shrugged his shoulders
and sighed.

21ST.

A nun in the bath. Her hair to be seen
Was black and short. It must have been
Very fine before it was cut. She comes from
Hyères;
Teaches in the Convent, at a *seminaire*.
She says English girls stay all the year there;
But with many, she thought, decline was not
rare.

22ND.

. . . Because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all
thy whole heap must
die.

Yon sometime famous
princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, ad-
venturous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless
tongues, and semblance
pale,

That, without covering,
save yond' field of stars,
They here stand martyrs.

Pericles, i. 1.

M. et Madame Roussy de Nîmes left to-day.
At nine o'clock I went to the hall good-bye to
say;
And Madame kindly helped me back to my
room.
Au revoir till next September, if we may presume
To speak of a distant time. 'Dieu vent,'
Madame dit.
She knows a lady at Montpellier who can see

To work, without glasses, embroidery
 Though now one hundred and one. Her child
 Was born when she was forty ; of similar mind,
 She married not till she was *fautee*.
 She lives in good style and sees company.
 I wrote to Else von der Boeck ;
 We sent her two hundred marks
 As wedding present, on her house to spend.

25TH.

M. Portallis and his young friend *sonts de retour*,
 They had gone to the mountains *pour quelques*
jours.

He leaves this week, taking his mother home
 To Certe, where he left his wife in order to
 come.

Nannie arranging Bible and tracts for Louise ;
 She placed aside the marker drawn of the
Eglise

In Oeynhausen, by Fräulein von Bismarck,
 For me to copy German text.

Methought the billows
 spoke, and told me of
 it ;

The winds did sing it to
 me ; and the thunder,
 That deep and dreadful
 organ-pipe, pronounc'd
 The name of Prosper : it
 did base my trespass . .

I'll seek him deeper than
 e'er plummet sounded.

Tempest, iii. 3.

We were going out next,
 But a storm came on,
 And the large *Tannenbaum* fell down ;
 While the actor's Coco sang in the wind
 On seeing his master, ' Ah, papa ! ' like a *Kind*.

30TH.

A visit from Miss Henderson. To my astonish-
 ment,

Knowledge of English seemed to be almost
 absent.

Her father was Scotch, her mother French,
 therefore

I thought, though brought up in France, she'd
 know more.

M. Lazar came with his wife in the court to
bid good-bye.

Life is so short. N. gave books and money to
M. Alengry.

OCTOBER 1ST.

The morning fine ; *après midi*, rain,
I hope we'll have *beau temps* in the train.

Dr. Belegou came soon after eight ;

I am happy to say I was *déjà prête*,

In my peignoir blue, *et bien coiffée*.

He tried my heart, and was glad to say

It was much stronger than last *été*.

Nan gave ' Harry ' to young Sylvan,

Who generally with the carriage ran.

When the rain ceased we went out with the
birds,

Then on our return had some pleasant words

With Mademoiselle, whose perroquet

Sings to them with a voice young and clear ;

Before him then asked, ' As-tu bien déjeuné ? '

To which he replied, ' Oui, oui ; oui, oui ! '

We bade good-bye to mother, daughter, and
leurs amis,

And went down the road towards Poujol.

On our return, ere we enter the garden,

Met the old man of ninety-one, or perhaps
hard on,

Walking with M. Monteux. They both bowed.

The *prima donna* at her window showed,

But Polly was not to be seen or heard.

I suppose his mistress the cold wind feared.

Her husband on the rode spoke all the way.

The words that I caught were, ' Année pro-
chaine ' ;

It would be strange if all the birds went in the
train.

What's the matter ?
Why tender'st thou that
paper to me ? . . .
If it be summer news,
Smile to 't before ; if
winterly, thou need'st
But keep that counte-
nance still.

Cymbeline, iii. 4.

Music do I hear ?
Ha, ha ! keep time. How
sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and
no proportion kept !
So is it in the music of
men's lives :
And here have I the
daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a
disorder'd string ;
But, for the concord of
my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear
my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now
doth time waste me :
For now hath time made
me his numbering
clock :

My thoughts are minutes,
and with sighs they jar,
Their watches on to mine
eyes the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like
a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in
cleansing them from
tears.

Richard II., v. 5.

2ND.

Walked ; to be near for my aid
 The omnibus following *plus tard*.
 Conducteur and Sylvan already staying
 With another man to help me in the train.
 Miss Henderson, too, must be helped ; then
 We start, and at Bedalieu must change again,
 And each change must have two men.

3RD.

First Clown : Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and gravemakers ; they held up Adam's profession.

Second Clown : Was he a gentleman ?

First Clown : He was the first that ever bore arms.

Second Clown : Why, he had none.

First Clown : What, art a heathen ? How dost thou understand the Scriptures ? The Scripture says, Adam digged ; could he dig without arms ?

Hamlet, v. 1.

From Lamalou to Montpellier vines grow like potatoes.

At Tarascon we changed into the Rapide. A lady, *Anglaise*,

Occupied two seats, lying down, so there was no place

For Nannie and Jeanne. They stayed out in the passage.

Miss Henderson, a cripple, managed the 'Duchess' ;

Conquered her quite, though hat all awry ;

Then ruled Miss Nan to come in by-and-by,
 And over her left made our 'Duchess' tell the hour,

Thus showing her *sang-froid* and her power.

She no doubt slept sweetly at Marseilles,

While we preferred to travel on and breakfast
avec soleil

At our home in Cannes. The concierge met us.

Nan fetched home dear Polly, *alias* 'Jacko,'

And the Countess came, and we were *froh*.

To measure kingdoms
 with his feeble steps,
 Much less shall she that
 hath love's wings to
 fly ;
 And when the flight is
 made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection,
 as Sir Proteus.

*Two Gentlemen of
 Verona*, ii. 7.

Your rule direct to any ;
 if to me,
 Day serves not light
 more faithful than I'll
 be.

Pericles, i. 2.

We had a letter from Emily Köhlmann :
 Mademoiselle Ida de Besson married her true
 man,

15TH.

Henry Romanst, beginning of December,
 Avocat au Cour d'Appel, Lyons : we remember
 Them in Lamalou last year together.
 The southern sun shines ; we've fine weather.
 Nannie was out rather early to-day,
 And brought in grapes ; 'twas as good as a
 play.

A servant who was buying at same time, *disait* :
 'Je n'attends plus, vous éloignez tous les
 bonnes dames pour cette déesse.'
 We had a visit from Mademoiselle Provençal,
 And think she had a good journey by rail.
 She is so lively *et pas du tout* sad ;
L'eau de Vichy has dispersed every fad.

17TH.

Officer : A messenger
 from the galleys.

Duke : Now, the busi-
 ness ?

Sailor : The Turkish
 preparation makes for
 Rhodes :

So was I bid report here
 to the State,

By Signor Angelo.

Duke : How say you by
 this change ?

Senator : This cannot be,
 By no assay of reason :

'tis a pageant,
 To keep us in false gaze.

When we consider
 The importancy of Cyprus

to the Turk. . . .
Othello, i. 3.

Ida Layard is ordered, her cure to maintain,
 To Cannes. The doctor says she must not
 remain ;

She must come at once to give her a chance.

Nannie went to Hotels Pavilion and Prince,

And chose rooms at the former house.

Garçon from bird-shop came with the bill ;

Extra for keep of the birds she paid five francs
 still.

Said 'twas too much, twenty-five francs in all.

Being two months absent, it was not small.

19TH.

A nice letter from Cassie Zumloh,

Recalling her parents' death. They had to go

Within nine weeks of each other, from March
 to May ;

And of the sad trial for poor Jemmy.

We had storm and rain this whole long day.

Finished writing all that there was to say

In the *Graphic* about George du Maurier.

This world to me is like
 a lasting storm.

Pericles, iv. 1.

21ST.

Nannie went up to Miss Hoste in forenoon.
 Countess Wratislaw came to call soon,
 And when N. returned she was still here,
 She brought many papers for us. We fear
 She has been *fatiguée*; no *l'eau à la maison*.

In feather'd briefness
 sails are fill'd.
 And wishes fall out as
 they're will'd.

Pericles, v. 2.

'*Es ist unerhört—est trahison*,
 Of the landlord, '*d'avoir pas d'eau dans la
 caisse*.'

But the Countess met him face to face.
 Less than an hour later water was there.
 La Comtesse spoke, but all the benefit share.

22ND.

Before three went out to La Place de la
 Liberté,

Julia: . . . That my
 poor mistress, moved
 therewithal,
 Wept bitterly; and would
 I might be dead,
 If I in thought felt not
 her very sorrow.

Sylvia: She is beholden
 to thee, gentle youth.
 Alas, poor lady; desolate
 and left!

I weep myself, to think
 upon thy words.

Here, youth; there is my
 purse: I give thee this
 For thy sweet mistress'
 sake, because thou
 lov'st her.

*Two Gentlemen of
 Verona*, iv. 4.

Where Nannie left us, to shop, I dare say.
 An Italian whom Jeanne knew
 Cried bitterly, as she'd no good place in view.
 When Nannie came, she told Jeanne to tell her
 To go to Christ Church and see concierge,
 And hear if the pastor's family
 Had returned. She went then to see;
 But no comfort. Jeanne went later and got
 her
 A place near St. Tropez without demur.

24TH.

Second Gentleman: He
 of Winchester
 Is held no great good
 lover of the arch-
 bishop's,
 The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gentleman: All
 the land knows that:
 However, yet there's no
 great breach: when it
 comes,
 Cranmer will find a friend
 will not shrink from
 him.

Henry VIII., iv. 1.

With cuttings about Archbishop to see,
 Nannie went out and bought grapes for me;
 Then to Miss Hoste very early.
 Miss Lugard a shade better, doing fairly.
 Nannie took the Countess there in a carriage,
 Who mixed small medicine pills lavish.
 Maurice brought a coach and train he had
 made

Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does,
Jove would ne'er be
quiet,
For every pelting, petty
officer
Would use his heaven for
thunder: nothing but
thunder.
Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy
sharp and sulphurous
belt
Split'st the unwedgeable
and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle.

*Measure for
Measure*, ii. 2.

Of the cards N. had given him, *très bien faites*.
He left them for her to see when she came.
She also admired *beaucoup les mêmes*.
Julien called for us before two o'clock,
And we drove quickly to call for Miss Black.
Had a beautiful drive to Cannet ;
Came back laden with myrtle and *blés*,
Arbutus boughs with berries on,
Which had been gathered by Julien and
Jeanne.

26TH.

Nan at Miss Hoste's painting tableau.
Miss Lugard was better but for sickness, so
Caused by tinned chicken—dangerous, too.
Nannie brought *Graphic* from Miss Hoste with
view
Of the Archbishop of Canterbury's funeral
In the Canterbury Cathedral.

27TH.

'Tis good for men to love
their present pains,
Upon example: so the
spirit is eased:
And when the mind is
quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though
defunct and dead
before,
Break up their drowsy
grave, and newly move
With casted slough and
fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak,
Sir Thomas. Brothers
both,
Commend me to the
princes in our camp ;
Do my good morrow to
them.

Henry V., iv. 1.

When lunch was over Nannie *est sortie*,
Countess Wratishaw to visit and get rid of
ennui.
The rain came down with rapidity,
So Nannie returned in the Countess' habit ;
'Twas the first waterproof cloak, she said,
That ever came out in London fifty years fled.
It didn't seem old, but well-preserved
From the days when, young and high-bred,
She dined on the *Victoria and Albert*
With her aunt, Princess Leiningen, and uncle,
the Admiral.

30TH.

Heat and chill make one feel ill.
Nannie goes this morning still

To paint at Maison Consolat.
 The *Illustrated London News*,
 The *Graphic*, *Punch*, all with views,
 Sent by Blanche, with portraits two
 Of the late George du Maurier,
 One of the Archbishop of Canterbury.
 Those of Du Maurier make him look very
 Young for his years. Born in '34,
 He was sixty-two and some months more.
 La Comtesse Wratislaw came in to see
 Me. She sat awhile talking intellectually.
Après déjeuner I did not feel well,
 So we hurried out and saw the grand swell
 Of the sea. M. Bottin was working with his
 men
 At some machine. We went down then
 To the band, and spoke to the Baronne,
 Who was looking about for daughter number
 one.

O God! O God! that
 e'er this tongue of
 mine,
 That laid the sentence of
 dread banishment
 On yon proud man. . . .
 O! that I were as great
 As is my grief, or lesser
 than my name,
 Or that I could forget
 what I have been,
 Or not remember what
 I must be now!
 Swell'st thou, proud
 heart? I'll give thee
 scope to beat,
 Since foes have scope to
 beat both thee and me.
Richard II., iii. 3.

. . . Might bear him
 company in the quest
 of him;
 Whom whilst I labour'd
 of a love to see,
 I hazarded the loss of
 whom I lov'd,
 Five summers have I
 spent in farthest
 Greece,
 Roaming clean through
 the bounds of Asia;
 And, coasting homeward,
 came to Ephesus,
 Hopeless to find, yet loth
 to leave unsought
 On that or any place that
 harbours men.
 But here must end the
 story of my life;
 And happy were I in my
 timely death,
 Could all my travels
 warrant me they live.
Comedy of Errors,
 i. 1.

31ST.

Mr. Brookes called when it was still light.
 He seemed rather brisk and bright;
 Has been part of the summer in Germany,
 Looking there, perhaps, for a chaplaincy,
 As he said he would prefer to stay
 Where he had not to go away
 In the summer weather. In England
 He had lovely sunshine, which was grand—
 May, June, and July. As he was leaving
 The rain began, and in Germany
 It fell in Baden-Baden and Wiesbaden heavily;
 In fact, his German tour he spent in rain,
 And yet he says he will go there again.

NOVEMBER 1ST.

Bright sunshine. We went to St. Andrew's. Rev. P. Minto
 preached from Ps. cxliii., especially verses 5, 7, and 8, and the
 last part of verse 10. Christians are not satisfied with hearing

of God in church ; they want to hear Him as the daily current of their lives. The man who prays, 'Cause me to hear,' will pray, 'Cause me to know the way wherein I shall walk.' In the beginning of the day our prayer should be, 'What am I to do to-day?' Hearing, knowing, and doing—the accomplishment of the will of God—we need to go through a certain discipline. The teaching of to-day won't do for to-morrow. The teaching of yesterday won't do for to-day. Every day brings its different trials. You will never get a man to listen to you who does not believe in you. A man wants to go to a village. There are many ways ; he does not know which to take, so he climbs up a hill, and from the height he sees the path that leads to it. There was one walking through a strange country, and did not even know the language. He wanted to find the post-office. He saw all the telegraph-wires converging in one direction, and then he knew they must be going to the post-office. 'Teach me to do Thy will, for Thou art my God. Thy Spirit is good ; lead me into the land of uprightness.'

14TH.

It shall suffice me : at
 which interview,
 Meantime, receive such
 welcome at my hand,
 As honour, without
 breach of honour, may
 Make tender of to thy
 true worthiness.
 You may not come, fair
 princess, within my
 gates ;
 But here without you
 shall be so receiv'd,
 As you shall deem your-
 self lodg'd in my heart,
 Though so denied fair
 harbour in my house.
 Your own good thoughts
 excuse me, and fare-
 well :
 To-morrow shall we visit
 you again.

*Love's Labour's
 Lost, ii. 1.*

The Countess was here in the forenoon, *früh*—
 I mean in the garden ; I could not interview
 Her. Her cousin, the Prince of Leiningen,
 Has had a stroke ; 'twill be a loss to *den Scingén*
 If he dies. He is Admiral in the fleet
 Of Great Britain. The poor Countess will fret.
 Miss Black, too, brought me a book from her
 mother
 To read—'The Heavenly Friend' ; we spoke
 together
 Of it last day, so she would send it to read.
 Nannie painting the sunset in the afterglow ;
 Jeanne returned about six o'clock or so.

18TH.

Colonel FitzGerald brought papers to me
 To glance through, the *Times* to have ready

Pray God, she prove not
masculine ere long ;
If underneath the stan-
dard of the French,
She carry armour, as she
hath begun.
Henry VI., ii. 1.

He that depends
Upon your favours, swims
with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with
rushes,
Coriolanus, i. 1.

To the sessions of sweet
silent thought
Summon up remembrance
of things past.
Sonnet.

Prithee, despatch :
The lamb entreats the
butcher : where's thy
knife ?
Thou art too slow to do
thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too
Cymbeline, iii. 4.

For him to-morrow. He would send it to his
brother,
Who is in New Zealand. The *Standard*, how-
ever,
He does not require any more,
So we need not trouble on that score.
Nannie prepared *vite, après déjeuner*,
For Madame Willink's ; 'tis a long way.
She accompanied me in my chair,
Giving direction to Jeanne to take care,
Then hurried off. We met Miss Oxley and
friends.
Coming to the Plage, I stayed with them. It
depends
If they were pleased, as the girl had a book to
read
With which lecture she might wish to proceed.

19TH.

Nannie went to paint at Miss Hoste's ; 'twas
fine.
I rose from my couch about nine.
When I was dressed, had written and read,
Madame Willink came in. She said
She found the way so long from her place.
When she left Colonel FitzGerald came
To fetch the *Weekly Times*, which same
He sends to-morrow to New Zealand,
To his brother who lives alone, perhaps infirm—
He is now eighty years of age or so.
When the Colonel rose to go,
And Countess Wratislaw
Came in, I made a *faux pas*,
Saying her medicine did me good ;
N. said later, ' Wait till it is proved ! '

24TH.

Cloudy but fine. N. off before nine to Miss Hoste's,

To paint the 'room' picture, one of her daily posts.

Colonel FitzGerald came here to fetch the *Times*;

Paid a cheery visit. Before noon chimes

He found in his purse at Mrs. Black's (putting It in there) the sadly-missed cutting.

I cannot hide what I am ;
I must be sad when I
have cause, and smile
at no man's jests ; and
wait for no man's
leisure ; sleep when I
am drowsy, laugh when
I am merry.

*Much Ado About
Nothing*, i. 3.

His nephew was outside, but tired waiting

Longer. Miss Purdon came in as he went out ;
She would like to call on Miss Hoste. I have
little doubt

But that Miss Hoste would be much pleased.

The birds were fatigued, and with hunger
teased

Ere Nannie returned. She took a summary
Leave of the guests. She had sketched Mr.
Simpson

Into the picture. It was very great fun.

Mrs. and Miss Luck were there, then Miss
Gordon.

Never King of England
Had nobles richer, and
more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left
their bodies here in
England,
And lie pavilion'd in the
fields of France.

Henry V., i. 2.

We started for the Hôtel Pavillon,

But met the Layards ere we had gone far ;

Returned to our *maison* by the Boulevard,

Where they went in, and I remained out with
the Colonel and nephew.

26TH.

About three o'clock Madame Willink and friend
Came in, a sociable hour to spend.

I thank thee for thy love
to me, which thou shalt
find I will most kindly
requite.

*As You Like
It*, i. 1.

Nan sent card to Florence not to forget

To come at five o'clock. She was out ;

As Jeanne came to tell all about,

She met Florence Layard at the door.

The Siegels came soon after four—

Servant: Sailors, sir;
they say they have
letters for you.

Horatio: Let them come
in,—

I do not know from what
part of the world

I should be greeted, if
not from Lord Hamlet.
Hamlet, iv. 6.

Baby with bright colour and all alive ;
Her husband has a look of the Czar,
Speaks English well—a polished ‘Tar.’
Jeanne went with Florence and fetched a cab
For her ; as it was late, they had to *trab*.
The Siegels left a little later ;
They leave Cannes *demain, peut-être*.

27TH.

Nannie went to Mrs. Black’s meeting.
Later we had from the Colonel a greeting ;
He too had been *chez* Mrs. Black this morning.
I wrote to Tom, with the usual warning.
I had to make my letter shorter
In consequence of visits, which make my pen
falter.

Florence Layard and Ida drove here ;
Then Madame Sainton, our spirits to cheer ;
Lastly the Servatius’ Louise and Hélène.
The Baronne did not come, to ask : ‘Why’?
we refrain.

Her peacocks fly amain ;
Approach, rich Ceres, her
to entertain.

Hail, many-colour’d mes-
senger, that ne’er
Dost disobey the wife of
Jupiter ;

Who with thy saffron
wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, re-
freshing showers ;

And with each end of
thy blue bow dost
crown

My bosky acres, and my
unshrub’d down,
Rich scarf to my proud
earth.

Tempest, iv. 1.

Be great in acts, as . . .
in thought . . .

Be stirring as the time ;
be fire with fire ;
Threaten the threat’ner,
and outface the brow
Of bragging.

King John, v. 1.

The girls said visitors had come,
So we went on with our ‘kettle-drum.’
Then the Servatius sang a duet—
‘Funiculi’—to Madame S.’s regret,
As she did not think it refined enough,
But others liked it. The air is gay, the words
stuff.

Then there were solos, and Madame S. sang
well, too,

With much feeling, big compass and true.
Mrs. Layard and Ida went first of all away ;
Florence remained, and we asked her to play.
‘Twas a treat to us all, is all I can say.
Madame Sainton and Florence, presently,
The Colonel and nephew, had to leave,
Which the de Servatius did much bereave.

28TH.

A day of damp and rain,
 But Nannie out again.
 The Colonel came to call
 To inquire *après le bal*—
 Or rather afternoon tea,
 And to tell Nannie
 That he found the *marchand de fleurs*.
 We dressed after one, but we were not sure
 If *le voiture* would come to take us to the door
 Of Madame Willink's. But though it did not
 pour,

She thought for me 'twas not a day very fit.
 Madame Willink, I thought, looked *triste* ;
 Perhaps she is lonely, and troubles increase.
 Major and Mr. Orde spoke from Colosses
 First. When we returned, the Countess
 Came in for a while to chat with us.
 Mademoiselle Provençal also *le soir* ;
 She came from her friends who would feign
croire

That we'd take rooms in Villa St. Honorat ;
 But would like to know who'd lodge elsewhere
 In the *maison*, where she'd have a share.

DECEMBER 1ST.

Nannie went to Miss Hoste and Miss Lugard.
 The Colonel's nephew brought us each a reward
 Of roses and violets—a bright bouquet,
 Which shall make our room bright and gay.
 In the afternoon, though cloudy and grey,
 We take our constitutional, as always.
 Jeanne pushed my chair upon the Croisette,
 And ere we returned, the nephew we met.
 I told him to thank his uncle for the flowers,
 When he informed me he was the donor of ours.

Romeo: Is the day so
 young?

Benvolio: But now struck
 nine.

Romeo: Ah me! sad
 hours seem long.

Was that my father that
 went hence so fast?

Benvolio: It was. What
 sadness lengthens
 Romeo's hours?

Romeo: Not having that
 which, having, makes
 them short.

Romeo and Juliet,
 i. 1.

O thou goddess,
 Thou divine Nature, how
 thyself thou blazon'st
 In these two princely
 boys! They are as
 gentle

As zephyrs, blowing below
 the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet
 head; and yet as
 rough,

Their royal blood, en-
 chaf'd, as the rud'st
 wind,

That by the top doth take
 the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to
 the vale. 'Tis wonder,
 That an invisible instinct
 should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd,
 honour untaught.
 Civility not seen from
 other valour

That wildly grows in
 them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sow'd!

Cymbeline, iv. 2.

He was anxious to know what he should do for
some

French language at the Baronne's 'At Home.'

I told him Nannie could give him advice.

We were not long waiting, when, oh ! so nice,
N. appeared, and joined us both.

Mr. FitzGerald begged her, though loth,
To go with him. He felt shy alone.

He promised to call for her at two *schon*.

When we had our tea, N. went to the Layards
To tout for Florence, to ask what our 'Bayard'
Should wear at the afternoon tea.

'Black coat, black tie, and lemon gloves,' said
she.

5TH.

Nannie went shopping this morning. 'Twas
bright

After the downpouring rain of the night.

The Countess Wratislaw came before noon

To give some directions about the great boon

Of homœopathic medicine for the Baronne's
beau-frère,

Who's got rheumatism hard to bear

For the last three months, so very trying ;

It is a real chagrin, but no use in sighing.

We hurried out with packet for Miss Hoste,

Which came yesterday by the parcel post.

When we arrived at Boulevard du Foncier,

Met Harvey FitzGerald coming down very gay.

We turned up, later, a road to the right

And saw the brave General in rather a fright,

Wishing to turn aside, if he could,

Another way, but valiantly withstood.

14TH.

Tea from the Perrys, in China grown,

And Miss Aldridge left the *Standard* as loan

Now our sands are almost
run
More a little, and then
dumb,
This, as my last boon
give me,
For such kindness must
relieve me.

Pericles, v. 2.

Yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of
others ; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity
will not
Come up to the truth.

Winter's Tale,
ii. 1.

So in the time that keeps
 you as my chest,
 Or as the wardrobe which
 the robe doth hide,
 To make some special
 instant special-blest,
 By new unfolding his
 imprison'd pride.

Sonnet.

From the Colonel, who sends them all round
 To his friends, of which many abound.
 Nannie has put up two parcels in green,
 One addressed to Milly, quite fit to be seen ;
L'autre to Cassie, for her babes and her ;
 For the mother, tissue cape as warm as fur ;
 For the five little girls, skirts *tricotés*
 As *jupons Français*—quite a display—
 Made by Miss Hoste, four red and white ;
 For the boy, Bible stories with pictures bright.

15TH.

Nannie went to the Layards to call.
 Florence not well, but towards the fall
 Of the afternoon she thought she'd look in and
 play.
 The poor Colonel came ; 'twas his wedding-
 day—
 At about that hour, forty-three years ago, the
 ceremony ;
 It was a relief to speak of his woe to me.
 When he left about *midi* to go home,
 He met Nannie returning with some
 Fruit for me. He reproached her
 For not keeping the appointed hour.
 She apologized ; duty had called her away.
 Afternoon, dear Mrs. Willink *fait entrée*.
 'Twas delightful to see her ; she stayed to tea.
 Miss Gordon had been with her this morning to
 see
 If they could practise together ; 'twill be
 Good for the former, and make her happy.

21ST.

Nannie went to Miss Hoste ; was sorry to hear
 That the Hon. Mrs. Ferraud had died, where
 She had lived in a villa for many years.

I den, farewell : and be
 proud of thy victory.
 Tell Kent, from me, she
 hath lost her best man,
 and exhort all the world
 to be coward ; for I,
 that never feared any,
 am vanquished by
 famine, not by valour.
2 Henry VI., iv. 10.

The last of all the
Romans, fare thee
well!

It is impossible that ever
Rome

Should breed thy fellow.
Friends, I owe more
tears

To this dead man than
you shall see me pay.

Julius Caesar, v. 3.

I grieve to hear what
torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd
sufficiently.

Now, it is supper-time in
Orleans:

Here, through this grate,
I count each one,

And view the Frenchmen
how they fortify:

Let us look in; the sight
will much delight thee.

Sir Thomas Gargrave,
and Sir William Glansdale.

Let me have your ex-
press opinions,

Where is best place to
make our battery next?

1 Henry VI., i. 5.

All: No man shed tears
for noble Mutius;

He lives in fame that
died in virtue's cause.

Marcus: My lord—to
step out of these dreary
dumps—

How comes it that the
subtle Queen of Goths

Is of a sudden thus ad-
vanced in Rome?

Titus: I know not, Mar-
cus, but I know it is;

Whether by device or no,
the heavens can tell.

Is she not, then, beholden
to the man

That brought her for this
high good turn so far?

Yes, and will nobly him
remunerate.

Titus Andronicus,
i. 2.

Sister Eva was with her; she must have shed
tears

With Miss Hoste, who, though neither had
met

For years, had scarcely let a day pass without
An interchange of kind thought to pass be-
tween.

Now all is over, and sad it may seem,
But joy, we hope, for the poor invalid,
Who now from her long sorrow is freed.

La Comtesse Wratislaw was here this morn,
And though a lady of rank, and high born,
She did not scorn to go down on her knee
To arrange something in the grate for me.
We went out on the Croisette.

I remained there with Jeanne, and we met
'Little Mary,' also Mrs. MacCarthy,
Miss Purdon; and when we returned, we see
Captain and Mrs. Swerdrup, both well as
can be.

22ND.

Nannie went out all the forenoon.

Miss Oxley called, and when she left, soon,
Colonel FitzGerald called here.

Poor man, this season makes him feel drear—
The first Christmas since he lost his wife dear.
Later the Perrys and Nannie came in together;
Everyone enjoying the brilliant weather.

Miss Oxley brought a tin case of pineapple,
Which came from Singapore; we shall like it
well.

25TH.

Nannie and I, with influenza cold,
Did not *sortir*; our friends we told
To avoid us, but they would not heed.

My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go; signify as much while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

Richard II., iii. 3.

Regan: I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,

That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there. . . .

Gloster: I serve you, madam.

Your graces are right welcome.

King Lear, ii. 1.

The Colonel threw into the window his card.
Jeanne found it later on the carpet, half-marred,
By the window. The Perrys, too, called;
It would not do for them again victims to fall.
Dear Madame Willink fears no infection,
So we had a pleasant tea with her alone.
Then the Layards and Miss Lugard inquire.
N. couldn't keep them out without causing ire.
Then Harvey FitzGerald and Madame Swerdrup—
So the end of our caution with a party finished up.

26TH.

Madame Willink called with Miss Aldridge, and later
Little Marie came too, but had to say her
Thanks in the garden, and receive ours, too, there,
For fear she should in our *Erkältung* share.
The Countess came here to bring Christmas greeting,
And then the Colonel, so it was quite a meeting.

27TH.

We were very glad to see
La Comtesse Wratislaw to tea—
The only visitor of to-day,
So she did not withdraw, but stay.

28TH.

Stoop low within these bounds we have o'er-look'd,

And calmly run on in obedience,
. . . To our great king John.

. . . Away, my friends! New flight,
And happy newness, that intends old right.

King John, v. 4.

Nannie and I are still house-bound;
Coughing is not a pleasant sound.
Mrs. Duguid came this morning to read.
I'd forgotten to tell of our relapse: no need,
For she and Nan had a chat for awhile.

His dishonesty appears,
in leaving his friend
here in necessity.

Twelfth Night,
iii. 4.

For, ere the six years. . .
Can change their moons,
and bring their times
about,

My oil-dried lamp, and
time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age
and endless night :

My inch of taper will be
burnt and done.

Richard II., i. 3.

The Colonel called next with his merry smile,
Though he was a little sadder, less gay,
As two friends were leaving the villa to-day—
A Mrs. Metcalf, with her friend Miss Wright,
Whom the Colonel called 'Miss Eye-Bright,'
Or 'Bright Eyes.' 'She is sorry to go,
For she likes me, you must plainly know.'
I forgot to say, ere the Colonel came in,
Miss Black had been here, and just then went
away.

Countess Wratislaw called *après déjeuner*.
She had good news of Prince Leiningen to-day.
Then after supper Madame Sainton appears,
Charmed with the lamp, as its light cheers.

29TH.

Mrs. Milne and Cissy came in time for tea,
And we enjoyed much their company.
When they left, we opened the parcel from
Blonde—
In the matter of giving she is quite fond :
A handsome rug and three pairs of gloves ;
One can hardly say which were the 'greatest
loves.'
Three handsome cups sent by brother Tom.
I would far rather that he would come.

30TH.

Fine bright weather, but altogether
Not very cold. The Countess Wratislaw
Called this morning to know
How we were. We answer both, 'Only so-so.'
For me she ordered byronica and aconite.
The Mintos called, laughing and bright,
To know why we were putting the world in a
fright.
In the afternoon the Layards came to tea ;

But this lies all within
the will of God,
To whom I do appeal ;
and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I
am coming on,
. . . . To put forth
My rightful hand in a
well-hallow'd cause.

Henry V., i. 2.

Mrs. Layard and Ida full of buoyant glee.
 Little Marie called also, with governess.
 I forgot that with joy the Countess
 Came to say a son was born to the house of

So strongly guarded.

Leiningen.

Cousin, look not sad :

Thy grandam loves thee.

and thy uncle will

As dear be to thee as thy

father was.

King John, iii. 3.

‘ Das brachte viel Freude den Seinigen ;

Und ihr als Grosstante, die reinste

Oder ist es nicht so ! was meinst du ?’

1897.—JANUARY 5TH.

No, no, my lord. Not
this—the king is weary
Of dainty and such pick-
ing grievances :
For he hath found, to
end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in
the heirs of life,
And therefore will he
wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to
his memory,
That may repeat and
history his loss
To new remembrance . . .
If we do now make our
atonement well,
Our peace will, like a
broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the
breaking.

2 *Henry II.*, iv. 1.

The duke is made pro-
tector of the realm ;
And yet shalt thou be
safe ? Such safety finds
The trembling lamb.

3 *Henry VI.*, i. 1.

I rose before mid-day
And had *mon déjeuner*
In *salle à manger*.
Miss Hoste's new chair
Took me nicely there—
Though with it must take care
No new danger to share :
Not to be bull or bear
In a ' china shop fair.'
I wrote to Miss Hoste,
And by the same post
Sent a letter to Cassie,
Who has another laddie—
A *Christkindchen* sweet,
His parents to greet.
Madame Willink called before three,
But she could not wait to take tea,
As she had other friends to see.
The Colonel brought a present of lamb and
sponge cake,
Which we felt rather *gêné* to take.

6TH.

A most poor man, made
tame by fortune's blows :
Who, by the art of known
and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good
pity. Give me your
hand,
I'll lead you to some
biding.

King Lear, iv. 6.

Weather dull, and sea ; *un air froid*.
Again I from my bedroom went *bien tard* ;
And then a short time before it struck three,
We were rejoiced Miss Lugard to see.
She was going into town, and offered kindly
If she could fetch anything for us back ;

So I suggested note-paper, as there was a lack
Of it in the house. I wrote to Mrs. Shone,
Though she has not written much since her
husband's gone.

Miss Lugard tried 'Hoste' chair, then I did the
same,

And pushed myself in the drawing-room—a
game

Of ingenuity for me ; but I succeeded.

Rev. Minto's call variety provided ;

We persuade him to partake of a cup of tea.

On his departure—this we shortly see !—

The Colonel arrives, with fresh eggs for us both,

And sweet cake, which we with grace accept,
though loth,

But would not wound him when kindly meant—

It gives him pleasure his friends with good
things to present.

The private wound is
deepest. O time most
accurst !

'Mongst all foes, that a
friend should be the
worst !

*Two Gentlemen of
Verona, v. 4.*

7TH.

Madame Sainton came to Nan, and together

They went to telegraph. It was fine weather.

They met the Layards at the post *bureau* ;

Nan invited them to the Villa to go,

But they took a drive first, and took a turn with
the Colonel,

Who looked remarkably rosy and well, and had
called again.

Cato was here to visit Jeanne, but I forget, Miss
Aldridge

Was already here in the forenoon.

The Layards had tea, but Flo was gone

To the Opera *matinée* with her friends ; the
Simpsons came later,

Madame Sainton, too, who was overjoyed with
Pinede in view ;

Lastly Miss Lugard, to know if Miss Perry
would like the post of secretary.

Not beneath him in for-
tunes, beyond him in
the advantage of the
time, above him in
birth, alike conversant
in general services, and
more remarkable in
single oppositions : yet
this imperseverant thing
loves him.

Cymbeline, iv. 1.

8TH.

In thee thy mother dies,
our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy
youth, and England's
fame.

All these, and more, we
hazard by thy stay ;
All these are sav'd, if thou
wilt fly away.

Where is my other life ?
—mine own is gone :

O, where's young Talbot ?
where is valiant John ?

Henry VI., iv. 7.

I rose pretty early, and was ready by ten.
I read and studied. Mrs. Duguid then
Entered at eleven, and read the Scotch book,
'The Bonnie Briar Bush,' with Scotch accent
and look.
Then, in the afternoon, Miss B. came to call ;
Her brother was wooed and married and all,
Much to the grief of his gentle mother,
Who wished he'd think in his state of death.

9TH.

Madame Willink drove this morning to see
How we are getting on. She is rather happy,
As her two youngest brothers she expects to-
day.

One of them is sorry he cannot stay
Longer, but he must return sometime to *les Indes*.

You have done our plea-
sures much grace. . . .
Set a fair fashion on our
entertainment,

Which was not half so
beautiful and kind :

You have added worth
unto 't, and lively
lustre,

And entertain'd me.

Timon of Athens,
i. 2.

He hopes to settle affairs, *et de cela* depends

His return, and settling at home—

He hopes then no longer to roam.

Florence Layard was here to tea ;

She is always very good company.

She had been painting at the Musée,

And was, as usual, full of *esprit*.

11TH.

Visits from Colonel FitzGerald and Miss Lugard,
Who wished to know if we could award
Them some commissions to do—

It is well if in illness friends prove true.

Miss Layard ran in and would not sit down,

As she was going then into the town.

The Colonel told us of the Layard party ;

He and his nephew were at their *soirée*

Yesterday, and found all bright and gay—

Charming people with plenty to say.

. . . Accommodated by
the place, more charm-
ing,

With their own noble-
ness (which could have
turn'd

A distaff to a lance) gilded
pale looks.

Cymbeline, v. 3.

12TH.

When I had read and studied awhile in the
gloom,
I pushed myself into the drawing-room,
In the Hoste chair, to Mr. Cheyne Brady
For a nice talk. He seems much better—
Bright as a dart to the letter.
When he left, Mr. Harvey FitzGerald
Was the next pleasant visiting herald ;
He looks so well since he cut off his beard—
Not half so thin, his voice audibly heard.
On leaving, he gave me his *boutonnère*
Of violets with quite a chivalrous air.
Madame la Baronne, Louise, and Pau Van
Came about five ; later, Madame Sainton.

13TH.

For every man that Nannie had a letter, brought by M. Pierre
Bolingbroke hath From Countess Wratishaw. All was not fair :
press'd, She had been ill, could not go out,
To lift shrewd steel Having caught cold the last time, about,
against our golden crown, That she had been here. She relates,
God for his Richard hath Amongst chit-chat, that which latest dates,
in heavenly pay That Countess Caserta gave birth to a prince ;
A glorious angel ; then, The last of her ten was born ten years since.
if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for
heaven still guards the
right.

Richard II., iii. 2.

15TH.

Madame Duguid came at eleven to read.
A present of violets from Colonel's nephew
received.
Madame Willink called somewhat later,
But did not stay long, *parceque, peut-être*,
She saw Mrs. Duguid had ceased reading.
Then the Colonel calls from the meeting
At Mrs. Black's. He brought some lamb to us,
or me.

Alack ! when once our
grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right ; we
would, and we would
not.

*Measure for
Measure*, iv. 4.

Save bidding farewell to
so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard.

Richard II., ii. 2.

Mrs. Duguid then went away, at *midi*,
Ere she had finished the sweet story
Of 'The Bonnie Briar Bush.' Then came
Mrs. Milne and Cissy,
And, when at *déjeuner*, the Countess Wratislaw
Came to see us, returning *en route*
From Caserta's villa, where she'd been to
inquire.
We had a pleasant visit, full of fire.
Florence Layard came, who brings her amuse-
ment
Always on board ; then, after supper, Madame
Sainton rings.

18TH.

Miss Black came with the *Standard*—
A bundle—she has her reward
In doing only good. Madame Willink called
too,
In the forenoon, ere I was on view.
Little Marie came with violets *après*,
When the Countess was here after *déjeuner*.
She was not long gone when the Layards
arrive
With Mr. FitzGerald ; then took him for a
drive.
The Layards returned, and sat on a good
while.
Nannie saw the Spanish Duke's style ;
Flo had the good fortune of pointing him out.
Nan says he is tall, handsome, and stout.

Leontes: Are you so
fond of your young
prince? . . .

Polixenes: If at home,
sir,

He's all my exercise, my
mirth, my matter ;

Now my sworn friend,
and then mine enemy,

My parasite, my soldier,
statesman, all.

He makes a July's day
short as December :

And with his varying
childness cures in me

Thoughts that would
thick my blood.

*Winter's
Tale*, i. 2.

' We see all sights from pole to pole,
And glance, and nod, and bustle by,
And never once possess our soul
Before we die.'

21ST.

Nannie went to Miss Hoste in the forenoon
To talk of 'Sheba's' as rather a boon.

Florence told Nan there had been a 'Hill' row
with Lady Synge—

Her favourite plan *nil*, as Flo has of affection no
tinge.

Madame Willink's brother called after three ;
Then Madame Swerdrup came to tea,
And Baronne Servatius with her daughter
Hélène ;

Happily Herr von Son spoke French *en grand*
train.

Then Miss Layard was here for awhile :

Later Ida enters in bonnie style.

Madame Willink and brother rise to leave ;

Madame La Barrone and her daughter

Sit on with us, and Madame Swerdrup till
later.

22ND.

The Perrys came, but did not long stay ;

When the Colonel called they fled away.

He wished to know if we saw him pass

With the Layards. Ida saw us at the glass,

She thought, and bowed and waved a kiss.

24TH.

Mistral, but not bad. Nannie went to French church. Pasteur Bonnefon preached a very good sermon. He spoke of the common mistake people in Roman Catholic countries make in thinking that, because there are so many more Roman Catholics than Protestants, theirs must be the best religion.

26TH.

Nannie out twice in the forenoon ;

She met Harvey FitzGerald soon,

He that loves to be
flattered is worthy o'
the flatterer. Heavens,
that I were a lord !
Timon of Athens,
i. i.

Advance our waving
colours on the walls !
Rescu'd is Orleans. . . .
Thus Joan la Pucelle
hath perform'd her
word.

Divinest creature, bright
Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee
for this success ?
France, triumph in thy
glorious prophetess !
Recover'd is the town of
Orleans :
More blessed hap did
ne'er befall our state.
Henry IV., i. 6.

When he had done, some
followers of mine own,
At lower end of the hall,
hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices
cried, 'God save King
Richard!'

And thus I took the 'van-
tage of those few.

'Thanks, gentle citizens,
and friends,' quoth I;

'This general applause,
and cheerful shout. . . .

Richard III., iii. 7.

Who told her his uncle was *indisposé*—

In fact, was in bed yesterday.

Mrs. Black left *Standard* on her way

Into town. Then the Colonel appears ;

He is much better, and gave three cheers.

Nannie called on Countess Wratislaw,

Whom she in her reception-room saw.

A letter from Tom came about half-past three—

A nice long one written from him to me.

Herr von Eynatten's mother is still alive.

What comfort from it he must derive !

27TH.

Mistral and sunshine.

Reading in the forenoon.

The Countess called soon

After *déjeuner* to see how we were.

Later, when drawing, near four,

Florence and Harvey FitzGerald ring at the
door.

We were fascinated to see her and let her
know

That she might tell of the Countess's *tableau*,

Which is to be at the convent for sale on
show.

I will keep my state ;
Be like a king, and show
my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in
my throne of France,
For that I have laid by
my majesty,
And plodded like a man
for working days,
But I will rise there with
so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the
eyes of France.

Henry V., i. 2.

Somerset: No, Plan-
tagenet,

'Tis not for fear, but
anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to
counterfeit our roses.

Plantagenet: Hath not
thy rose a canker,
Somerset?

Somerset: Hath not thy
rose a thorn, Plan-
tagenet?

Plantagenet: Ay, sharp
and piercing, to main-
tain his truth,

Whiles thy consuming
canker eats his false-
hood.

i *Henry VI.*, ii. 4.

28TH.

The Colonel brought the *Times* early to-day,

But as others were waiting, he did not stay.

I copied from it the Confirmation

Of the Bishop of London, and the protestation

By Mr. John Kensit—a brave man and true,

To stand up before all and to do as few do.

30TH.

A fine bright day ;

The world passing by us in bright array.

Copying from the Colonel's *Mining Engineers'*
Journal

An ardent and gushing description, in all,
Of Cecil Rhodes and his famous oration,
Which had delighted the whole British nation.
Susie Black leaving, the Layards enter—
Mrs. and Ida, the head and centre
Of the family here, at least, just now.
They had tea and talked, but 'Irrepressible
Flo'

As true as steel. . . .
As sun to-day. . . .
As iron to adamant, as
earth to the centre.
Yet after all comparisons
of truth,
As truth's authentic
author to be cited,
'As true as Troilus' shall
crown up the verse,
And sanctify the num-
bers.

*Troilus and
Cressida*, iii. 2.

(As her own style her) did not come.
She had gone to Lady Synges 'At Home.'

FEBRUARY 1ST.

Madame Sainton came before seven o'clock.
The Servatius' servants have been packed off in
a flock.

She is a brave woman, from what one can see,
And may bring order to reign in Pinede.
I read aloud one of the 'Martian' numbers.

Which of the peers
Hath uncondemn'd gone
by him, or at least
Strangely neglected?
When did he regard
The stamp of nobleness
in any person,
Out of himself?

Henry VIII., iii. 2.

It makes one sad; no chance of slumber
When reading it. There is a *triste* vein
Runs through it all. But I would fain
Relate that Madame Swerdrup called after
three,

And then the Colonel, with *Times* for Nannie.
Madame Willink we then were glad to see;
She said her brother was going to drive
To Madame Capron's, who has reception
Each Monday *soir, dans la saison*.

2ND.

A letter from Madeleine du Maurier,
In which she writes to Nannie to say
She hopes to come on Wednesday,
About half-past eleven, if she may.
Later Mr. FitzGerald and the Colonel,

Surry: Your long coat,
priest, protects you:
thou should'st feel

My sword i' the life-blood
of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear
this arrogance?

And from this fellow? If
we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a
piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his
grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap,
like larks.

Wolsey: All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Surry: Yes, that good-
ness

Of gleanings all the land's
wealth into one,

Into your own hands,
cardinal, by extortion;

The goodness of your
intercepted packets,

You writ to the pope,
against the king; your
goodness

Since you provoke me,
shall be most notorious.

Henry VIII., iii. 2.

. . . Afford no extra-
ordinary gaze

Such as is bent on sun-
like majesty,

When it shines seldom in
admiring eyes.

Henry IV., iii. 2.

To look upon the holy
sun, to have

The benefit of his bless'd
beams remaining.

Cymbeline, iv. 4.

Who, I? alas! it is my
vice, my fault:

While others fish with
raft for great opinion,

I with great truth catch
mere simplicity;

Whilst some with cun-
ning gild their copper
crowns,

With truth and plain-
ness I do wear mine
bare.

Fear not my truth: the
moral of my wit

Is plain, and true—there's
all the reach of it.

Troilus and

Cressida, iv. 3.

Mrs. Perry and Gracie, and commotion well,
In which it turns out they are both very
'High,'

In which Nan argued, and I could but sigh.

Florence and Ida followed each other,

And then hurried off to join their mother.

As it was warm, and *déjeuner* over,

I for the first time go out to recover

My strength; since 16th of December,

First time, if I can rightly remember.

3RD.

A fine and bright though breezy day,

Where the sun again holds sway.

Nannie went to meet Miss du Maurier;

She comes from Nice all the way.

The Countess was here when Madeleine and
Nan appeared.

After *déjeuner* we go for a drive

With Mrs. Willink, and derive

Much benefit from the warm air

From the height of California fair.

From St. George's Church we turn *le voiture*,

And then on the Antibes road to Beau-Site take

A five-franc drive. Harvey came *sogleich*,

And Madeleine seemed not to dislike

About two minutes, or more, *peut-être*.

Mrs. Layard and Ida came in later.

4TH.

The weather is very beautiful, with much sun-
shine,

And of rain there is not a sign.

'Après le déjeuner nous sommes sortis,'

And went to the *Allée*, the music to hear,

But on our way stopped to watch a man draw

Circles and fish without a flaw.

Returning, Harvey joined our walk,
 And seemed in good spirits. He had a talk
 Of Madeleine, if she caught the train,
 And of the Layards in the same strain.
 We met Marie Willink twice on our way—
 Madame was in bed all yesterday.
 Then Mr. Orde joined us, and came in,
 While Mr. FitzGerald, looking rosy, not thin,
 Went to his home at Donate Rose,
 To join his uncle, we may suppose.
 We had tea for Mr. Orde and ourselves.
 Mrs. Milne came then with a sad tale: nice
 Captain Theodore Georges died suddenly of
 heart disease.
 Miss Milne went off at three o'clock to comfort
 her sister,
 And his poor mother, our dear Mary—to assist
 Her in her pain! Ah me! love! pride! joy!
 Crushed, humiliated; everything gone in her
 boy!

5TH.

Mrs. Perry and the Colonel called at the same
 hour;
 Nannie received them in our glass bower,
 As Mrs. Duguid was reading for me
 The continuation of the Scotch story.
 The Colonel told Nannie how ill Kitty Ham-
 mond is,
 And her father's expected at Cannes; this
 Hope cheers her; she is her brother's nurse—
 Noble, sweet, ready for all self-sacrifice.
 Gladly we'd see her restored if 'tis God's will,
 But life is steadily waning still.
 Nannie went to visit the Bonnetons,
 But 'twas not reception, Wednesday alone.

Thus play I, in one per-
 son, many people,
 And none contented:
 sometimes am I king;
 Then, treason makes me
 wish myself a beggar,
 And so I am: then crush-
 ing penury
 Persuades me I was better
 when a king:
 Then, am I king'd again;
 and, by-and-by,
 Think that I am unking'd
 by Bolingbroke,
 And straight am nothing.
 —But whate'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any man, that
 but man is,
 With nothing shall be
 pleas'd, till he be eas'd
 With being nothing.
Richard II., v. 5.

* Crowns have their com-
 pass, length of days
 their date,
 Triumphs their tomb,
 felicity her fate:
 Of nought but earth can
 earth make us par-
 taker,
 But knowledge makes a
 king most like his
 maker.*

6TH.

Nannie went to call on Mrs. Milne to-day,
 And in the time that she was away
 Countess Wratislaw called and left the *Gaulois*
 For Nannie to read—but it has the flaw
 Of being written by Herbert Spencer, enemy
 To the British high aristocracy.

Your grace shall pardon
 me ; I will not back :
 I am too high-born to be
 propertied,
 To be a secondary at
 control,
 Or useful serving-man,
 and instrument,
 To any sovereign state
 throughout the world.
King John, v. 2.

Colonel FitzGerald came in before noon
 And sat awhile ; he found Mrs. Duguid's card
 in his room.

Then when we were on the Place de la Liberté
 We saw two parties try to attract attention—
 One drawing, one mesmerizing, and I forget to
 mention

Ida and Claude Cuthbert were here when we
 came back ;

We had tea together and French *barmbrack*.

10TH.

We went to the MacAll Mission at St. Andrew's ;
 Mr. Minto opened it with prayer. Dr. Therbury
 Spoke with verve—said of the thirty million
 French only six hundred thousand were Pro-
 testant.

I heard thee speak me a
 speech once ; but it
 was never acted ; or,
 if it was, not above
 once, for the play, I
 remember, pleased not
 the million.

Hamlet, ii. 2.

Mr. Webber spoke of the work in Cannes.
 Nannie went to Mrs. Willink's Bible meditation.

12TH.

Colonel FitzGerald was here after *midi* ;
 They are soon going to Italy.
 He took the *Times* to send to his brother
 In New Zealand, where, in Auckland, lives the
 other.

Soon after dinner *nous sommes sortis*.

Nannie left us to accompany Sue
 To Madame Willink's. They remained to tea.

The FitzGeralds and brother were both there too.

Roman : So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

You take my part from me, sir.

Polce : I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Roman : Well, let us go together.

Coriolanus,
iv. 3.

. . . Give me that man
That is not passion's slave,
and I will wear him

In my heart's core, ay, in
my heart of hearts.

Hamlet, iii. 2.

Met the Swerdrups, then Madame de Ponlevoy
Joined, and spoke to me. Later, *tous les trois*
Perrys took Nan to Gray and d'Albion Hôtel.

She met Gertrude and Miss MacDonnell.

She found former attractive and kind,

Very glad to be thought like her father in mind

And manner. She and the chaperone

Leave to-morrow on their bicycles for Bordighera,

Stopping at Monte Carlo, of which beware.

13TH.

Countess Wratislaw came and stayed some time
Talking to Mrs. Duguid ; then both, as in rhyme,
Began to quiz me o'er the bird's song,
Saying, they could not distinguish the words
sung

Of 'God save the Queen' ; but as I think they
ne'er heard him,

That could not be such a wonderful thing.

It was near one when Nannie came back ;

I was rather anxious, as now, alack !

There are robbers about, being near Carnival.

So triumph thieves upon
their conquer'd booty ;
So true men yield, with
robbers so o'ermatch'd.

3 *Henry VI.*, i. 4.

Queen : It may be so ;
but yet my inward
soul

Persuades me, it is other-
wise. Howe'er it be,

I cannot but be sad : so
heavy sad,

As—though in thinking
on no thought I think—
Makes me with heavy
nothing faint and
shrink.

Bushy : 'Tis nothing but
conceit, my gracious
lady.

Queen : 'Tis nothing less
. . . mine is not so,

For . . . something hath
the nothing that I
grieve :

'Tis in reversion that I
do possess.

But what it is, that is
not yet known ; what

I cannot name : 'tis name-
less woe, I wot.

Richard II., ii. 2.

16TH.

The day is fine, so the guns boom forth
To show that the *bataille des fleurs* will be worth
Going to see. Colonel FitzGerald called to say
That the news of Kitty Hammond was worse
to-day.

Later the Countess appeared, quite sad,

Saying that Galentini was dead,

From a few days' illness—*refroidissement*.

He made no profession of religion :

That was the cause of her *Herzensschmerz*.

Jeanne went to the train to meet Miss Du Maurier,
 But missed her, as latter arrived on the way.
 We dined, and then guests began to arrive,
 Before the carriages were seen on the drive.
 Some were prettily *decorées*; the sweetest of all
 Was the miniature *voiture* of young MacDougall
 And young de Beneson, with a large white
 umbrella
 Over it, and drawn by two *petits ânes*. But I
 could not tell all,
 Nor half of the *voitures*. The Cumberland
 Girls, dressed in white, made also a pretty sight.

19TH.

I slept till nearly five a.m., soothed by *remède*.
 I felt better. The Countess and Mrs. Duguid
 Were here together, the Countess first,
 But went away oppressed with the fear
 That she might interrupt the readings;
 But Mrs. D. soon changed the proceedings,
 As she had to go with her cousin to buy
 Mourning quickly; she had also to try
 To consult with a dressmaker, too.
 So left the book with me to read the few
 Pages, and the Countess returned, being on the
 way
 To inquire how the Cumberlands liked their
 stay
 In their hôtel. Sue then came to see Mrs.
 Duguid.
 Hearing she had gone away, was disappointed.
Après dinner Nan and I slept till 'Pretty Polly,'
 gruff,
 Made a noise to waken us, saying, 'Get up!'

Dicky, your boy, that,
 with his grumbling
 voice,
 Was wont to cheer his
 dad in mutinies?
 3 *Henry VI.*, i 4.

20TH.

Mrs. Perry called ; then Harvey with 'Czar violets'

For Nannie and me—two grand bouquets.

Then the Colonel came in at one door,

And Mrs. P. left by the other ; lonely would be our floor

If we started *un jour fixe*—

For real friends it's worse than *nichts*.

Madame Willink came soon after *déjeuner* :

She brought a pot of 'Rakahout,' but could not stay

Long, as the doctor she had called to see Marie's arm,

To see if the vaccine was good, and should cause no harm.

When leaving, Sue entered by glass vestibule.

Florence came to leave her umbrella here

While she went on her tricycle, not with

Mr. H, dear,

But the Cuthberts this time. She returned later—ha ! well,

If I had more room, Flo dear, I'd write more *peut-être*.

MARCH 4TH.

Kitty Hammond died at three o'clock this morning.

Gone home to her Saviour ; all her friends left mourning.

We trust she has shaken off the dust of this pilgrimage.

Troubles come in battalions. Rev. Bonnefon, our Pasteur sage,

Suddenly ill, and at once operated on—

Great men,
That had a court no
bigger than this cave,
That did attend them-
selves, and had the
virtue
Which their own con-
science seal'd them
(laying by)
That nothing gift of differ-
ing multitudes,
Could not out-peer these
twain.

Cymbeline, iii. 6.

Carlisle: That honour-
able day shall ne'er be
seen.

Many a time hath
banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious
Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of
the Christian cross

Against black pagans,
Turks, and Saracens ;

And toil'd with works of
war, retir'd himself

To Italy, and there, at
Venice, gave

His body to that pleasant
country's earth,

And his pure soul unto
his captain Christ,

Under whose colours he
had fought so long.

Bolingbroke: Why,
bishop, is Norfolk
dead?

Carlisle: As surely as I
live, my lord.

Bolingbroke: Sweet
peace conduct his
sweet soul to the
bosom

Of good old Abraham.

Richard II., iv. 1.

Prince John: My lord,
these griefs shall be
with speed redress'd;
. . . If this may please
you,

Discharge your powers
unto their several
counties,

As we will ours; and
here, between the
armies,

Let's drink together
friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may
bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and
amity.

Archbishop: I take your
princely word for these
redresses.

Prince John: I give it
you, and will maintain
my word.

2 Henry IV., iv. 2.

Appendicitis; crowds inquiring for him.

When Jeanne called, too soon to know whether
he'd recover.

9TH.

This morning early arrival of Sue,
And, when she left, the Colonel too.

Jeanne had been with twenty francs to bazaar;
In cakes and jam it went very far.

We made Sue take some of the shortbread
And butterscotch—Nan ordered all they had.

Terrible consternation amongst the clients
To find all gone. The personal friends
Reproached Nan, on whom it had been
pressed,

So she laughingly the wrong redressed,
And gave away half of the goods possessed.

11TH.

Sue came for her shawl. She had decided
To go out boating instead
Of coming to see the battle of flowers.
Then, after some few but swift hours,
We went into Winter Gardens to see show
And receive guests, should they not find it too
slow.

The Mintos, with Dr. Wilson and wife,
Were the first to appear to view floral strife.
Annie Minto is changed, but a sweet woman
still.

Her husband, joking, hints she does not bow to
his will;

The children they've left with their grand-
mother

At Brighton. Mrs. Layard, Ida, and Miss
Lugard

Arrived ; then Mr. Simpson and Madame
Sainton

Made up the sum. Mr. S. was the last one.

With whom yourself, my-
self, and other lords,
If you think meet, this
afternoon will post
To consummate this
business happily.
King John, v. 7.

The carriages were *belles*, but we missed the
Prince ;

We found out by the *Courier* since
That he had gone to greet the Queen,
Who at three o'clock was to be seen.

13TH.

Baronne Servatius told us of the decease
Of M. de Cassembrodt ; quite sudden his
death

Must have been ; we may hear later
Of what he died—influenza, *peut-être*—
Which is going about, but poor ' Le Beau '
Has had many trials of late, we know.

15TH.

Colonel FitzGerald called before mid-day ;
Mrs. Perry and Gracie a short time *après*.

See, see, King Richard
doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing
discontented sun
From out the fiery portal
of the east.
When he perceives the
envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to
stain the track
Of his bright passage to
the accident.
Richard II., iii. 3.

Latter told us the *Ailsa* had burst her mainsail,
Which *Unglück* the owner has cause to bewail.
The weather is rather stormy and wet ;

Nautical men must surely regret,
As it is not good for yacht-racing to-day.

Madame Willink came in, in her bright, cheerful
way.

16TH.

Sharp physick is the last :
but, O you powers !
That give heaven count-
less eyes to view men's
acts,
Why cloud they not their
sights perpetually,
If this be true, which
makes me pale to read
it?

Pericles, i. 1.

The day is wet and chill and dreary ;
Armenian massacres make one weary.
In the newspapers to-day
Ten thousand victims there, they say.
Why do the Powers permit the Turks to slay
The Armenians in this cruel way ?

17TH.

Boat-racing going on, or, rather, yacht—
Ailsa and *Britannia*—so former got
 A new sail ready, I should suppose,
 And all is again *coulour de rose*.
 Sue Bunge was here and La Comtesse ;
 I only saw former, I must confess,
 As latter was in the drawing-room with Nannie,
 Whom she especially wished to see.
 I wrote before two o'clock a letter to Milly,
 While Nannie was writing to brother Tommy.
 Afternoon, *mistral*. Mrs. Milne came here ;
 She is very nice, full of good cheer.
 Later her daughter joined our party.
 She looks better, we are glad to see.
 The English air has done her good,
 And, perhaps more, the English food.
 When they left, Prince and party passed by,
 But I did not see them 'with my little eye.'

Fair be to you, my lord,
 and to all this fair
 company ! fair desires,
 in all fair measure,
 fairly guide them !
 especially to you, fair
 queen.

*Troilus and
 Cressida*, iii. 1.

Thus droops this lofty
 pine, and hangs his
 sprays.

2 Henry VI., ii. 3.

18TH.

'Après déjeuner nous sommes sortis,
 L'Exposition des Fleurs and Royalty
 To take in review, but could not tell
 Who's who, only guess, however, pretty well.
 N. heard from the Colonel that the Swerdrups
 had gone ;
 He found their card outside our door on a
 stone—
 'P.P.C.' on it. They leave once more
 For Christiania, on their northern shore.
 The Scotts (Miss Oxley's friends) from Singa-
 pore
 Chatting with me at Exposition des Fleurs.
 We saw, perhaps, Prince Christian of Denmark,
 But are still much in the dark.

. . . I have seen a medi-
 cine
 That's able to breathe life
 into a stone.

Quicken a rock . . .
 whose simple touch
 Is powerful to araise
 King Pepin, nay,
 To give great Charlemain
 a pen in 's hand,
 And write to her a love-
 line.

*All's Well that
 Ends Well*, ii. 1.

Sue came in about half-past five ;
 She had been to take a drive.
 Then Countess Tilliancourt
 Came to visit us once more.

19TH.

Messenger : My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,

You do prepare to ride unto St. Albans,
 Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Gloster : I go. Come, Nell; thou wilt ride with us?

Duchess : Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

2 Henry VI., i. 2.

The Duchess of Cumberland and daughters
 two

Are quiet in manner and gentle to view.

Lady Brougham made room for the Duchess

In her carriage. She evidently said 'Yes';

But when *Britannia* appears

The ladies-in-waiting crowded all,

And the Duchess and her children went
 through

To go on board, where she kissed the Prince,

Then Prince Christian, who'd put on his coat,
 since

He had been helping the sailors on board,

Hauling the ropes with a will and accord.

He's a fine young fellow, with black hair, and
 tall,

And did not seem to mind work, great or
 small.

23RD.

I read and studied ; then La Comtesse arrives

And Colonel FitzGerald, who still derives

Pleasure in coming to visit us both.

La Comtesse was also not very loth

To converse with *un homme intelligent*.

They are homœopathists, and know what they
 want.

24TH.

They tell us sad news of Pasteur Bonnefon ;

He is very low, danger not gone.

Such men are a blessing to their nation,

By the bare scalp of Robin
 Hood's fat friar,
 This fellow were a king
 for our wild faction.

*Two Gentlemen of
 Verona, iv. 1.*

Thou princely leader of
our English strength
Never so needful on the
earth of France.

1 *Henry VI.*, iv. 3.

And to each and all in their congregation.
N. painting me from the porch, on the Croisette ;
Later, the Prince's carriage passed—before N.
could get

In much of a snapshot, pencil or brush,
Though he never drives in a very great rush.

25TH.

Madame Willink *est arrivée*, and we had tea ;
Nannie gave her a paper *plein d'intérêt*.
Later the Prince passed by in a landau,
And was shaking his little dog's paw.

A braver soldier never
couched lance.

A gentler heart did never
sway in court.

1 *Henry VI.*, iii. 2.

'Twas his Irish terrier, 'Jack,' in full state,
That was seated on the cushion opposite.

It was a pretty sight. The Prince was dressed
in fashions late :

A brown ulster, soft hat, and, *comme toujours*,
serene,

As the real gentleman is always seen.

We must be gentle, now
we are gentlemen.

*Taming of the
Shrew*, v. 2.

The reverse bespeaks not gentleness,
And our Prince is all politeness.

26TH.

This being the Duke of Cambridge's birthday,
Queen Victoria came from Nice all the way,
Her congratulations in person to convey.
Our Empress Queen, our well-loved Queen,
In this her Diamond Jubilee year we've seen.
Miss Oxley in her chair, and I in mine,
With respective attendants and *lieb Schwesterlein*,
We mount Rue de Fréjus, and wait on the
crest of the hill :

The appellant in all duty
greet's your highness,
And craves to kiss your
hand.

Richard II., i. 3.

See Prince Christian and his young bride-elect
fill

Up the time driving about in their basket-
phaeton. Still

More guests pass, then quiet and a thrill !—

Holy and heavenly
thoughts still counsel
her;

She shall be lov'd, and
fear'd: her own shall
bless her;

Her foes shake like a field
of beaten corn,

And hang their heads
with sorrow: good
grows with her.

In her days every man
shall eat in safety

Under his own vine what
he plants; and sing

The merry songs of peace
to all his neighbours.

God shall be truly known;
and those about her

From her shall read the
perfect ways of honour,

And by those claim their
greatness not by blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep
with her: but as when

The bird of wonder dies,
the maiden phoenix,

Her ashes new create
another heir,

As great in admiration as
herself;

So shall she leave her
blessedness to one

(When heaven shall call
her from this cloud of
darkness)

Who, from the sacred
ashes of her honour,

Shall star-like rise, as
great in fame as she
was.

And so stand fixed.
Peace, plenty, love,

truth, terror,
That were the servants

to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and

like a vine grow to him.
Wherever the bright sun

of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the great-

ness of his name
Shall be, and make

new nations; he shall
flourish,

And, like a mountain
cedar, reach his

branches
To all the plains about

him. Our children's
children

Shall see this, and bless
heaven . . .

She shall be, to the hap-
piness of England,

An aged princess; many
days shall see her,

And yet no day without
a deed to crown it.

Henry VIII., v. 4.

A carriage with an Indian passes. We see
The Queen's own private secretary.

Lo! an outrider on a prancing grey appears;

We're glad that the steep hill interferes—

Even superb Royal greys cannot go so fast.

To the Hôtel du Parc 'the Diamond Queen'
has passed.

Beside her, her lately widowed child,

Princess Beatrice; opposite, Lady Amphyll, as
Maid

Of Honour. It would have been a goodly sight,

But, alas! thick crape veils against the light,

We could not see, nor smile, nor frown!

The Prince of Wales and Princess Louise,

Smiling and chatting, follow swiftly to please

Their Queen by being in time.

The Indian aids to descend and climb.

The Queen of Hanover and Princess Marie,

Whom she had also come to see,

Were assembled to receive her in great state.

The last to arrive was the *birthday child*—

'Our cousin George of Cambridge,' styled.

We then return to the Villa del Sole.

Nan was in the parlour. Hark! wheels roll!

I call to her; *cortège* flies by,

Outrider first, then Queen and all veils lifted high.

But so swiftly have they passed,

That Nan can only see the last

As they turn round the garden rail

Of Gray and d'Albion Hôtel.

Even then we nearly fail

To see our Queen and Princess well.

Now the Jubilee year draws to its close,

We have seen Her, and who knows,

When the bells toll the old year out,

If to nineteen hundred and eight

She will be spared? God knows best

For the nation's peace and rest,
And she in blessing, shall herself be blest.

28TH.

Fine bright day ; yet I had to stay
From all churches away, not being well.
Nannie to the *Église Française*, and returned in
roseate hue,
With the good news that Pasteur Bonnefon *va*
mieux.

Entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with
quick and merry words.
Richard III., i. 3.

I saw the Prince and Fortescue pass by on
their way
To St. George's Church, where to-day
The memorial anniversary of the Duke of
Albany is held. Sue came in to dine ;
She asked Nannie to show her in time
The Prince on his yacht *Britannia*,
As she had never seen him yet ; and others
scored.

Hotspur : Tell me, tell
me,
How show'd his tasking ?
seem'd it in contempt ?
I'ernon : No, by my soul ;
I never in my life
Did hear a challenge
urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should
a brother dare
To gentle exercise and
proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties
of a man,
Trim'd up your praises
with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings
like a chronicle,
Making you ever better
than his praise,
By still dispraising praise,
valued with you.
1 *Henry IV.*, v. 2.

He had quite a large luncheon-party on board.
They, Sue and Nannie, could see from their stand
The Prince helping the Queen of Hanover, cap
in hand,
Up the cabin stairs. All wrote their names
down,
And 'Albert' had blotting-paper, which, when
done,
He, like a consul, neatly blotted with the paper.
Then, when they were returning, Sue looked
round her,
And had a good view of the 'pleasantest of
Princes' ;

So Sue had her wish, and our loyalty convinces.

Virtues shining upon
others
Heat them, and they re-
port that heat again
To the first giver.
Troilus and
Cressida, iii. 3.

APRIL 2ND.—MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Alice Latimer has won the Taylor scholarship ;
It's a £50 prize—not bad in her eyes.

In the afternoon we saw the young Prince of
Cumberland
Pass in his chair with his father and mother
and
Two little brothers, and a deaconess—
Rather stormy weather for an invalid, I guess.

A TRANSLATION OF THE OLD SONG OUR ITALIAN
MAID JEANNE SANG FOR 'JACKO.'

There's matter in these sighs: these profound
heaves
You must translate; 'tis
fit we understand them.
Hamlet, iv. 1.
Yet seem'd it winter still,
and, you away,
As with your shadow I
with these did play.
Sonnet xcviii.

Winter is gone ;
April no longer is here ;
But May has come back
With the cuckoo's song :
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo !
May has come back
With the cuckoo's song.

The sea-bird
Knows no longer how to sing,
And flies away crying,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo ! etc.

Then give me welcome,
next my heaven the
best,
Even to the pure, and
most, most loving
breast.
Sonnet cx.

My pretty one is at the window
Looking up and down,
And waiting her *fiancé*

With the cuckoo's song :
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo !
May has come back
With the cuckoo's song.

6TH.

Countess Wratislaw early to-day :
Fortunately, Nannie was not away.
I had been copying *C.M. Intelligence*
About the terrible misadventure
In Indian Mutiny forty years since.

For, in
My knowing, Timon has
been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with
his purse,
Supported his estate :
nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their
wages : he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads
upon his lips ;
And yet (O, see the
monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an
ungrateful shape !)
He does deny him, in
respect of his,
What charitable men
afford to beggars.
Timon of Athens,
iii. 2.

When the Countess came we spoke of Duke
and Prince.

There was in the afternoon a *mistral*,
But we visit Countess Tilliancourt after all.
The Rev. and Mrs. Gedge were just leaving
The Hotel. I scarcely knew them — hardly
retrieving

My mistake till they were nearly gone.
The Countess with Nannie and the Gedges had
come down ;
M. Marbou was also in the garden ; the Countess
and N. sat

Both with me, and then we bade her farewell.

8TH.

Miss Orde painting in the garden.
Mrs. Duguid, bright and gay, came at eleven,
Reading for me ' Mary Ogilvie.'
The man came before two, punctually,
And we started to see the ' Pastoral Play,'
Profits for Sunny-Bank Hospital *donnée*.

What pageantry, what
feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and
pretty din,
The regent made in
Mitylen,
To greet the king.
Pericles, v. 2.

On the Boulevard Midi we were nigh blown
away,

But arrived on tennis court of Bellevue Hôtel,
Which for a theatre suits splendidly well.
Mr. March gave us suitable seats, too,
From which we had a very good view ;
' The well ' being opposite to us below,
While on the terrace herbs and trees grow.
Mrs. Perry and Mademoiselle Servatius and
friend

Join our party, and then in the end
The Royal Prince and court appear.
' Where is it ? ' said the former. ' Oh, there ?'
The arrangement was strange ; singers out of
sight ;
The actors in colours orientally bright—

(' Eliezer seeks Rebecca for Isaac ').

Speak the speech, I pray
you, as I pronounced it
to you, trippingly on
the tongue ; but if you
mouth it, as many of
your players do, I had
as lief the town-crier
spoke my lines. Nor
do not saw the air too
much with your hand,
thus ; but use all gen-
tly : for in the very
torrent, tempest, and
(as I may say) whirl-
wind of passion, you
must acquire and beget
a temperance, that may
give it smoothness. O !
it offends me to the
soul, to hear a robus-
tious periwig-pated
fellow tear a passion to
tatters, to very rags, to
split the ears of the
groundlings ; who, for
the most part, are
capable of nothing but
inexplicable dumb
shows.

Let your own discretion
be your tutor : suit the
action to the word, the
word to the action.
Now, this overdone, or
come tardy off, though
it make the un-kilful
laugh, cannot but make
the judicious grieve ; the
censure of which one
must, in your allow-
ance, o'erweigh a whole
theatre of others.

Hamlet, iii. 2.

Prove true, imagination,
O ! prove true.

Twelfth Night,
iii. 4.

You all know security
Is mortal's chiefest
enemy.

Macbeth, iii. 5.

They acted the scenes in *Mienenspiel*,
Which was rather a pity, as I am sure they
would feel
More acutely if they sang the words.
We were guarded by ropes and cords,
But little protection from camels or *chameaux*
It they once took it into their heads to go
For the audience. One little donkey was very
gay,
Racing around the tree whilst the play
Was solemnly acted *autour de la source*
The sublime and ridiculous caused smiles, of
course.

RECITATIF.

Rebecca : Mon âme en ce jour
Avait éprouvé une grande joie,
Et mon cœur me prédisait,
Qu'avant la fin du jour,
De bonnes nouvelles me parvien-
draient.
Souvent dans mon sommeil
Des visions de ton image me hantaient,
O bien-aimé,
Souvent mon imagination m'a montré
Ta main serrant la mienne,
Ton doux baiser sur mon front,
Et volontairement, joyeusement,
Heureuse de ton amour,
Je viens !

AIR ET CHŒUR.

Rebecca : Ni crainte ni doute
Ne demeurent en moi.
Mon cœur ne connaît que la joie.
Seigneur, tu m'appelles,
Tu commandes.
Heureuse, joyeuse, bénie, je viens.

I have forgot my father :
 I know no touch of con-
 sanguinity,
 No kin, no love, no
 blood, no soul, so near
 me
 As the sweet Troilus.
*Troilus and
 Cressida*, iv. 2.

Foyer paternel, je te quitte,
 Alliés et parents ;
 Ma vie passée s'évanouit comme un rêve.
 Regardez l'aurore
 Qui éclaire mon avenir,
 Brillant des rayons d'un premier amour.

Père Celeste,
 Aimant et bienfaisant,
 Dans cet avenir si proche ;
 Bénis ma maison,
 Chéris tous les miens,
 Entends mes louanges, entends mes
 prières.

DUO.—ISAAC AND REBECCA.

Either was the other's
 mine.

Isaac : Oh, fleur de la verte, prairie,
 Beauté sauvage et gracieuse,
 Comme un rêve brillant tu viens à moi,
 Et tu remplis de lumière l'air lui-
 même.
 J'élève mes yeux vers le ciel
 En le remerciant de cette nouvelle
 faveur ;
 Non comme ton maître, mais rempli
 d'amour,
 J'ose te demander d'être à moi.

Rebecca : Oh ! cèdre de la pleine déserte,
 S'élevant majestueusement vert ;
 Me reposer sous ton ombre protec-
 trice
 C'est là que je voudrais vivre et
 mourir
 Ma paupière retombe du ciel
 Confiante en sa seule volonté ;

A book ? O rare one !
 Be not, as is our fangled
 world, a garment
 Nobler than that it
 covers : let thy effects
 So follow to be most un-
 like our courtiers,
 As good as promise.
Cymbeline, v. 4.

Oui, comme mon Seigneur, et remplie
d'amour,
Oh ! prends-moi, garde-moi comme
ton bien.

CHŒUR.

Great God of heaven, say
Amen to all !

O ! now, let Richmond
and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of
each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance
conjoin together !

And let their heirs (God,
if thy will be so)

Enrich the time to
come with smooth-fac'd
peace,

With smiling plenty, and
fair prosperous days !

Abate the edge of traitors,
gracious Lord,

That would reduce these
bloody days again,

And make poor England
weep in streams of
blood !

Let them not live to taste
this land's increase

That would with treason
wound this fair land's
peace !

Now civil wounds are
stopp'd, peace lives
again :

That she may long live
here, God say amen !

Richard III., v. 4.

For thee watch I, whilst
thou dost wake else-
where,

From me far off ; with
others all too near.

Sonnet LXii.

Protèges-les, Dieu Puissant, pour toujours,

Prends-les tes ailes puissantes ;

Envoie les anges de ton ciel étincelant,

Leur porter le bonheur et ta bénédiction.

Le Seigneur est bon et tout puissant ;

Sa miséricorde a toujours béni.

Nos cantiques qui montent vers lui

Et qui chantent ses louanges et nos actions
de grâce.

RECITATIVE (*translation*).

Rebecca : My soul this day

Has been in joyous tumult,

And my heart foretold,

Ere the night should come,

Glad tidings should be brought

Unto me !

Ofttimes in sleep

Have visions of thine image bless'd
me,

O beloved !

Ofttimes hath fancy pictur'd to my
soul

Thy hand enclasp'd in mine,

Thy loving kiss upon my brow ;

And freely, gladly to thy love

I come !

AIR AND CHORUS.

Rebecca : Fear or doubting
 Dwell not with me ;
 Joy alone my heart doth know.
 Lord, Thou call'st me,
 Thou commandest.
 Happy, joyful, blest, I go.
 Home, I leave thee,
 Home and kindred ;
 Fades my past life like a dream.
 Lo ! now dawning
 Beams my future,
 Tinted bright with love's first gleam !

Heavenly Father,
 Gracious, loving,
 In that future still be near ;
 Bless my home,
 My kindred cherish ;
 Hear my praise, my prayer, oh hear.

'Tis thee (myself) that for
 myself I praise,
 Painting my age with
 beauty of thy days.
Sonnet lxi.

Well, God 'ild you !
 They say the owl was
 a baker's daughter.
 Lord, we know what
 we are, but know not
 what we may be. May
 you be at God's table.
Hamlet, iv. 5.

The lofty cedar, royal
 Cymbeline,
 Personates thee ; and thy
 lepp'd branches point
 Thy two sons forth : who,
 by Belarius stolen,
 For many years thought
 dead, are now reviv'd,
 To the majestic cedar
 join'd, whose issue
 Promises Britain peace
 and plenty.

Cymbeline, v. 5.

* 'Not Mr. Bowdler's
 arrangement. A Chris-
 tian legend in which, ac-
 cording to Mr. Stevens,
 our Saviour, being re-
 fused bread by the daugh-
 ter of a baker, is described
 as turning her into an
 owl, which, again, would
 suggest the notion of the
 blessedness of him that
 shall eat bread in the
 kingdom of God.' —
Charles Wordsworth,
D.C.L.

DUET.—ISAAC AND REBECCA.

Isaac : Oh, flower of the verdant lea,
 In native beauty wild and fair,
 Like some bright dream thou com'st to
 me,
 And fill'st with light the very air.
 I raise mine eyes to heaven above
 In thanks for this new favour shown ;
 Not as thy lord, but full of love,
 I dare to claim thee as mine own.

Rebecca : Oh, cedar of the desert plain,
 In stately verdure soaring high,
 To rest beneath thy shelter fain
 I there would nestle, live and die.

I droop mine eyes from heaven above,
 Reliant on its will alone.
 Yes, as my lord, and full of love,
 Oh, take me, guard me as thine own !

CHORUS.

Protect them, Almighty, for ever ;
 Fold them close 'neath Thy wide-spreading
 wing ;
 Let Thine angels from yon shining heaven,
 To bless them, all happiness bring !
 The Lord is good and gracious ;
 His mercies ever bless.
 Our songs to him ascending
 Our thanks and praise express !
 Amen.

If once they see them
 spread ;
 And spread they shall
 be. . . .

3 *Henry VI.*, i. 1.

Thanks, gentlemen, to
 all ; all have done well,
 But you the best. Pages
 and lights, to conduct
 These knights unto their
 several lodgings !

Pericles, ii. 3.

When all was over, a procession we could see
 Retiring in the distance, far beneath the trees,
 Like so many busy humming bumble-bees.
 The Prince had the chief soprano
 Brought up, to thank her (*elle était de l'Opéra*,
 Covent Garden, *la première chanteuse*)—
 Miss Margaret Reid, we suppose.
 Then some of the chief performers—
 Nelly Hick, M. Brandeth, the two Warburgs,
 And Gibbs—were presented to H.R.H.,
 Whereupon he left with his Court, and we
 catch
 A smile and bow as he takes off his hat.
 The heir-apparent saunters to the gate in chat
 With Lord and Lady Brougham and the
 Merembergs,
 And we all followed like the seven *Zwergs*
 In faithful attendance on Schneewittchen's
 Prince,

Who defends the right, and makes traitors
wince.

Leaving free things and
happy shows behind . . .
The mind much suffer-
ance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates,
and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable
my pain seems now,
When that which makes
me bend makes the
king how.

King Lear, iii. 6.

We started home in exuberant joy ;
Met the Duchess of Cumberland, Boulevard du
Midi,
Sauntering along by her invalid boy,
In sympathy, or fellow-feeling, she bowed to
me.

9TH.

While N. was out, just as I could write,
Spencer Wilkinson and Vicky sent card, to
indite

They were at the door. I bade them *entrée*.
They look much the same, but thinner, I should
say.

She showed me the photos of her four little
ones—

The fifth was too small; the two eldest are
chums.

Nannie came in before they went away.
They intend to drive about Cannes ere they
leave to-day.

The Countess called while they were here
still,

But could not come in, lest the room she should
fill.

The Miss Littles came by invitation to tea
To meet Mrs. Milne, whom they wished to see.

Miss Milne was with her mother. Madame S.
came in further ;

And when they all left, Countess Tilliancourt.

She bade farewell ; the leaves on Monday,
sure.

No ; I will to Ireland to
his majesty.
Farewell : if heart's pres-
ages be not vain,
We three here part, that
ne'er shall meet again.
Farewell at once ; for
once, for all, and ever.

Richard III., ii. 2.

11TH.

Jeanne went to her church, and we all went to Trinity later.
Rev. Mr. Brookes preached from Luke xxiii. 30.

12TH.

We heard of the death of the Duke of Mecklenburg,

The jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty, yet
the gold bides still.
Comedy of Errors,
ii. 1.

And only later did we know, through
Madame Willink, that his sad end at last
Was a tragedy, caused by fever high and fast.
It seems that he fell from a parapet wall ;
Was found by a coachman, killed by the fall.
Having suffered ten years, such was his sad
fate—

Dying alone without wife, child, friend, or
state.

Madame Willink and Miss Aldridge called
to-day ;

Their thoughts are bound on good alway.
They both thought of a table for my chair,
And brought it round to me ; it needed some
repair,

So they took it with them to have something
changed ;

I was sorry they were troubled to have it
arranged.

13TH.

Nannie went to see Miss Hoste in forenoon ;
Countess Wratistlaw came rather soon.

14TH.

But first I will release the
fairy queen. . . .
Be, as thou wast wont to
be ;
See, as thou wast wont to
see.

*Midsommer Night's
Dream, iv. 1.*

Nannie went to the Perrys with her canary,
But the cock was inclined to fight with his
fairy,

So Nan brought him back. The Colonel called
to bid good-bye.

Madame Willink brought the table, to try,
If arranged, to suit chair, and to be able
To keep it close for my cup of tea,
That I should not lean over too much to see,
And thus get strained, and injure my spine—

Ha! let me see: ay, give
it me, it's mine.

Sweet ornament, that
decks a thing divine!

*Two Gentlemen
of Verona*, ii. 1.

I will not re-salute the
streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till
from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride
along with me.

Titus Andronicus,
i. 2.

To receive is human, to give Divine.
'Après déjeuner nous sommes sortis'—
Nannie to meeting; she did not stay to tea;
But, before that, Harvey came to say adieu,
And tell us of his engagement new.
He has proposed, *après une semaine*,
To a young girl, *une Américaine*.
They are to meet in Paris and London soon
again.

15TH.

Shortly after our *déjeuner*
We went, by invitation, a visit to pay
To Madame Willink, who sent her *voiture*.
She is kindness itself, of that be quite sure.
We spent a happy afternoon there;
Miss Lugard came the visit to share.
We saw some of their pictures, and a pastel
Portrait of her brother, which we liked very
well.

Here, father, take the
shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray
that the right may
thrive.

If ever I return to you
again,
I'll bring you comfort.

King Lear, v. 3.

God shield I should dis-
turb devotion!

Juliet, on Thursday early
will I rouse you:

Till then, adieu; and keep
this holy kiss.

*Roméo and
Juliet*, iv. 1.

A bouquet of flowers in chalk, so good
That one might be deceived if not proved.
Miss Lugard left first, and we later,
Bidding farewell to 'Les Hirondelles,' *peut-être*
For ever. I finished my letter
To Tom, and now, that being done, I feel
better.

16TH.—GOOD FRIDAY.

Our Good Friday was much disturbed.
Nannie, losing church, felt perturbed.

At two o'clock, crowds on the Croisette ;
 We had no plan, but not too late yet.
 The Beau Rivage Hotel allowed us on their
 terrace ;
 Gave us two armchairs at the glass-house,
 Which commanded a perfect view
 From the parapet on the Rue de la Foux.
 Some handsome ladies and gentlemen joined
 us, too,
 Otherwise we had the place to ourselves.
 The procession began, and the bells
 Sonorously tolled the Duke of Mecklenburg's
 dirge.
 Men with cocked hats and drawn swords, as in
 a charge ;
 Artillery followed, then flowers in a carriage ;
 The Grand Duke's son as chief mourner, then
 Prince Christian of Denmark, and, between,
 Younger members ; the ladies in closed
 Vehicles, but little Cecilia's curly head
 We all could see. And so the *corlège* train
 Passed to its German home in the Northern
 main.

High events as these
 Strike those that make
 them ; and their story
 is
 No less in pity than his
 glory, which
 Brought them to be
 lamented. Our army
 shall,
 In solemn show, attend
 this funeral,
 And then to Rome.
 Come, Dolabella, see
 High order in this great
 solemnity.

*Antony and
 Cleopatra*, v. 2.

18TH.

Jeanne went to her church early, and later we all went to
 St. Andrew's. Rev. P. Minto preached from Rom. i. 5.

20TH.

Jeanne took 'Revalenta' to her poor, dying
 brother ;
 'Il est perdu,' Doctor said to another.
 Nannie went out ; bought him calf's-foot jelly,
 Oranges, etc., to keep thirst off, poor fellow.
 So pleased was he, he said, 'Votre maitresse
 A bon cœur'—so he expressed
 His gratitude for all she did.

Spoke like a tall man that
 respects his reputation.
Richard III., i. 4.

The 'Sunday child' cannot be hid.
 We saw Madame Willink leave, and felt sad.
 Miss Aldridge, Marie and the maids, they had
 To wait for a supplementary train to be arranged
 Before their carriage (which was engaged)
 Came. Her uncle and aunt came with love's
 parting donation.

Some there be that
 shadows kiss ;
 Such have but a shadow's
 bliss.

*Merchant of
 Venice*, ii. 9.

It was a very crowded scene at the railway
 station.

Then came Miss Purdon and young Hammond ;
 We kissed our good-bye, and then returned.

21ST.

Nan writing to Tom also ; a boon
 I should hope for him soon—
 I should like to see him, could we go direct by
 balloon.

For your expenses and
 sufficient charge,
 Among the people gather
 up a tenth.

Begone, I say ; for till
 you do return,
 I rest perplexed with a
 thousand cares.

Henry IV., v. 5.

Jeanne ill with toothache—'larmoyante de
 douleur ;

Des soucis font mal, et aussi la peur,'
 That her brother may die before she goes ;
 She fears to see him depart, as she already knows
 What it was to nurse and tend her mother.
 She has not the courage to see another.

22ND.

Sunshine without, trouble within doors ;
 News from Jeanne's husband, children worse ;
 So she must leave this evening for home,
 And go by railway as far as Piedmont.

Brother, the time and
 case requireth haste.
Henry IV., iv. 6.

A servant procured in haste for us ;
 In all, 'twas a morning rather of fuss.

MAY 3RD.

'Tis really sad
 How very mad
 The world is sometimes. To-day

But, Warwick, after God,
 thou sett'st me free,
 And chiefly therefore I
 thank God, and thee;
 He was the author, thou
 the instrument.
 Therefore, that I may
 conquer fortune's spite,
 By living low, where for-
 tune cannot hurt me,
 And that the people of
 this blessed land
 May not be punish'd with
 my thwarting stars,
 Warwick, although my
 head still wear the
 crown,
 I here resign my govern-
 ment to thee,
 For thou art fortunate in
 all thy deeds.

3 *Henry 1st*, iv. 6.

A letter from Jeanne
 Saying she'd *vient*
 If we would raise to fifty her pay.
 Had she written *plus tôt*,
 We could have let her know
 That five francs would not have stood in the
 way.
 A German maid came also to tell
 That she could do everything very well.
 Our *cocher* Dennis ran in a moment to see
 How we were (especially poor me);
 And I finished my letter to Evelyn,
 So it can be posted by Nan, my Queen.

6TH.

Mrs. Layard and Ida called in the forenoon.
 Nannie was out, so they left soon.
 While they were here La Comtesse *vint*,
 But hearing *le monde* was here, *s'éloigna*.
 Later when Nannie was still *dehors*,
 Behold the *entrée* of two visitors more :
 Madame de Chapron et Mademoiselle Pro-
 vençal—
 Latter's name is so long, I can't get it in at all.
 My French was so bad, a stranger being nigh,
 I was sorely tempted to break down and cry.
 The Duchesse d'Alençon, who was burned at
 the Fête,
 Must have been the one designed for the mate
 Of the poor mad King of Bavière :
 Sorrow tracked her path everywhere,
 Even to her death—so tragic and sad,
 It was enough to make her children mad.

7TH.

The Countess was here in the early forenoon.
 Nannie, though tired, had me dressed pretty
 soon.

Yet he that can endure
 To follow with allegiance
 a fallen lord,
 Does conquer him that
 did his master conquer,
 And earns a place i' the
 story.

*Antony and
 Cleopatra*, iii. 11.

Marie, Jeanne's *sœur*, came with her *petite*—
Arranged in Communion robes she looked
sweet.

Mrs. Black called also when I was dressed.
She brought a copied extract about Jews oppressed—

Then God forgive the sin
of all those souls,
That to their everlasting
residence
Before the dew of evening
fall shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our
kingdom's king!
King John, ii. 1.

From *La Tribune de Genève*, par Jules Paroy—
Describing their talents, persecutions, and loss
And gains. *Après le thé Nannie est sortie.*

9TH.

The Perrys and cousin, Mr. Tucker, go Friday;
The Miss Littles ran in on the way—
They too came to bid good-bye.
These *adieux* make us inclined to sigh;
They feared Herr Meyer would have to wait—
He is the tutor to the Cumberland state.

It is myself, mine own
self's better part:
Mine eye's clear eye,
my dear heart's dearer
heart;
My food, my fortune, and
my sweet hope's aim.
Comedy of Errors,
iii. 2.

11TH.

We took a drive with Julien to Cannet,
To visit Miss Henderson before going away.
She said she was *en route* to see us; had a
grand bouquet.
She then came with us, *un peu après*,
And we took a drive round by the Croisette,
And showed her l'Église Grecque,
And then passed Le Châlet des Pins.
Miss Henderson's friends are some time gone;
Julien told her they left in March last.
On going out, Mr. Soppit we passed
In his garden 'comme étude photographique
Avec la maison de Société Nautique.

We came to see the
statue of our queen . . .
Her natural posture.
Chide me, dear stone,
that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione; or,
rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for
she was as tender
As infancy and grace.
Winter's Tale,
v. 3.

12TH.

Letters from Tom, urging not to delay,
But to come home before the end of May;
Also suggesting we should stay till November,

When I thought
 What harm a wind too
 great might do at sea.
 I should not see the sandy
 hour-glass run,
 But I should think of
 shallows and of flats . . .
 Should I go to church
 And see the holy edifice
 of stone,
 And not bethink me
 straight of dangerous
 rocks,
 Which touching but my
 gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her
 spices on the stream . . .
 Shall I have the thought
 To think on this, and
 shall I lack the thought
 That such a thing be-
 chanc'd would make me
 sad ?

*Merchant of
 Venice, i. 1.*

And now I will unclasp a
 secret book,
 And to your quick-con-
 ceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter deep
 and dangerous ;
 As full of peril and ad-
 venturous spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a current,
 roaring loud,
 On the unsteadfast foot-
 ing of a spear.
 If he fall in, good-night !
 —or sink or swim,
 Send danger from the
 east unto the west,
 So honour cross it, from
 the north to south,
 And let them grapple ;—
 O ! the blood more
 stirs,
 To rouse a lion, than to
 start a hare.

1 Henry IV., i. 3.

Lucetta : Yet he, of all
 the rest, I think, best
 loves ye.

Julia : His little speak-
 ing shows his love but
 small.

Lucetta : Fire that 's
 closest kept burns most
 of all.

Julia : They do not love
 that do not show their
 love.

Lucetta : Oh ! they love
 least, that let men
 know their love.

*Two Gentlemen of
 Verona, i. 2.*

If so I'd be ill, if the climate I remember.
 Such an arrangement I'd have to pay dear,
 With bad health, perhaps. The Countess was
 here

Vormittags. She spoke of Casertas, but not
 with cheer.

As I sat in my chair, I saw Agnes

Going to the train in an omnibus.

Oh, poor people ! I pity all who've the fuss

Of travelling, *il mondo mal contento*,

As the poor woman said at Lugano.

Cannes is a town of partings drear.

Marie told us what the tutor was like.

They left rather late—half-past seven did
 strike.

I wrote to Tom in the evening late ;

It may in some way decide our fate.

19TH.

A bright, cool day ; it is not like May.

Nannie painting and I writing *après*.

Madame Sainton came in for awhile to see us ;

She played and sang most delightful trills

For Nannie, Coco, Jacko, and me.

It was a picture extremely pretty

To see the birds charmed. She then went off
 to someone's tea.

In dreaming mood came La Comtesse ;

She spoke of the Paris fire, and the distress.

She thinks the Duchesse d'Alençon

Offered herself up for the soul of the one

She had loved—Ludwig, Bavaria's King.

He was her *Verlobter* ; she loved him.

And the Countess, being Papist,

Does not know that ' none but Christ

Can by any means redeem his brother,

Nor give God a ransom for him other ;

For it cost more to redeem their souls,
 So that he must leave that alone for ever '—no
 tolls
 But that avail for all eternity.

20TH.

They're well despatch'd;
 now to my daughter's
 letter.
 She tells me here, she'll
 wed the stranger
 knight,
 Or never more to view
 nor day nor light.
Pericles, ii. 5.

Mrs. Black called to tell us news,
 That Colonel FitzGerald would not be alone,
 And had been accepted by Miss Hamilton.
 He was lonely. She used to live in Cannes
 With her sister, some four years since. Happy
 man !

Madame Sainton brought her songs and sang.
 Mr. Sutherland came to the railing to see
 And hear Coco sing, *und es gelang*.

25TH.

Countess Wratislaw came about half - past
 eleven

That close aspect of his
 Dost show the mood of
 a much-troubled breast.
King John, iv. 2.

To bid us good-bye. She was *triste* and
angegriffen.

Poor lady ! hers is a very sad life.

Marino helped us well, and gave a bouquet of
 white *fleurs*.

Madame Sainton was very helpful and kind.

We *voyageurs* soon left her and all behind,

And arrived in some hours at Marseilles,

Where I was carried from rail to rail

By a porter, seemingly without trouble ;

He was not tall, but strong and able.

I gave him some books, also for his companion,

And money to reward the bearer champion.

We changed at Tarascon and at Montpelier ;

Had ' five o'clock tea ' *avant midi*.

The garçon brought mine to the carriage ;

Nannie held it for me, as I could not manage.

The garçon I regaled with books.

Moth : Samson, master :
 he was a man of good
 carriage, great carriage ;
 for he carried the
 town-gates on his back
 like a porter.

Armado : O well-knit
 Samson ! strong-jointed
 Samson ! I do excel
 thee in my rapier, as
 much as thou didst me
 in carrying gates.

Love's Labour's
Lost i. 2.

Nay, my lords,
Ceremony was but devis'd
at first
To set a gloss on faint
deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry
ere 'tis shown ;
But where there is true
friendship, there needs
none.

Timon of Athens,
i. 2.

Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd
thoughts, I prythee,
darken not
The mirth o' the feast. . . .
Be merry, gentle ;
Strangle such thoughts as
these with any thing
That you behold the
while.

Winter's Tale,
iv. 3.

Nan needs not even the ceremony of loving
looks—

Such the happy oneness of our soul.

The garçon, with pleased ceremony droll,
Came again to thank us before we withdrew
Through the long tunnel that led to Lamalou.
Tired and hungry, we descend at Hôtel du
Nord.

Many of the same are here, *mais serrement du*
cœur—

We miss the prima-donna and the 'Parrot
Charming' ;

They have not come this year. It is alarming
How heavy the last straw seems
When physical weakness darkens our dreams.

28TH.

Dr. Belegou came this morning—

The usual *régime* and routine.

I read the lessons for Ascension Thursday.

In the afternoon commence our stay

Methodical, in the usual lazy mirth.

Heard of Count Nicholas Esterhazy's death ;

He was very popular, rotund of figure,

And jovial of demeanour—no rigour,

But a typical German nobleman, a *Ritter* ;

He was in Tom's racing committee.

They'll miss him at Goldschmieding,

Though of late but rarely at the meeting.

After *déjeuner* listened to Madame Godole on
Republican

Cause and wrath against Queen and Prince of
Wales.

Miss Henderson, having a French mother,
sails

With Madame Godole, but would not go
so far,

Julia : What think'st
thou of the fair Sir
Eglamour ?

Lucetta : As of a knight
well-spoken, neat and
fine. . . .

Silvia : O Eglamour,
thou art a gentleman.

Think not I flatter, for I
swear I do not,

Valiant, wise, remorseful,
well-accomplish'd.

Two Gentlemen of
Verona, iv. 3.

. . . One that hath ever
been God's enemy.

Then, if you fight against
God's enemy,

God will, in justice, ward
you as his soldiers :

If you do sweat to put a
tyrant down,

You sleep in peace, the
tyrant being slain :

If you do fight against
your country's foes,

Your country's fat shall
pay your pains the
hire.

Richard III., v. 3.

And us of our Royalty they could no way
debar.

Coco has taken to calling out, 'He da, Anna !'
So clearly. Poor pet, he misses his Polly
Macaw.

29TH.

Louise, the bath-woman, told us
There is *une jeune institutrice anglaise*
Comes at four. We made her acquaintance—
Miss Clara Dale, from Pau, a Rubens
Beauty, and not English, but Irish.
Nannie went off to the French church,
While the maid and I went to the Jardin des
Plantes
To admire the peafowl and animals scant.
We dined in the *grande salle à manger* ;
Then sat in the dusk while Nan, *très*
Sleepy, lay down till after nine. We went
to bed
And slept without waking till morning red.

O ! yes, I saw sweet
beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of
Agenor had,
That made great Jove to
humble him to her
hand,
When with his knees he
kiss'd the Cretan strand.
*Taming of the
Shrew, i. 1.*

JUNE 1ST.

We met Miss Dale coming down to see
If we were coming to the bath. *Oui !*
I find it still very difficult to descend—
A fatiguing pilgrimage in and out to wend.
We were five in the bath—two French, three
d'Irlande ;
We three form a little Irish band.
We dined and had a letter from Tom ;
Sorry they'd not be there to welcome us home.
Nan asked Miss Dale to call at our Hotel.
Poor girl ! she is alone—*triste*, and not well.

Our thoughts are ours ;
their ends none of our
own.

Hamlet, iii. 2.

. . . When I go from
home ; welcomed home
with it when I return.

Comedy of Errors,
iv. 4.

2ND.

Had a very disturbed night—guests arriving,
The fright or the *bruit* trying me and awaken-
ing.

Miss Dale came to call ; then we all dressed,
Went to the baths, and in the fine weather
rejoiced.

It did not seem hot, but Anna was so *chaud*
That she fancied she'd got *un petit* blow
De soleil—we call it in English a sunstroke.

Miss Dale went to the Grand Hotel block.

After dinner Madame Godole, of Nantes,
Came to say good-bye, in springing dance,
With glides down the polished surface

In country dance style, and says with a smile :
' We'll do it together, *l'année prochaine*,' while
I infer, she'll lose the train. ' Our Prince's name
is Punctuality.'

So we were quizzing up to the last, and
wouldn't say die.

No wonder she danced ; she had been more
helpless than I.

4TH.

The attendant Louise, at *Établissement*,
Much wished for birds, so we sent
Her our young ones, Jack and Jill.
The parents were called Tom and Mill
By the giver, Constance Cheyne Brady.
Louise's delight was charming to see.

5TH.

I was ready for my drive at nine.
Dr. Belegou came and thought the idea divine ;
It would divert my thoughts and enlarge
Them ; but on no account to walk in the gorge.

. . . I'll example you
with thievery :

The sun's a thief, and
with his great attrac-
tion

Robs the vast sea : the
moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she
snatches from the sun.

Timon of Athens,
iv. 3.

She told me, not thinking
I had been myself, that
I was the prince's
jester.

Much Ado About
Nothing, ii. 1.

Had I spoke with her
I could have well diverted
her intents,
Which thus she hath
prevented.

All's Well that Ends
Well, iii. 4.

Miss Dale came, and we start for our *joli tour*.
 We got to our destination at *onze heures*.
 Miss Dale and N. put on their seven-league
 boots,
 But Miss Dale's heart couldn't stand stumbling
 over roots,
 So they soon returned, and we lunched in the
 carriage.
 Coco had sung the whole route *de voyage*,
 So was rewarded with all he liked best.
 Clara Dale took every dirty baby to rest
 In her arms she could see. She typified
 Charity
 In her gorgeous young Rubenslike beauty ;
 It seems she knew the Hammonds when at
 Pau.
 Louise says her husband's joy about the birds is
 more than we can know.

A lad of life, an imp of
 fame ;
 Of parents good, of fist
 most valiant ;
 I kiss his dirty shoe, and
 from heart-string
 I love the lovely bully,
Henry V., iv. 1.

WHIT SUNDAY.

I read the lessons for the Sunday aloud,
 Then went to *déjeuner*, when the bell tolled.
 Comte and Comtesse d'Almande were at table,
 They are always so kind and 'come-at-able.'
 Anna describes her interesting face *telle*
 'Que les Français appellent la beauté mor-
 telle.'
 I think we would call it goodness of soul.
 He is a very handsome man, and tall.
 Went at four to church ; the sexton gave me an
 arm-chair.
 There was a fair congregation. The text thus
 ran :
 John xiv. 18 : 'Je ne vous laisserai point
 orphelins.'
 There is a certain haste and coldness in going

Ay, the most peerless
 piece of earth, I think,
 That e'er the sun shone
 bright on.
Winter's Tale,
 v. 1.

To a prepar'd place in
 the choir, fell off
 A distance from her ;
 while her grace sat
 down
 To rest awhile. . . .
 In a rich chair of state.
Henry VIII., iv. 1.

Through the service—caused, I suppose, by
 having
 To fit in all between the trains for the Pasteur.
 It was comfort, however, though less warm
 than we care for.

WHIT MONDAY.

Dr. Belegou called, before Nan went to the
 train

No, my most worthy
 master, in whose breast
 Doubt and suspect, alas!
 are plac'd too late.

Suspect still comes where
 an estate is least.

That which I show,
 heaven knows, is merely
 love,

Duty and zeal to your
 unmatched mind,

Care of your food and
 living: and, believe it,

My most honour'd lord.

For any benefit that
 points to me.

Either in hope, or present,
 I'd exchange

For this one wish—that
 you had power and
 wealth

To requite me by making
 rich yourself.

Timon of Athens,
 iv. 3.

To see how we'd go to Paris. It is vain
 To be surprised at the expense.

Nan told the doctor about Miss Dale and the
 suspense

Of her life, the fear of heart disease.

He advised no cold bath in any case,

As the result might be to die suddenly.

She means to leave for Dublin certainly

On Wednesday by the Bordeaux boat.

N. went to see her at eight, and stayed late.

Alice Latimer writes that Lissie Winslow

And Gresson Winslow marry on Thursday—

'Did we already know?'

9TH.

Nannie saw Miss Dale off at nine o'clock;

She was trembling all over from the shock

Of having to travel so far all alone.

She was sad about Alice, the *bonne*,

The maid who had been so very kind,

And feared ten francs she did not find

A *pourboire assez* large enough.

She had nursed her well; it was grief

To be so poor; her last words were,

'If we never meet more, then surely up there!'

Looking up to heaven, our happy shore.

Cerimon: Get fire and
 meat for these poor
 men;

It has been a turbulent
 and stormy night.

Servant: I have been in
 many; but such a night
 as this,

Till now I ne'er endur'd.

Cerimon: Your master
 will be dead ere you
 return:

There's nothing can be
 minister'd to nature

That can recover him.

Give this to the 'pothecary;

And tell me how it works.

Pericles, iii. 2.

10TH.

Our waiter was not attending table to-day,
And when we came out he was with M.
Tabouret.

He has been dismissed, though an excellent
waiter ;

He had not let in a guest who came later,
Merely to the saloon.

Nannie gave him in pity a five-franc boon,
And as all the guests begged, 'twas not in vain :
He, our Paul, was taken back again.

11TH.

Lucius : Thanks, gentle
Romans : may I govern
so

To heal Rome's harms,
and wipe away her
woe !

But, gentle people, give
me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a
heavy task.

Stand all aloof : but,
uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears
upon this trunk.

O ! take this warm kiss
on thy pale cold lips,
Thesesorrowful drops, . . .
The last true duties !

(*Kisses Titus.*)

Marcus : Tear for tear,
and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus
tenders on thy lips :

O ! were the sum of these
that I should pay
Countless and infinite,
yet would I pay them.

Titus Andronicus,
v. 3.

. . . We all
Knew that we ventur'd
on a dangerous sea ;
That, if we wrought out
life, 'twas ten to one ;
And yet we ventur'd, for
the gain propos'd.

2 Henry IV., i. 1.

Miss Lugard tells us Pasteur Bonnefon's
Beautiful young wife died 9th of June.

All Cannes is *profondément triste*.

' Leur pauvre Pasteur, qui avait été

' Même gravement malade.'

In warm terms the paper adds :

' Nous présentons l'expression

' De notre sympathie à M. Bonnefon

' Comme à Madame Deonna, et à Madame
Severin.'

Sue writes a glowing account

Of her voyage, skirting the coast,

And a storm in the Bay of Biscay ;

Anyone else would think it rather risky.

12TH.

Having written and worked, I felt better, as one
Generally does when work is done—

When I returned, *après déjeuner*,

Where Paul, the waiter reinstated, was grateful
and gay—

The deputation of guests proved a success ;

Ulysses: Achilles stands
i' the entrance of his
tent:

Please it our general to
pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and,
princes all,

Lay negligent and loose
regard upon him.

I will come last: 'tis like,
he'll question me,

Why such unplausible
eyes are bent, why
turn'd on him?

If so, I have derision
medicinal,

To use between your
strangeness and his
pride,

Which his own will shall
have desire to drink.

It may do good: pride
hath no other glass

To show itself, but pride;
for supple knees

Feed arrogance, and are
the proud man's fees.

Agamemnon: We'll execute
your purpose, and
put on

A form of strangeness as
we pass along;

So do each lord; and
either greet him not,

Or else disdainfully,
which shall shake him
more

Than if not look'd on. I
will lead the way.

*Troilus and
Cressida*, iii. 3.

Iris: Ceres, most boun-
teous lady, thy rich leas

Of wheat, rye, barley,
vetches, oats, and peas;

Thy turfy mountains,
where live nibbling

sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd

with stover, them to
keep;

Thy banks with peonied
and lillied brims,

Which spongy April at
thy best betrimms. . . .

Ceres: Hail, many-
colour'd messenger. . .

Who with thy saffron
wings upon my flowers

Diffusest honey-drops, re-
freshing showers:

And with each end of thy
blue bow dost crown

My bosky acres, and my
unshrubb'd down,

Rich scarf to my proud
earth; why hath thy

queen
Summon'd me hither to
this short-graz'd green?

Tempest, iv. 1.

Everything had gone astray at his cessation.

From Tom, news describing Poppie's matrimo-
nial accession.

13TH.

Mary Frances writes Lissie's marriage was
yesterday.

We had reading and then went to *déjeuner*.

I read some sermons in *C. W. P.*;

We then await Miss Henderson, who came
before three,

And then to *l'église, trois heures et demi*.

The Pasteur preached from Acts i. 9;

We thought the sermon very fine.

Nannie gave a roll of tracts to the singer from
me,

And money to the sextoness, who wished *bou
voyage* and adieu.

14TH.

We left the hotel early, I in chair;

Egen pulled and Anna accompanied me there,

While Nannie took the birds in the omnibus,

That they might be quiet and have no fuss.

All were very kind in seeing us off, too;

Egen and the busman came to bid adieu.

The man who helped me in, thanked me for
leaflets.

We moved gently away without regrets,

Riding over a noble, undulating country;

It was so lovely for hours to see

The clusters of dark green fir-tree,

Girt with a golden gorse around,

Or brightly shining on the dark ground.

We were mounted with two engines,

From nine to nearly five; the line

Then crossed a one-arched

Bridge of Eiffel's, six hundred
Metres long, over a gorge
Six hundred feet deep, and large.
Then a strange pyramid town,
Which the upland adorns as a crown ;
Then into Province d'Auvergne,
As evening closes in. We discern,
At a small guard-house, a woman stands,
With the red danger signal in her hands,
And gruesome floods intercept our path.
We moved slowly through the seething stream—
In appearance a lake it would seem,
Which recalled to Nannie her strange dream !
The water had reached the highest step, 'twas

Thy mother
Appear'd to me last
night, for ne'er was
dream

So like a waking. . . .

Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my-
self and thought

This was so and no
slumber. Dreams are
toys ;

Yet for this once, yea,
superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this.

Winter's Tale,
iii. 3.

Boatswain : You are a
counsellor, if you can
command these ele-
ments to silence, and
work the peace of the
present, we will not
hand a rope more ; use
your authority : if you
cannot, give thanks you
have lived so long, and
make yourself ready in
your cabin for the mis-
chance of the hour, if it
so hap. Cheerily, good
hearts ! Out of our
way, I say.

Gonzalo : I have great
comfort from this
fellow : methinks he
hath no drowning mark
upon him ; his com-
plexion is perfect gal-
lows. . . . Now would
I give a thousand fur-
longs of sea for an acre
of barren ground, long
heath, brown furze,
anything. The wills
above be done !

Tempest, i. 1.

said,

But now was falling—that enemy dread.

Signs of destruction all around,

Broken timber lies on the ground.

A chalet, where some maidens fair,

Seemed half excited, half in despair.

Three rivers crossed over our route ;

We halted at a station soon as we could.

Some passengers at once descend.

While to the guard their way they wend,

We ask how long we must wait there :

‘ Peut-être une heure, peut-être un jour !’

Soon the Paris train on the line appeared.

They told our officials behind all was cleared,

And then proceeded a more dangerous way

To pass through the floods we came through
that day.

The full moon lighted up the scene,

Riding high in heaven o’er a watery green.

We dozed at intervals ; poor Anna sick.

We had three beds to let down pretty quick

In our little parlour, but I could not climb,

And refused to go to bed at that time.

It was rich to see Anna in bed
 Between Nannie and me, who sat up instead,
 As guardians one on each side,
 While she slept soundly the rest of the ride.
 Nan woke her up as we drew near Paris,
 And presently porters, with a chair *bienvenue*,
 Place me in our ordered omnibus,
 And, to save delay and fuss,
 We are shaken over the stones,
 Accompanied with sighs and groans,
 To an hotel *en face la Gare du Nord*,
 From whence in the evening we can start fair.

Here comes a man of
 comfort, whose advice
 Hath often still'd my
 brawling discontent.

*Measure for
 Measure*, iv. 1.

* Please you, sir,
 Do not omit the heavy
 offer of it :

It seldom visits sorrow ;
 when it doth,
 It is a comforter.'

We two, my lord,
 Will guard your person
 while you take your
 rest,

And watch your safety.
Tempest, ii. 1.

As in a theatre, the eyes
 of men,

After a well-grac'd actor
 leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that
 enters next,

Thinking his prattle to be
 tedious ;

Even so, or with much
 more contempt, men's
 eyes

Did scowl on gentle
 Richard : no man cries,

God save him. . . .

No joyful tongue gave
 him his welcome home ;

But dust was thrown upon
 his sacred head,

Which with such gentle
 sorrow he shook off,

His face still combating
 with tears and smiles

The badges of his grief
 and patience.

But heaven hath a hand
 in these events,

To whose high will we
 bound our calm con-

tents.
 To Bolingbroke are we
 sworn subjects now,

Whose state and honour
 I for aye allow

Richard II., v. 2.

15TH.

We had breakfast, and drove to La Belle
 Jardinière,

Where Nan bought capes for Greven and
 Dorus to wear.

N. wrote a note to Madame Servatius,

And I was carried over by some *gestrengen Pau-*
kratius

To the evening train for Düsseldorf. With
 attentive care

The guard arranged us, and prevented two men
 entering there,

Pasting a paper on each window-pane—

'Engaged'—which was a great gain.

The full moon was lighting all our way,

Till extinguished by the light of day.

The wonder of all wonders, our hatching bird

Never deserted her nest, and one birth occurred

In Paris ; in fact, on the route three

Baby canaries rejoiced their parents wee.

16TH.

We arrived at Düsseldorf ; Charlie was there.

After some time two men brought a chair,

And carried me down the very steep stair.
 Then of *Droschken* we procured a pair,
 And drove through long streets strange to
 the eye ;
 To our lovely old home we draw nigh,
 Where old servants 'Thrice welcome !' cry.

20TH.—THANKSGIVING DAY.

Almighty God, who rulest over all the kingdoms of the world, and disposest of them according to Thy good pleasure, we yield Thee unfeigned thanks for that Thou wast pleased, as on this day, to place Thy servant, our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, upon the throne of this realm. Let Thy wisdom be her guide, and let Thine arm strengthen her ; let justice, truth, and holiness, let peace and love, flourish in her days. Direct all her counsels and endeavours to Thy glory and the welfare of her people, and give us grace to obey her cheerfully for conscience' sake. Let her always possess the hearts of her people ; let her reign be long and prosperous, and crown her with immortality in the life to come ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

This day is call'd the
 feast of Crispian :

He that outlives this day,
 and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when
 this day is nam'd,

And rouse him at the
 name of Crispian.

He that shall live this
 day, and see old age,

Will yearly on the vigil
 feast his friends,

And say to-morrow is
 Saint Crispian :

Then will he strip his
 sleeve, and show his
 scars.

Old men forget ; yea, all
 shall be forgot,

But he'll remember with
 advantages

What feats he did that
 day.

Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths

as household words,
 Harry the King, Bedford

and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot,

Salisbury and Gloster,
 Be in their flowing cups

freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good
 man teach his son,

O KING OF KINGS.

O King of kings, whose reign of old
 Hath been from everlasting,
 Before whose throne their crowns of gold

The white-robed saints are casting ;

While all the shining courts on high

With angel songs are ringing,

Oh, let Thy children venture nigh,

Their lowly homage bringing.

For every heart, made glad by Thee,

With thankful praise is swelling ;

And every tongue, with joy set free,

Its happy theme is telling.

Thou hast been mindful of Thine own,

And lo ! we come confessing

'Tis Thou hast dower'd our queenly throne

With sixty years of blessing.

And Crispin Crispian
shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the
ending of the world,
But we in it shall be
remembered.

Henry V., iv. 3.
If thou didst ever hold
me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity
awhile,
And in this harsh world
draw thy breath in
pain,
To tell my story.

Hamlet, v. 2.
Queen: Here comes the
Duke of York,

With signs of war about
his aged neck!

O! full of careful busi-
ness are his looks.

Uncle, for heaven's sake,
speak comfortable
words.

York: Should I do so,
I should belie my
thoughts:

Comfort 's in heaven;
and we are on the
earth,

Where nothing lives but
crosses, care, and
grief.

All is uneven,
And everything is left at
six and seven.

Richard II., ii. 2.

EXTRACT FROM SHAKESPEARE'S LAST WILL
AND TESTAMENT.

First, I commend my
soul into the hands of
God, my Creator; hoping
and assuredly believing,
through the only merits
of Jesus Christ my
Saviour, to be made par-
taker of life everlasting.

Oh, royal heart, with wide embrace

For all her children yearning!

Oh, happy realm, such mother-grace

With loyal love returning!

Where Britain's flag is wide unfurl'd,

All tyrant wrongs repelling;

God make the world a better world

For man's brief earthly dwelling.

Lead on, O Lord, Thy people still,

New grace and wisdom giving,

To larger love, and purer will,

And nobler heights of living.

And while of all Thy love below

They chant the gracious story,

Oh, teach them first Thy Christ to know,

And magnify His glory.

ANON.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, we give Thee hearty thanks for the many blessings which Thou hast bestowed upon us during the sixty years of the happy reign of our gracious Queen Victoria. We thank Thee for progress made in knowledge of Thy marvellous works, for increase of comfort given to human life, for kindlier feeling between rich and poor, for wonderful preaching of the Gospel to many nations; and we pray Thee that these and all other Thy gifts may be long continued to us and to our Queen, to the glory of Thy holy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

22



Antibes. Fortress.

On the Mediterranean.

•

P. S. F.
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